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THE GHOST OF TEN BROEK VAN DER HEYDEN.

IN the year 1865 a party of four persons met at the dinner-table of Cornelius Van der Heyden, in Dutchess county, New York. His ancient manor-house stands in a hollow between two small hills half a mile from the Hudson, where only a Hollander would from choice have fixed his home. It was sturdily built on a long terrace, and with its two low wings, hipped roof, pent-houses and black and red bricks would have looked ungracious enough but for the generations of ivy which had thatched walls and roof with a mass of sombre verdure, through which the crimson of the Virginia creeper gleamed in autumn glory. My companions and myself, though come on various errands, were all to dine and spend the night here. My own visit was one of mere friendship to my good Cornelius, who had just come home from Europe to settle down for a quiet summer among his rolling acres of wheat and Indian corn. Mr. Keith—under which name I choose to conceal the personality of a well-known New York lawyer, alike famous in court and at table—had come in company with an equally well known physician of the same city. The remaining two (for there had been five of us when we got out of the train and stood together on the platform) might

as well be described as one, so completely had the lesser lost his individuality in that of the greater. By an odd chance our paths had crossed once before beside a camp-fire in Northern Maine. Great was my surprise, therefore, at meeting them anew, and hearing that they were to dine with our party. Colonel Smithers was a Bangor man who owned fifty mills, and whose ancestor invented whittling—a taste inherited by his descendant in the shape of timber-felling, log-driving, plank-producing and the like—in a word, whittling on a scale to suit the century. I can well recall the night we first met, on the far side of the north-east "carry," which had led us that day through a driving rain some three miles across from Moosehead Lake to the Penobscot. We were sitting wet and disconsolate about nine o'clock at night, in a leaky log house, with a dozen men, who had gathered from the towns of Maine and Canada to cut the scanty grass which grew between the stumps of the clearing around the cabin. Such grass farms are found here and there in these dense woods, and yield hay for the support of the cattle which drag the lumber through the winter forests to the "brows," whence it is launched into the swollen streams at spring tide. We had just

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hit on the harvest-time, and upon a party as scampish-looking as any you are likely to light upon elsewhere. The lumbermen of North-eastern Maine are, on the whole, a fine, manly set of fellows, but for some reason—and excepting always the guides, who are generally reliable and honest, and who “foler loggin’” in winter—the “drivers” of the country to the north of Moosehead are “a awful ornery set,” refugees from justice, dirty half-breeds, and “Frenchies” or “Kanucks.” They were jabbering Indian, Province French, and English such as Maine men talk, and the room was darkly seen by one tallow dip through a haze of tobacco and smudge smoke, which seemed to affect but slightly the myriads of mosquitos and midges which possessed the atmosphere and us. A surly greeting and leave to find a soft plank between red and white man welcomed us as we lit our meerschaums and settled down to rest as we might.

“See’d the colonel?” said one.

“What colonel?”

Even the card-players ceased their play and grinned at us.

“Don’t know the colonel? Wa’al, that’s queer! Stumps is with him—follers the colonel, he does.”

Was Stumps a dog? However, we had lost ground by this unlucky want of knowledge of the colonel, who we presently learned came from down Bangor-way, and owned No. 132, and rented stumpage in 73 and 64; which is about as clear as Sanskrit until you look at the map and see how the unsettled townships are indicated.

About ten P. M. the colonel turned up, lively as a fresh-hooked trout—a stout, broad-shouldered man, some sixty years old, weather-beaten, gray-bearded, with huge hands, a grip which left you aching, and a square, strong head under a gray felt, wide-awake hat. I was standing just outside of the doorway as he passed me:

“From down to Greenville, I guess? Bad on the carry, wa’n’t it?”

He was followed by a little man of extraordinary thinness, who sat down

on the doorstep and vituperated his master the colonel:

“I’m goin’ to hum right off. Don’t care who hears me.”

“What’s the trouble?” said I, benevolently.

“Trouble!” said he. “How’d you like to be all day long a-trampin’ and a-surveyin’ and a-fightin’ midges, and to be just got yer pork fried and yer ‘petac’ a-fizzlin’, and hev a unfeelin’ man—I tell *you* he ain’t got the feelin’ of— It wouldn’t be no use tellin’ you. You’re a stranger and you hadn’t oughter believe it. Says he—gittin’ up from that camp-fire—says he, ‘Stumps, guess you an’ I’ll try for the carry to-night;’ and, by thunder! ef we didn’t have to paddle the darned old cuss these here twelve miles, and nothin’ shorter!”

At this moment a voice called out, “Stumps,” to which that gentleman hastily replied by entering the house, while one of his own people, a tall Maine man, sat down on the vacant step.

“Stumps’s riled,” said the lumberman—and proceeded to tell us how Stumps was a small lawyer whom the colonel had absorbed, body and soul, for the doing of slight legal chores—a sort of secretary, as it were, to the great man.

As to the colonel, he seemed to have won, boldly and honestly, a large fortune by buying stumpage and cutting and selling timber. His were the lumber camps we should meet, his the land hereabout, his the dams at the upper Allegash, and his this array of wild and tame, thievish or honest men, who fill these woods in winter, and in the spring drive the armies of tree trunks down the Penobscot or the St. John’s. Thanks to him and his like, there is not within sight of the navigable waters a pine two feet through left standing from Chesuncook Lake to the great Aroostook. How Thoreau would have cursed him! A character worth knowing, nevertheless—a king of this wild woodman company, and a mighty despiser of Britishers and Kanucks. He proved a good fellow after his kind, warned us against the

thievery of his worthy lumbermen—no unnecessary precaution, as it proved—shared such provisions as he had with us, and gave endless advice as to our route northward into the Allegash. Especially was it best that we should turn back when we reached the main St. John's. "There wasn't the makin' of six feet of Yankee in a half a mile of them Frenchies—a darn'd ornery, mean, cussed, lop-sided lot!" I remembered his anathema afterward when sitting in the cottages of the contented Acadians, rich only in dirt and children, humble, ignorant, wonderfully poor, but courteous, well-mannered, gentle and hospitable. I trust that my digression may not have seemed wearisome, but unless I had made my colonel clear to you, how should I be able to tell the incident which befell him? Besides which, it is pleasant to ramble on paper as one does in common talk, which once for all must excuse my side chat.

The colonel had come to my friend's house to complete a bargain for certain Maine woodlands, and with him had come also the inevitable Stumps, whom, to my amusement, he calmly deposited at the station with a dollar note and an injunction "not to get on wus than a twenty-five-cent drunk," and to be on hand next day early.

At six o'clock—for the host held sternly to his city hours—we found ourselves around Van der Heyden's table; to wit, Cornelius, the colonel (nearly dead with his long and unusual fast), the before-mentioned lawyer and doctor, and myself. Somewhere in mid-dinner, Mr. Keith, the lawyer, had upset the salt between himself and the doctor, which turned the talk upon the subject of popular superstitions and their origin, and at last, by easy paths, upon that of apparitions. Presently, Keith inquired of Van der Heyden if there were not some odd story of the kind current about his own house. Cornelius, smiling, put the matter aside, saying in French—

"Well, yes—a very absurd and yet a true story, at least in part, but better not told until we get rid of the servants.

Ask me after dinner if you really care to hear it."

"Very good," said Keith, and he turned the chat on other topics.

"For my part," said I, "I would give a round sum to see one of these *revenants*."

"Ghosts, you mean," returned the colonel. "There ain't no sich in my part of the country."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the doctor. "Perhaps not, but where I live—"

"There are plenty, naturally," added Keith.

"Thank you," growled the doctor. "You at least have not made one of my contributions to the ghost world. Be thankful and bide your time."

"Humph!" returned Keith. "If doctors don't see ghosts, who should? And yet, as I recall the matter, I never heard of a doctor—still less of an undertaker—who figures in any ghost-story pretending to be true. An argument *contra* on that point, I should say."

"But why," cried Van der Heyden, "is there not some test which we can apply to assure ourselves if a vision be merely such, or a real outside appearance. What say you, doctor? I think I should cross-examine him, her or it if it answered."

"Useless!" said I. "The doctor will tell you that the brain is dual, and that one side may stand off, as it were, and converse with the other half."

"I have seen such cases," said the doctor—"cases in which a man seemed constantly to see and hold long talks with a spectre of his own brain's creation."

"Might ask him to take a drink," said the colonel. "If he was kinder down in the mouth, seems to me, I should say—"

"Wouldn't do, colonel," broke in Keith. "It only covers half the possible sources of spooks. What's your test, doctor? The colonel's ideas are slightly tainted with Homœopathy in the *similia similibus* direction."

We laughed and the doctor replied:

"There is a test, but I never heard of a man cool enough to try it. Per-

haps some of you may have a chance. As every doctor knows, it is possible by pressing upon the ball of one eye to cause temporary squint, and thus to make every external object seem to be double."

"I see," said the colonel, gouging fiercely at his left visual organ. "Seems to me now I've got two sets of bottles in front of me. Pity you couldn't kerri that idee a leetle further'n keep up the notion."

"It is only patented as concerns ghosts," said the doctor. "If you see a ghost and can double it by squinting, the thing you see is external, but if it be a creature of your own brain, you can't make two of it."

"Imagine Hamlet trying that plan!" said I. "But who ever did try it? Conceive of the affectionate and scientific lover applying your test to the image of his departed mistress!"

"Any ghost of refined susceptibilities would leave, I should say," remarked Cornelius.

"Might be tried on in the D. T.," said the colonel. "Think I sees a unlucky cuss a-sayin', 'Double or quits' to the menagerie. Might try it on all-fired easy with Stumps," he added, musingly, revolving the possible experiment.

"Let us hear the result," laughed Keith.

"For my part," said the doctor, "I am pretty well assured that I had a chance to test the matter, which unluckily I made no use of. Keith knows the story."

"Tell them about it," said the latter. "I have always suspected you of dressing it up a little for the dinner-table—I fancy I have heard it with variations—but, true or not, it is not a bad story."

"The facts are true," replied the doctor. "As to what interpretation you may please to put upon them, I have nothing to say: I have my own opinion, which I never offer with the story. Here it is, and you may make what you like of it."

"Pass the Madeira, then," said Cornelius, "and go ahead, doctor."

The doctor took his grape-juice and began:

"In 1848, I had been in business a year or so, and was beginning to pick up stray cases. One night in the small hours the night-bell rang faintly over my head. I wanted work in those days, and its clamor was not quite so altogether horrible as it became in after years; so I jumped up, and, putting on my wrapper, opened the window and called aloud to know who wanted me. Hearing no answer, and the night being utterly dark, I slipped on my clothes and went down to the door. To my surprise, there was no one visible, and the street was black and silent. Annoyed at the impatience of my visitor, I went sullenly back to bed. The next night, at the same hour of two o'clock, the bell rang again, and, as before, faintly, like the ring of a child. The night was cloudless and the moon brilliant, but no one was on the steps or near them. Instantly I was possessed with a strange impression of terror as I closed the window and stood a moment thoughtful before going back to bed. I had scarcely fallen asleep when the bell rang once more. On this occasion I dressed instantly and went down to the door. As before, there was no one in sight. Still in doubt, I went out and explored in vain the dark side of the street and the nearer shadows. You may laugh, colonel, but the thing wasn't pleasant. The next night I resolved to sit up and catch the disturber. Providing myself, therefore, with a good stick, I left the street door unlocked, so as to be easily opened, and then lit a cigar and settled down to read in my office. Precisely as the clock struck two the door-bell rang. In a moment I had opened it, exclaiming, 'So I've got you at last!' Then I paused in my wrath. On the top step was a wee little figure of a child about nine years old, as I judged, barefooted, although the night was cold, and muffled up in something like the torn half of a ragged coverlet.

"'Come in out of the cold,' I said, 'and tell me what you want.'

"Without saying a word, the child walked into my office. As it faced the light I saw the wanest and weariest little visage, with great brown eyes, long, tangled yellow hair and white lips, which said feebly,

"Mammy is dying. You come along quick, sir."

"I put on my overcoat and went out with her, saying,

"Good Heavens, child! who sent you out in this dress?" for the little thing seemed to be in short white petticoats and without a gown.

"She made me no reply except to repeat, 'Come quick, sir.' Out we went.

"What's your name?" said I.

"Susy."

"Aren't you cold?"

"No."

"Were you here last night?" I said on a sudden.

"Yes."

"Who sent you?"

"Don't know."

"Why did you run away?"

"Don't know."

"Meanwhile the little naked feet trotted on in front of me swiftly, and suddenly turning into Crosby street, dived into a dark court. Here she opened a door, and I followed her up stairs. We climbed three stories of a mean, ill-smelling staircase, till she suddenly stopped before a door in the attic, which she opened in turn, so that we went together into a wretched garret. The room was deadly cold, and I saw by a flickering tallow candle a fireless stove, bare floor and walls, and every sign of the deepest misery. On a straw mattress lay a woman with features pinched and haggard, her feet bare, because she had drawn the scanty covering up about her chest.

"What can I do for you?" I said, arousing her with difficulty.

"Nothing," said a weak voice, husky and broken. "I am starved—that's all." Then relapsing into the delirium from which my words had called her for a moment, she began to wander anew.

"Upon this I turned to the child. To

my surprise she was gone, leaving me alone with the dying woman. Kneeling beside her, I called aloud in her ear and gently shook her, when again she grew partially sensible.

"Where is the child?" I said. "I want her to call some one in the house, so as to get a little help."

"Child!" she said. "What child?"

"Susy," said I, recalling her name.

"At this the woman suddenly sat up, pointed across the garret, and exclaimed, 'Susy! She's over yonder—been dead these three days. Starved too, I guess,' and so saying she fell back, groaned, struggled an instant, and was dead.

"Shocked at the horror of the scene, I slowly got up from my knees, and taking the failing candle walked over to the far corner, where a confused heap lay on the floor covered with a torn counterpane. I raised the corner, and bending over saw that the heap was a dead child, and that its face was that of the little wanderer who had summoned me a few minutes before. As I looked the candle sputtered and went out, and the cold, pitiless moonlight fell through the broken panes upon the floor. I got out and went home. That's my story, colonel."

"Should like to cross-examine witness," said Keith.

"Not after dinner, my dear fellow," urged Cornelius. "It is easier to set aside such stories on general principles than to explain the individual cases."

"A great comfort not to have to formalize your belief," said I—"a privilege of the last century or two, I fancy. But, Cornelius, what about your ghost? I see you have dismissed the servants."

"My dear Harry," said our host, somewhat reluctantly, "I have no ghost. My housekeeper has a story or two about a cousin of ours from whom my grandfather inherited this house, but except the obstinate belief of herself and two or three other servants I know nothing. Oh, I beg pardon. Aunt Getty is ready, I believe, to swear many oaths that she saw my pet ghost the night of her mother's death. You may believe her if you please."

"But, my good Corny," cried Keith, "you seem quite indifferent about this ghost of yours. Do you know how respectable it is to have a ghost of your own in this democratic land?"

"Thank you," said Van der Heyden. "If you will make out the necessary papers, I will turn him over to you with the utmost pleasure."

"If Cornelius is unwilling to part with him altogether," said the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, "you might take a mortgage on him."

"Humph!" said Van der Heyden. "He has cost me two sets of servants, and I will sell out low."

"I thought," said I, "you—"

Cornelius shook his head at me, and I paused in my talk.

"The story," continued Cornelius, "is old enough. A kinsman of mine, who owned this estate in 1740, was poisoned, or supposed to have been, with arsenic, which his only son, a pleasant scapegrace, put into the paternal sourkrout."

"Are you sure that isn't out of Irving's history of the Knickerbockers, Corny?" said I.

"Yes," he returned. "It is true—at least so much of it as I have told you."

"Shouldn't have needed the pisen," remarked the colonel. "Tried it once, and sat up with myself three nights hand-runnin'. Kinder made me believe in conscience. Tried it, too, on Stumps next day, and he ain't ben the same man since."

In the laughter which the colonel's speech produced the talk rambled off to foreign subjects, and so, with jest and chat and under curling smoke-wreaths the evening wore away.

About nine the colonel suddenly turned to Van der Heyden with a suspicious glitter in his eyes, the heritage of divers vineyards.

"Mr. Van der Heyden," said he, "could you give a feller a chance at that ghost of your'n?"

"Tell him 'Yes,'" said Keith, in a whisper.

"Certainly," returned Cornelius. "He is always on exhibition," and with this he arose gravely and rang the bell.

"Thomas," said he to the servant, "tell Lucy to see that the gray room is aired and ready for use."

"You don't mean in airnest?" asked the colonel, a little dubiously—"you don't mean in airnest thet there is such a article?"

"You're not afraid?" remarked Keith.

"'Afeard!'" thundered the colonel.

"What should I be afeard on? D'ye think I'm a Kanuck or a darned 'Cadian?" It was clear that the colonel had had his share of South Side and Röderer.

"Beg pardon!" said Keith, grimly.

"No occasion," returned the colonel, grandly. "If it's all the same to you, Mr. Van der Heyden, I goes to bed, commonly, by nine, and to-night I sleeps with thet same ghost o' your'n."

"With all my heart, colonel!" and thereupon taking a candle, he accompanied his guest, who bade us good-night with unnatural sternness and followed our host out of the room.

"Slightly set up," said the doctor as the door closed.

"If I were Van der Heyden," said Keith, "I should never dream of letting him go to bed in some especial room under an impression that he was to see a ghost."

At this moment our host re-entered.

"Well," cried I, "what did you mean, Corny, by that solemn farce with this old lumberman?"

"Farce!" returned Van der Heyden: "it is no farce. I didn't want to talk spooks with my servants about, but if any man—I say *any*—wants to see an apparition, let him try one night—only one—in the room above us."

"Oh, Van der Heyden!" said we all in chorus.

"What century is this?" cried the doctor.

"But, why, my good Corny," said I, "if you really believe in your ghost, did you consign the colonel to his tender mercies?"

"Because," said Van der Heyden, "the man is a mere machine for converting timber into greenbacks, and it is impossible for him to be deceived by

his own imagination, the article in question having no existence. If he sees it I shall believe."

"Not after all that Madeira," said I: "it spoils the experiment."

"And claret," said Keith.

"And champagne," cried the doctor: "he has too many vinous counselors."

"Would any of you like to share his chances?" remarked Cornelius.

"Prefer to be introduced to new acquaintances," said the doctor, smiling. "Keith is your man."

But the lawyer did not believe enough to make it worth while to test the matter, and such also was my own view of the case. Upon which Cornelius laughed good-naturedly, said he had bluffed the party, and then more gravely added that we had better change the subject.

We met next morning at a late and lazy breakfast—all of us save the colonel. His boast of untimely hours seemed laughable enough to-day, when it appeared that the host's good wines had stupefied him up to ten o'clock. At last I suggested that he should be called, and perhaps a little curiosity contributed to the assent with which my proposal was received.

"He may be dead of the ghost," said Keith.

"Or carried off," cried the doctor.

"At all events, I should like, for one, to hear the story of his night, for however it goes we shall be able to laugh, either at Cornelius or the colonel."

"Bet you a dozen of wine," said Keith to his host, "that he has seen no ghost."

"I take," returned Van der Heyden, calmly; "his word of course to decide the matter."

"Of course," added Keith.

The servant who had meanwhile been sent to call the belated guest here returned with the statement that the room was empty. Upon this we all started up, and, half amused, half in earnest, followed Van der Heyden up to the chamber. The colonel was certainly gone. On the hearth were the ashes of a wood fire. The bed had been slept upon, but the coverlets, still spread

under the pillows, showed that no one had rested under them. The sleeper had been the colonel, and he had gone to bed dressed and with his boots still on, for at the foot of the bed he had spread a copy of the *Daily Herald* of Bangor, in honest respect for the silken bed-spread. Further evidence was there none, so that we went back to breakfast, contented more or less with Cornelius' conclusion that he had risen early and gone to meet the six o'clock up-train, so as to escape the ridicule of our breakfast mirth. I scarcely believed this, but our debate was presently ended by a note which Van der Heyden took from a servant and smilingly read aloud:

"DEAR SIR: I take the timber at your price. If any other man likes to try that room of your'n, let him, *ef* his nerves is good.

"Yours, truly,

"AMARIAH SMITHERS."

"You have lost your bet, Keith," said our host.

"Not at all," urged the lawyer. "You have not the faintest proof that he saw the ghost;" and in fact with this conclusion we were forced to rest satisfied.

The summer after our dinner I found myself once more on the lovely chain of lakes whose waters pour at last into the rapid Allegash. At the outlet of Eagle Lake is the wreck of a dam built by our sturdy colonel to baffle the Britishers. Under the blackened timbers of this ruin the lovely waters of the Allegash flow out, and turning northward run for some seventy miles by cliff and meadow, here glassy and there fierce with rapids, until they leap eighty feet to gain the lower level of the broad St. John's. We had pitched camp on the right bank, and taken many trout and built a fire of comfortable bigness, and were now, after supper, smoking pipes and hearing Dan relate how the outlet of these lakes had been through the Allegash and St. John's to the sea, till our colonel had built his dam and cut a

canal across the low watershed, so as to turn all the logs down the Penobscot to chippy Bangor, in place of allowing them to travel on their own waters to the profit of the New Brunswickers. The cause of the colonel's flanking movement was a trick played by the provincials, with whom we had a treaty allowing our lumber on the St. John's waterslopes to take the natural way through British territory with no greater tax than was paid by the growths of Canadian woods. Soon afterward, however, the Provinces allowed a drawback upon lumber cut in their own forests, and thus discriminated against our product. Then got up the colonel in wrath and cut through the watershed with a broad canal, and, damming the outlets of the lakes, turned backward the waters which should have gone to the sea by the Allegash and St. John's, and so floated his tumbled forests to his own door at Bangor. Three dams he built, and three the Kanucks burned, but by this time there was not a pine worth felling; and thus the story is told to this day, to the colonel's great glory and pride.

Suddenly in the middle of it we heard the plash of paddles and the crush of a canoe on the sandbar. A moment later the hero of the tale walked up to our camp-fire, and, giving the logs a kick which started the blaze ten feet into the air, he slapped Dan on the back and presently set eyes on this writer.

"Wa'al," said the colonel, "if it ain't Mr. B——, I swan!"

"At your service, colonel," I replied, and passed the rye and a tumbler to his brown and ready hands. "Seen any ghosts lately, colonel?" said I, after the correct thing had been done in the refreshment line.

Whereupon the colonel pushed his moustache aside, and swallowing his whisky neat, replied,

"Not sence, and don't want to."

Upon this I urged him a little, until at last he said,

"Wa'al, Mr. B——, I don't mind ef I du tell *you* the story, but derved ef I was a-goin' to hev it over for that

lawyer chap. Where's the whisky, Dan?"

And now this was the story which the colonel told as we lay around our camp-fire and killed "skeeters" and smoked beside the swift brown waters of the winding Allegash. There is no better place for a raconteur than just such a camp-fire circle, when the pleasant toils of the day are ended and the evening pipes are lighted. I can see now honest and handsome Dan's kindly face as he lay and listened, with Peter the unwashed saying "Gosh!" at regular intervals as he too heard and marveled.

"Baccy," says the wood-king presently, and stuffs with cavendish black and terrible a pipe of common clay, so short that you stared as the red gleam from its bowl flashed up under his nose at brief intervals like a revolving light. Of course we waited in silence till he had smoked a little, respecting the privilege of the pipe, as true smokers tacitly will do; for, as my reader may *not* know, the cigar suits well with talk, but the pipe is a more exacting mistress, and sulks if she do not receive a due share of attention; which tends to prove, if you insist on some practical conclusion, that the pipe will, for obvious reasons, be the last and impregnable privilege of male humanity.

Said the colonel: "There was lots of good timber piled into the furnier of that room. Fust come a bed like a three-acre lot. It had kinder masts for posts, and I guess you might hev camped two families on it and they wouldn't a heern one another talk. Then come a thing for clothes (call it a *kauss*, Mr. Van der Heyden said): its legs was a foot through, and 'twas four stories high. As to the cheers, after I got rid of Mr. Van, I tried them all round. They all on 'em hed kinder toes and straight backs—just to suit our minister's wife in meetin'-time to a T, but nobody else's back-jints that ever I seed. Bymeby I got one with arms, and findin' thet not so uncommon hard, I sot down by the fire and kinder speckilated on ghosts and sich. Tell *you* the result was encouragin', because bymeby

I woke up feelin' chilly, and when I kinder come to, says I—'Ben asleep and the fire's got low.' So I poked it up a bit, and being orful sleepy, I turned in, not thinkin' no more of sperrits than of raspberry vinegar."

Here I broke in: "Did you undress, colonel?"

"Wa'al, I can't be partic'lar about thet. Wat come after kinder druv' out onsignificant trifles. Guess I didn't, though. I couldn't ha' lay very long when I feels somethin' a-drarin' over my face like a sorter cobwebby. Wa'al, I opened my eyes, and the fust thing I sor was a man a-standin' by the bed. There wa'n't no light, only a pretty fair chunk of fire, so I could jes' see he was a short feller and pretty middlin' stout. He had on a coat with big silver buttons, and a long vest all over posies and notions. Says I, 'Jerusha! but you're a queer'un! Wat's yer name, anyhow?' for I wa'n't no more skeered than at this livin' minute. 'Wat's yer name?' sez I. 'Oh, don't keer to tell,' sez I, keepin' up the conversation mighty spry, because he didn't say a word, but shook his head. Sez I, 'You're a ghost.' Down goes his head solemn as a meetin'us, and quick as winkin' I jabs one thumb into the corner of my off eye and takes a sight on him agin. 'Jerusha!' sez I. 'Two on em! It's ginewine!' An' I did think the room was gettin' kinder chilly. With thet the feller sez nothin', but jest takes me by the wrist, with a grip like steel, and a hand—glory! wasn't it cold? Seein' he wanted me, I got up, and when he lets go I follers him toward the door, he every now and then a-turnin' aroun' and a-signin' to me to come along. In course I went. So he opened the door, and jest then the fire fizzes up a bit, and I sor his head. 'Jerusha!' sez I, for I swan his head wa'n't like nothin' ever I sot eyes on, but all kinder rough and gnarly; and ef he did have eyes and a mouth, I can't say I sor'em. Then I pulled up. The thing was too darned orful to play 'Foller my Leader' with, and sez I, 'Mister, you want me?' Wa'al, he nods solemn's

ever, and I plucks up a bit and sez, 'Go ahead, then.'

"Wa'al, down stairs he went jest as soft as ef he had corns and tight boots, and I a-follerin' arter. Bimeby he takes a turn in the entry, and I outs with my match-box and strikes a light; and when one squenches I lights another, tell we comes in a minute or so into a darned big old kitchen with a chimney size of a tent, full of pot-hooks and sich. Then he goes over to the table, and there he picks up a rousin' big carvin'-knife, and sez I, 'Come now! none of thet, my friend,' for the matches was a gittin' orful low, and I didn't quite like the looks of things. Tell *you*, ef he didn't march right up to the corner and heave the lid off a little bar'l, and then he pokes the knife at me, handle fust; and sez I, I sez, 'Wat fur?' but the old cuss, he jest kinder looks down into the bar'l and drors his hand across the back of his neck. Wa'al, I takes the knife, feelin' it was safer in my hands then his'n, and speaks out at him. 'Wat on airth,' sez I, sputterin' a couple of matches to onst—sez I, 'Wat on airth do you want, anyhow?' At thet he turns to me kinder melancholy, and I gets a square sight on him. 'Jerusha!' says I, for he heaves open a sort of trap which might go for a month. 'Wa'al,' sez I, 'your head *is* curly;' and it was the darndest curliest head; and jest as I thought thet, I takes the hull thing in on a sudden. Sez I, 'Why, you've got a cabbage for a head, you hev;' but he kep' a-sawin' away at the back of it with his hand, and a kinder winkin' one eye at me betwixt the leaves.

"'Cut it off?' sez I.

"'Yaw,' sez he.

"'Not in airnest?' sez I.

"'Yaw,' sez he.

"Then I looks at the bar'l.

"'Sourkrout?' sez I.

"'Yaw,' sez he.

"So I shets my eyes and I gives a saw with the knife at the back of his neck. I hadn't a skercely touched the cussed thing when, kerchunk! it went splash right into the bar'l along'th a lot

of other sich truck. 'Jerusha!' sez I, for the matches had burnt my fingers, and theer I was a-standin' in the kitchen alone, kinder chilly all over; and ef I

ain't laid thet ghost for Van der Heyden, you may chuck me into the Allegash. Put on some logs, Dan: it's a-gittin' cold and the mist's a-risin'."

MARY ANN AND CHYNG LOO.

HOUSEKEEPING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A LADY of the name of Mary Ann Mahoney had held us in bondage for the space of two months, and our domestic life had become grievously burdensome to us. She had found us depressed and helpless from the simultaneous arrival of company and the desertion of a colored individual whom we had leaned on, and who proved a broken reed in point of kitchen-work and a Goliath in temper.

"I done leave dis place," remarked this Ethiopian as she saw the first trunk brought in at the garden gate and landed in the porch. "I tole missis when I come yer dat I don't mean to stand ober de stove stewin' and bakin' and fryin' for company; and dat's a fact."

And so it proved, for she went as soon as we gave her her wages, and we had the house to ourselves.

It was then that Mary Ann entered triumphantly, bearing a bandbox with a broken lid and an immense bundle of clothes in a paper wrapping, which burst as soon as she got inside the kitchen door.

She had a hard face, and when she opened her mouth brought her small eyes together in a cunning, leering way that was intimidating. But I am bound to confess that she did not appear in her real character until we had shown her the weak side of ours: in fact, if we could have closed our eyes to the sinister expression of her countenance, and our ears to the grating falseness of her voice, we might have found her first words full of comfort.

"It's a purty-looking kitchen the blacky has left at her heels!" she remarked, sarcastically, as she took the first view of it. "Thim tins hasn't seen a rub this six months. Will yez look at the stove, that ought to be shinin' till ye could see yer face in it? Troth, she was a beauty, sure enough, and it'll take me two good weeks, scrubbing my fingers to the bone, before I get it clane and dacint."

We admired her spirit, and felt no fears for her strength. She was gigantic in stature and of great bone and muscle, but she did not use either in our service: she spared everything but her voice and our provisions and other property.

The constant noise she kept up in the kitchen for the first day or two persuaded us that great improvements were at work there, and every time one of us peeped in it was to find her exploring and bringing to light the delinquencies of her predecessor.

Hard biscuit and stale potatoes, burnt pans and torn towels, cups without handles and pitchers without spouts, she fished out and spread triumphantly before us.

"Do you see what robbery that nagur was carrying on?" she asked. "Sure, it's a wonder ye have a dish or a rag left. Bad luck to the plunderin' villain! Yez must have been fools to put up wid the likes of her."

This was toward the close of Mary Ann's second day, and her tone had something contemptuous in it, besides its cool familiarity: as yet she had done

nothing to speak of on her own account. The dinner was not well cooked, and we were half starved before it was ready.

"It was the stove," she said: "ye might as well try to roast on the mantelpiece as in the oven." She was trying to find out what the "blacky" had done to it, but there was so much to be set right she couldn't do it all at once.

We submitted, hoping for amelioration as time went on, but hoping in vain; for the woman took to holding an awful iron spoon as a sort of sceptre, and at the faintest approach to a remonstrance would wave it round her with the threatening inquiry—

"Is it me yer asking to hurry up and do the work of two girls? Well, ye have a purty hard cheek, after the way I've slaved myself to help yez out of the mess the nagur left yez in! And this is me thanks! Sure, it's no more nor I expected."

At this we generally retired before the emphatic spoon, and Mary Ann would send us dinner half an hour later, with the explanation—

"Ye flustered me so, coming down on me wid yer abuse, that it's a wonder I was able to do a hand's turn, so it is."

We were very miserable and very helpless. San Francisco is a long distance to travel to on a visit to relatives, and it was scarcely fair to let kitchen troubles come between us and those who had achieved the journey for the sake of seeing us and enjoying our society for a few months. Mary Ann understood this, and the iron spoon triumphed and held us in wretched and silent subjection.

She was a pitiless woman, and wounded us in our tenderest weaknesses. Salmon was a favorite with our visitors, so she made it a point to serve it dry and burnt. Everything that was not raw was boiled to pieces: the grounds floated on the top of the coffee, and the tea was drawn before the table was set. If a dish chanced to be put away, so that it might be served cold, she invariably threw it out.

"Did I think yez wanted to pick it over after having yer fill of it wanst?"

she would ask. "I had work enough claning up after yer nagur, widout filling my closets with stale victuals."

So she went on, every day developing some dreadful characteristic that increased our terror and our servitude.

Relentless, vindictive, contemptuous and impregably obstinate, it only remained for her to reveal a new trait to complete our horror under the nightmare of her sway, and this came to light in the form of a taste for society.

She had been our implacable tyrant for a fortnight, when we discovered a person in a large velvet bonnet, a stella shawl, a scarlet merino dress and unlimited freckles, sharing a cup of tea with her somewhere between the hours of lunch and dinner. In addition to the freckles, this person's face was further embellished with a very red nose and some thin, sandy hair brought low over the forehead.

"Sit still, Mrs. McFetridge, ma'am," cried Mary Ann when the lady in question made a faint show of rising: then turning her head slightly, she explained: "It's a friend of mine from the very door wid me at home: she's tellin' me that there's neighbors of ours come in on the last steamer; so I'm goin' away down with her to see them when I put the dinner on the table for yez."

I discovered this announcement to be scarcely correct, as she did not wait to complete her arrangements, forgetting, in the excitement of her feelings at the prospect of greeting old friends, to add such little items as bread, butter, the sugar-bowl and water-pitcher to our meal.

After this, Mrs. McFetridge became our almost constant guest, and, being a person of great conversational power, could be heard very audibly in our dining-room at any hour in the day. Her own domestic arrangements must have been of the lightest nature or else woefully neglected: sometimes she essayed to assist Mary Ann, principally in shelling peas, but she never seemed to get much beyond chewing the pods and running her fingers through the heap as she discoursed. In the evening she

always came in company with a fearfully tall young man, called Dennis—whose red hair was cut so close that the hat he wore on the back of his head rested on his ears—and his sister, who was so like him that it seemed almost a waste of material to have given them separate individualities.

This party had fine appetites, fresh from their voyage, and to cook for them must have taken much of Mary Ann's time and of our stores. We became stunted in everything but the echo of their enjoyment as it rose to our ears night after night from that seat of power, the kitchen. We were not disinterested enough to share this hilarity: in fact, we found it aggravating, and chafed under it until desperation brought courage, and we determined on remonstrance.

It was on the evening of a day of particular and varied trials. We had smelt cake baking, but when we asked for it, had been evaded with a sarcastic laugh and the inquiry,

"Is it cake? Where would I find time to make cake for a family like this, whin I'm driv' to my wits' end to get the bare work done up between-meals?"

Then we were told that all the milk was spilt, and it was too late to get more for the coffee: the cold roast had shrunk one half in size, and the pudding was burnt to a coal while Mary Ann was mysteriously employed in the store-closet.

All this and much more was crowned by Mary Ann's being seized with apparent paralysis just at the dinner-hour. This alarmed us all and called for action.

Just as the bell should have been rung she sank into a chair, and her head drooped on her bosom. Her eyes, turned up in her head, became dull and rayless as boiled oysters, and her words were muttered and indistinct.

"It's a wakeness," murmured Mary Ann. We tried to raise her, but she fell back in a limp mass, which frightened us, though she retained her calmness, and even smiled.

"I'll be all right in the mornin'," she said, but we were by no means reassured, and hung over her anxiously; for although she had enslaved and despoiled us, still she was a fellow-creature, and apparently in great danger. It seemed like apoplexy, for one moment she would slumber heavily and even snore, but the next she would rouse again and almost assert her old power.

"What's the matter wid yez?" she inquired with lofty dignity, and endeavoring to rise. "Did ye never see a lady overcome wid wakeness before? Thin, what do ye mane staring at me as if ye was frightened? Go and ate yer dinners, and lave me to entertain me company, for it's me birth-day I'm kaping."

At first we thought her raving, but she assured us of her sanity by staggering to the closet and bringing out a large cake from behind the flour-box, and following it with a custard, part of which she spilt in the effort.

This, then, was what we had smelt, and where the milk had gone; but when we said as much, and advanced to take possession, Mary Ann caught up her iron spoon and stood on the defensive. "If ye lave a hand on it, I'll have yer life!" she cried; and at the same moment the door opened to admit her guests, Mrs. McFetridge and that tall young man and woman.

At sight of them Mary Ann rallied again. "Troth, yer come in good time to purtack me from the haythens," she cried. "Sure, they would have tuck my life if ye'd not been here to do me justice, so they would."

Then she relapsed into softness and shed tears.

"Oh, Bridget McFetridge, if ye had the heart of a Christian woman in ye, ye'd get me a sup of whisky whin ye see me overcome by a wakeness like this," she cried.

A light flashed on us. We flew to the store-room and brought out the demijohn of Bourbon that day sent home. It was only a gallon one, but it was very clearly diminished in its contents.

"Mary Ann, you are drunk!" we cried.

Mary Ann regarded us with a stupid stare and sank back into her seat.

"Oh, what shall we do with this wretched woman?" was our next thought. "How can we have such an intoxicated creature in the house?"

Mary Ann suddenly regained her feet with gleaming eyes.

"Drunk," she screamed shrilly: "did ye dare to call me drunk, ye mane Yankees, ye? Ye'll rue the words if ever ye live to see the inside of a justice's office, for it's there I'm goin' to take ye to make ye prove thim. Do ye know what a charackter is? Well, I have one that niver had a word agin it till now."

With that she made a sort of leap, seized the iron spoon, dashed at us wildly and sent us flying up stairs in cowardly haste. Listening at the dumb-waiter, we heard peals of crazy laughter, which afterward subsided into sighs and moans.

Then Mrs. McFetridge's voice was audible, imploring the wretched Mary Ann to take a drop of peppermint to warm her, and blaming the kitchen, the hard work and want of kindness and consideration in the household for the state to which she was reduced.

Mary Ann's month would be up next day, but at her own request she had been paid a day in advance, as she was to go shopping. What was our relief, then, when some time afterward Mrs. McFetridge appeared and remarked loftily,

"Miss Mahoney's goin' home wid me, ma'am. She's too wakely to hold her own wid thim that insults her now, but ye'll soon hear from her agin."

This sounded threatening, but still it brought a gleam of hope. Mary Ann was actually going: her dread rule was over, and we could afford to pay a good price for freedom.

It was not without difficulty that a dignified retreat was effected: part of the procession fell twice in crossing the kitchen floor, and knocked down tins in the process. At last, however, the

door banged behind the retiring friends, and we ran down, frightened at what had passed, but yet conscious of an intense relief, to take a peep after them and lock up the lower part of the house. They were descending the hillside street with a swaying sort of motion, occasionally colliding and coming to a standstill. Mary Ann was little more than a huge bundle of blanket shawl, that discovered a constant tendency to lay itself out on the sidewalk, but Dennis and his feminine double were bearing gallantly up against it on either hand and thwarting the foolish desire.

All the next day we cleaned a little, and went into agonies of astonishment and indignation over the discoveries we made. Mary Ann and her friends had eaten the cake and custard (the Bourbon we had carried up stairs); and from the packages of tea, coffee, sugar and other available groceries we found stuffed away, ready tied up, we argued that they were accustomed to, our supplies and regarded them favorably. Our excavations amid ruined cookery, broken crockery, dirty dish-towels, etc., were like bringing a buried city to light and being overwhelmed with the magnitude of the discoveries.

While we worked our spirits sank, and toward meal-time we were so depressed and hopeless as to listen with comparative calmness to the proposition of boarding till the effect of Mary Ann wore off our minds.

It was at this juncture that our youngest cousin from New York became at once a heroine and a ministering angel.

"I will go and get you a good girl," she said, confidently. "I have been watching one out of my bed-room window that must have a relation or friend wanting a place. I feel convinced of it, and I am going to try."

So she put on her bonnet and went out, and we, not daring to hope, were yet lifted above despair by her words of cheer. It was not long before she returned, bringing with her a short figure in a blue cotton night-shirt, worn over a pair of tight pants, a shaven head ornamented with a little cap and a

long pigtail, a bare, yellow-colored face, with narrow eyes and a wide smile.

"This is Chyng Loo, cousin of Ah Sing," said our cousin, introducing.

"How do? how do?" remarked Chyng Loo affably, shaking hands with himself and smiling wider than ever.

A smell of stale oil, opium and sandal-wood always rose at the name of a Chinaman, and a vision of stewed rats accompanied it in our family mind. The fact is, we were prejudiced against the Celestials, and their ways were not pleasant in our sight. So we did not return the smile, and contented ourselves with an injured look at the deceiving cousin. She evidently felt able to sustain her case.

"Try him—that is all I ask," she said. "I've watched his cousin Ah Sing, and I'd rather eat his cooking than Mary Ann's: he is always washing his hands, and she never touched hers. Try him."

Still we hesitated.

"Show him the kitchen," some one suggested. It was a practical idea. The excavations had been given over for the preparation of a hasty meal, and the débris of the one mingled wildly with the fragments of the other. It was a scene to intimidate and confuse: it only made Chyng Loo grin and say—

"Welly good; me sabe washee dishes."

"Leave him here," said his patroness: "he can't do worse than Mary Ann Mahoney: maybe he'll do better."

We had not much faith, but there was a numbness which is generally supposed to be the calmness of despair stealing over us, and under its influence we brushed up the dining-room and sat down to sew.

There was no particular sound coming up from below—no dashing about of plates or dropping of tumblers. He did not follow Mary Ann's plan in that respect, nor were there any complaints. Perhaps he had not begun yet: yes, that must be it. He was slow, but then if he only did the work at all, and did it quietly, there would be a great advantage gained; so on the whole we felt relieved.

The dinner had been a very slight

one, and as the consciousness of a motive-power below gave us courage, our appetites began to assert their existence; so we determined to go down and see the progress of affairs and the possibility of procuring tea.

A queer sound, like a sneeze set to music, reached us from the outer kitchen—

"Ki yi ke, he he yi."

Chyng Loo was singing the lays of his native land, rubbing for dear life at some clothes in a tub of warm suds out in the back kitchen. And well he might sing: if ever consciousness of duty well performed attunes the human heart to melody, then Chyng Loo's should be a rapturous song. The ceiling and the walls of that kitchen were the same as those we had left, but even they seemed fresher, and nothing else was at all the same. The oil-clothed floor, the pine tables, the iron stove and wooden chairs, all were scoured and polished to the highest degree of cleanliness, and the tins and cooking-pans, ranged in tidy order, reflected the general glow. What he had done when first left alone with the disheartening mass of dishes and towels and broken meats did not appear: only the result transpired, and a well-filled slop-keg stood ready to be carried out, while the rags and towels steamed before him; concerning all which he remarked simply,

"Me washee."

A reverence amounting to awe stole over us as we regarded this remarkable creature. He paused in his work and song.

"What you want me workee now?" he asked.

"Tea," we said, briefly, feeling confident that he was now equal to any emergency. He immediately washed his hands and set on the kettle: then he threw open the store-room door.

"You tellee how muchee, then me workee all right," he said.

So we pointed out the number and nature of the articles required, and went up stairs with a sense of peace and rejoicing.

Not a sound broke the pleasant quiet that reigned until the dumb-waiter bumped up into its place, and Chyng Loo appeared almost simultaneously and began to set the table. What a different meal from any we had hitherto shared with our friends! How magical its preparation had been, compared to Mary Ann's onslaught on the provisions and fuel! How we blessed that Bourbon which had brought about the climax and dislodged our Old Man of the Sea!

Still, we had our prejudices, and the Chinaman's pigtail, whether dangling behind him or wrapped round his clay-colored brow, like a queer coronet, was objectionable to us. So were his blue night-shirt and long finger-nails, and we could not repress a shudder when he brought his slits of eyes and cavern of mouth into full play in receiving directions for breakfast. Now, Mary Ann had been no beauty: in point of fact, she was rather hideous than otherwise; but then she was a Christian, and this creature was a heathen of the most heathenish kind. Not that Mary Ann's Christianity had been of a kind that shone in her life and acts: on the contrary, she had only used it in our case as a weapon of aggression, starting for early church and abandoning the breakfast half cooked, and adjourning from dish-washing to vespers, leaving the knives soaking in the pan till her return. Still, these were evils with which we were familiar, and we could not guess what unknown atrocities Chyng Loo might commit under the delusion that he was being pious. We had heard of Fo and Buddha, and, viewed in the light of a domestic institution, they did not seem attractive characters.

"I once knew a lady who left her home and friends and went to China as a missionary," said our cousin. Her thoughts evidently wandered like our own, but they came to a more practical conclusion. "Here we have one to Christianize without going so far or enduring so much," she suggested.

"Yes, but could we do it?"

It seemed doubtful, the dress and pig-

tail were so very heathenish; and when he carried the things below and began to sing over his work, the chant sounded like a fearful incantation over a savage rite.

Everything was in perfect order long before Mary Ann could have made up her mind to do her usual excuse for clearing up, and Chyng Loo came to take orders for breakfast.

Anything he did not quite understand would give him a brooding expression for a minute, and then he would brighten up and say,

"You makee, then me sabe;" which always proved strictly true, for in no case did he ever fail in anything after having been once shown the way to do it.

This extreme readiness to learn seemed rather encouraging, viewed in the higher light of Christian teaching, but we were not a family of born missionaries, and we needed a personal impetus to start us in the right way.

It came the next afternoon in the form of Miss Mahoney, and appeared at the kitchen door while Chyng Loo, at his own suggestion, was polishing the dining-room windows. We were taking an admiring circuit through our lower premises, congratulating each other on the blessed change, and giving expression to our sense of freedom, when the tones of our former tyrant were heard:

"I'm feeling aiser to-day, but I had an awful turn of it, ma'am, and if it hadn't been for the kindness of me friends, I don't know where I'd be this morning."

She smiled encouragingly at us, and taking off her shawl and bonnet, went on:

"I suppose yez felt lost widout me, and I told Dennis to come up and set yez mind aisy last night, but he's so backward, ye see, I couldn't start him. Niver mind: now I'm here I'll soon put the place in order and clane up everything. Troth, it shows plain enough that ye missed me."

As she said this the incorrigible creature actually took a survey of the apart-

ment, and shook her head as she took out a big check apron and tied it around her waist.

At this alarming crisis the heroic young cousin interfered.

"Mary Ann," she said, quietly, "we have engaged a servant who suits us exactly. My cousin, your former mistress, paid you all she owed you. I am in charge of the matter at present, and, as I tell you, have no need of your services."

With an angry snort, Mary Ann wheeled round and confronted this bold speaker:

"And who are you, miss? and how dare ye meddle wid me that has lived wid the best in the land, and has characters from them that could buy and sell ye?"

She advanced as she spoke, coming nearer the pin on which her iron spoon hung at every step: had she reached this sceptre, I fear we should have fallen before it, captives to her pitiless will; but Chyng Loo, slipping swiftly down the kitchen stairs, caught it and plunged it into a pot of boiling soup on the fire just before her outstretched hand reached it.

"Me smellee burn meat," he explained: "fire too muchee hot."

With glaring eyes and grinding teeth Mary Ann regarded this vision, uttering what was meant to be a sardonic laugh, but turned out an angry yell:

"This is worse than the nagur, and shows what yez are, and what ye were used to. Stop yer grinning, ye dirty haythen, or I'll give ye a crack wid my fist that'll settle ye." With angry haste she divested herself of her apron and put on her bonnet and shawl. "But bad as Ameriky is, there's law in it," she said, "and we'll see if the like of that monkey will come between a dacent, hard-working girl and her wages. Not that I'd demane myself living in the house wid ye, after having a crayture like a baste on two legs cooking the victuals ye put in yer mouth! No, I stuck by ye when the nagur left ye, and worked and slaved myself to help ye in yer trouble, but ye were not worth me

thought; and now it's the law will bring ye to yer sinses, and show ye the insult ye put upon a respectable girl."

Here she burst into tears, and after sobbing violently for an instant, recovered, made a dash at Chyng Loo, who retreated in fear and expedition, and then, with a parting denunciation, swept out of the kitchen.

She kept her Parthian arrow for the sidewalk, from which she called back:

"Yer a purty set to turn a sick girl out of yer house, and bring in a haythen to chate her out of her wages!"

And that was the last we heard or saw of Miss Mahony, who evidently changed her mind about the legal process, and allowed Heaven and our own consciences to be her avengers.

A few days later, Chyng Loo, in the discharge of his domestic duties, was startled by the appearance of a tall, red-faced man, who demanded her bundles. They had been kept in readiness for delivery, and our Chinaman gladly produced them. Without a word the gigantic messenger departed, and on hearing of the incident we concluded that Dennis had got over his backwardness sufficiently to come for his injured friend's wardrobe.

Chyng Loo's domestic virtues increased rather than diminished. What he did not already know he discovered a wonderful aptitude and ambition in learning, but humbly and regretfully we were obliged to confess that the Christian faith was not among the items. When questioned as to his adherence to his own religion in preference to the higher light, when he so readily adopted all else American, his reply was—

"Mellikan cookee better China man. Mellikan pray no welly good: no makee Mellikan man good, then no good for China man."

This set us to recalling an old copy-book maxim, "Example is better than precept," and made us conclude that when Chyng Loo was convinced by our life and actions that the faith we professed was a good one, he might, as in the case of our food and clothing, by degrees learn to substitute it for his own.

Teaching in this way is more difficult and requires greater care and self-sacrifice than mere word-preaching, but then if you could see our kitchen you

would think, apart from all higher considerations, that, in the language of California, *it pays*.

MARGARET HOSMER.

MARIE.

HAPPY and sad the thoughts seem,
Finding expression in Marie's sweet face:
There stands she, dreaming her dream,
Forgetful, dreamlike, of the time and the place.

Blossoms she holds in her hand—
Brilliant carnations and lilies pure white:
Fain would you too understand
What mem'ries these waken in Marie to-night?

Marie counts back but four years
Into a past at the most only brief:
Sudden a vision appears—
Herself and a lover, and consequent grief;

Crowded salon and a glare,
Waltz-whirling figures and music and rush,
Making her ill; then the air
Over them blowing, and perfume and hush.

Well she remembers that time,
Standing with him in that beautiful spot—
He, a strong man in his prime;
She, trusting him fully, content with her lot.

"See that carnation," said he,
"Bend o'er the lily as though it would say,
'Loveliest, only to thee
Is given my love—give me thy love, I pray.'"

Only one day after this
Came the dire word, first rejected in scorn:
"He is untrue whom you kiss—
'Twere better such love had never been born."

Crushed was the hope in her soul,
Leaving a darkness, a burden—no more:
Old is that tale of love's dole
When vows prove but lies—he faithless who swore.

Faith in the God who is true,
 That was what saved her from selfish despair:
 Thence consolation she drew:
 "Christ, 'only to Thee,'" was her unceasing prayer.

Whence is her happiness now,
 Seeming to say, "You are done," to the Past?
 See those carnations, and how
 She tears them in pieces and scatters them fast.

Lost is the sting of that pain—
 Come has a joy that is perfect and sure:
 Marie's a loved one again,
 And knows beyond doubt that her lover is pure.

"Lilies, carnations, good-night!
 Solemn the thoughts you awake—no regrets:
 Old things shall now pass from sight,
 For I'll be a bride ere to-morrow's sun sets."

K. A. S.

THE GREAT MONOPOLY.

AT the close of 1848 but little more than four years had elapsed since the construction of the first electric telegraph in the United States, yet in that brief space of time twelve thousand miles of wire had been strung, connecting all our principal cities, and competing lines were fighting for a new and undeveloped business. Shrewd men, however, saw that this rivalry, which destroyed profits, was an evil that could only be remedied by the amalgamation of opposition lines. Whether or not this could be accomplished was a question soon settled, for litigation between the owners of the Morse and Bain patents led to the consolidation of those companies, followed by the sale of a New England line for \$5000 which had originally cost four times that amount.

These were the beginnings of that great course of absorption of weak lines by their stronger competitors which, carried on till 1866, resulted in one gigantic corporation transacting the business of the nation.

On the first of April, 1851, Sanford J. Smith, Isaac Butts, Freeman M. Edson and Samuel L. Selden, who had obtained exclusive right to use House's printing telegraph between Buffalo and St. Louis, organized themselves into a company, under the general telegraph law of New York, to finish a line which Smith and Butts were then constructing between those points. The capital stock was fixed at \$360,000, divided into 3600 shares of \$100, each member of the company taking 900 shares. Of the amount thus obtained, \$180,000 were to be paid to Smith and Butts for the construction or purchase of a line from Buffalo to St. Louis *via* Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati, and the remaining \$180,000 to Selden and Edson as royalty for the use of House's instruments and insulators.

They took the name of The New York and Mississippi Valley Printing Telegraph Company, and thus originated the greatest telegraph company in the world.

Their line was constructed as far as Louisville *via* Dunkirk, N. Y., Erie, Pa., Cleveland, Columbus and Dayton, Ohio, Covington, Georgetown and Frankfort, Ky., with a branch to Lexington; and on the 30th of March, 1854, they acquired the Lake Erie Telegraph Company, whose lines extended from Buffalo to Detroit and from Cleveland to Pittsburg. On the 29th of April the Cleveland and Cincinnati, the Cincinnati and St. Louis, and the Ohio Telegraph Companies passed into their charge, to which they added a controlling interest in the New York and Erie, the Cleveland and Pittsburg, and the Cleveland and Zanesville Companies.

At this time H. S. Potter, Hiram Sibley and Isaac R. Elwood, of Rochester, were the largest stockholders, Potter being president of the company, and Elwood its secretary.

The following year (1855) they constructed lines between Detroit, Grafton, Chicago, Toledo and Cleveland, and in September obtained possession of the Erie and Michigan Company, whose wires, stretching from Buffalo to Milwaukee, had been erected by J. H. Wade and J. J. Speed, the pioneer builders of lines along the shores of our great lakes, who retained control of the company up to the time of consolidation.

On the 13th of February, 1856, the lines of the Ohio and Mississippi Company, covering the territory between St. Louis and Cincinnati, fell into their hands, and on the 4th of April the New York Legislature changed their name to THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY, which name the company has since borne.

The new corporation signalized its advent by absorbing the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Louisville lines. This took place May 24th, and was followed July 17, 1857, by the acquisition of the Southern Michigan line.

Consolidation had now so far progressed that the business of the country was mainly divided between the American Telegraph Company, whose lines occupied the New England States and the South; the New York, Albany and

Buffalo Electro - Magnetic Telegraph Company, stretching from the metropolis to Lake Erie; the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company, with wires between Philadelphia and Pittsburg; the Western Union Telegraph Company, extending from Buffalo to Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee and St. Louis; the New Orleans and Ohio Telegraph Companies, which controlled the traffic from Cincinnati to New Orleans; and the Illinois and Mississippi Telegraph Company, covering Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Wisconsin. On the 10th of August, 1857, these companies entered into an alliance by which the United States was divided into six districts, and certain territory definitely assigned to each company. This friendly union of organizations heretofore engaged in rivalry promised to be of great value to the business interests of the country, as it placed the telegraph on a more secure footing, and while preventing the cut-throat competition which had heretofore characterized their endeavors to control the traffic, left each free to develop the trade in its allotted district. To them was added, May 29, 1858, the Montreal Telegraph Company, whose lines spread over Lower Canada. Under this agreement all became owners of the patent for the Hughes combination printing instrument, previously the property of the American Company, and an important agent in rapid transmission thus came into general use.

On the 22d of October, 1858, the American Telegraph Company proposed to the New England Union and New York and Washington Magnetic Companies to consolidate their respective interests: the proposition was finally accepted, and the three were merged into a new American Telegraph Company, which was chartered by the State of New Jersey March 23, 1859—Edward Cooper, Abraham S. Hewitt, Cyrus W. Field, Hiram O. Olden, Edward M. Archibald, Francis Morris, Robert W. Russell and James H. Purdy being named as incorporators and the first board of directors.

This company, on the 12th of October, 1859, purchased from F. O. J.

Smith his one-fourth share in the Morse patents and all his stocks in various telegraph companies, paying him therefor the sum of \$300,000, and at the same time bought of S. F. B. Morse, Amos Kendall and the executors of Alfred Vail their interests in Morse's patents for \$107,000 in stock of the company. By these purchases it became entire owner of the several patents issued to Mr. Morse, and had risen to be the most powerful telegraph organization in the country.

In this year the necessity for telegraphic communication with the Pacific Coast became so urgent that it was brought to the attention of Congress, and Mr. Edward Creighton, an experienced builder of lines, was instructed by the Western Union Company to examine the route to California *via* Fort Smith. Reporting adversely regarding it, he was then sent west from Memphis as far as Colorado, and again reported against the feasibility of the undertaking.

Congress, however, passed a bill in aid of the project, and the Secretary of the Treasury invited proposals for the construction of the line, which resulted in the contract being awarded, September 20th, to Hiram Sibley and others connected with the Western Union Company.

Mr. J. H. Wade, one of the originators of the enterprise, immediately started for San Francisco, where, upon conference with the officers of the California State Telegraph Company, he found them willing to extend their lines as far eastward as Salt Lake City, there to connect with those of the new company; and Mr. Creighton was again despatched on the 18th of November, 1860, this time to survey the route *via* Salt Lake City, from which duty he returned to New York April 12, 1861, with a favorable statement regarding it.

The company was organized April 17, 1862, and on the 4th of July the first pole was set. Pushing the work rapidly forward, Mr. Creighton had the pleasure of getting the line completed and communication with San Francisco es-

tablished by October 24th of the same year.

The outbreak of the war, which for a time paralyzed business, had, of course, its effect on telegraphs, though they partially made up for the loss of commercial business by the increased number of social and other transient messages consequent on the excitement of the period. In some parts of the country the lines were immediately taken charge of by the State authorities, the governors placing them under superintendents of their own appointment. This was a military necessity, and throughout the whole war every line was under more or less direct supervision of the General or State Governments.

But as the war progressed business increased, and the telegraph sprang into renewed activity. Soon the lines became crowded with messages, and everything seemed prosperous. Stock increased in value, so that Western Union, the capital of which had been expanded by consolidations from the original \$360,000 of the Mississippi Valley to over \$10,000,000, the par value being \$100 per share, was selling at \$200, and on the 11th of May, 1864, a stock dividend of \$100 per share was declared, which swelled the capital to \$20,133,800.

Meanwhile, on the 25th of December, 1863, the New York, Albany and Buffalo Electro-Magnetic Company was absorbed by the Western Union, and this acquisition was succeeded on the 17th of March, 1864, by that of the Pacific line from Omaha to Salt Lake City, and on the 15th of April by that of the Atlantic and Ohio Company, whose lines reached from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. On August 8th the Alleghany Company was swallowed, and on the 29th of the same month the Ithaca Company underwent the same fate.

From May 1, 1864, to October 1, 1865, this company had acquired 3800 miles of wire by consolidation, together with 8600 miles by direct purchase, and on the latter date its capital had increased to \$21,335,100. Bonds to the amount of \$1,900,000 had also been

issued, chiefly for the purchase of a majority of the stock of the California State Company, in order to obtain control of the business of the Pacific Coast, which was very lucrative and of great importance.

For the same period—

The gross receipts were, \$3,599,557.23

The working expenses, . 1,513,429.81

Leaving a profit of . \$2,086,127.42

During all this time, however, the American Company had not remained idle. Under able administration its lines had been put in good order and kept in that condition. All the business offered was transmitted promptly and reliably, its operators were well paid, and everything connected with the company worked smoothly. Stock rose to \$175. Its employes, being treated with consideration, felt an interest in its success. In fact, the officers of the company seemed to take pleasure in making the official relations between capital and labor mutually agreeable; and to such an extent was this feeling manifested that they placed to the credit of managers of leading offices shares of stock, varying in number according to the importance of the office, the dividends on which were to be paid them as long as they remained in the employ of the company, and if at the expiration of five years they were still in the company's service, the certificates for the shares were to be handed over to them.

This company had been pursuing the same policy of consolidation as the Western Union, and had acquired possession of the Baltimore and Ohio, Cape Cod, Cape Cod Marine, Delaware and Hudson, East Tennessee, Long Island, Lynchburg and Abingdon, Philadelphia and Wilkesbarre, Richmond, Charlottesville and Staunton, Susquehanna, Troy and Canada Junction, and Vermont and Boston Companies. At the close of the war its management purchased the lines of the South-western and Mississippi Valley Telegraph Company, from Louisville to New Orleans, with branches to Austin and San Anto-

nio, Texas—about 4800 miles of line—for which they paid \$1,000,000. They also bought for \$500,000 the Washington and New Orleans line, which was in a dilapidated condition, and would cost a great deal to rebuild. Putting forth earnest endeavors to keep their lines in good working order, they expended during 1865 nearly \$200,000 for repairs, and at the close of the year they owned nearly 40,000 miles of wire and employed nearly a thousand operators, with an aggregate of 1600 employes of all grades.

Their gross receipts for

1865 were, . . . \$1,600,000

Expenditures, . . . 1,300,000

Leaving for dividends, \$300,000

But these two great companies did not yet have the field quite to themselves. Although in the beginning of 1864 the telegraph business of the country was mainly performed by them and their connections, there was a disunited and feeble opposition in the Inland, Independent and United States Companies, whose lines extended from Portland to Washington, Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and New York to Milwaukee. In the summer of 1864 these three companies were merged together, under the name of the United States Company, and then commenced an active rivalry for the business which up to that time had been practically monopolized by the American and Western Union.

By construction of new lines and purchase or consolidation of old ones the wires of this new corporation at the end of 1865 reached Portland, New York, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee, Green Bay and La Crosse, thus nearly covering the territory of its older competitors; and an extension to the Pacific was projected. But the lines had been miserably constructed. Profit, not permanence, had been the aim of the builders, and though the wires of the company were numerous on the map, they were few for the transaction of business. Breaks, crosses and interruptions of every kind were

the rule, and of three wires it was rare to find two that could be worked. In fact, the lines were a constant source of expense instead of profit: some of the poles were so weak as to be unable to bear more than two wires, so that when the third came to be added it necessitated their entire renewal, and it is said that more than a thousand miles of the wire used was of such poor quality that it could not be spliced without building a fire to anneal it.

But during the year 1865 the lines from Boston to Washington and from New York to Chicago were put in as good order as possible, and in August through circuits between those points went into operation. Shortly afterward New York and Cincinnati were brought into direct communication with each other. Hon. William Orton, who had just resigned the office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was called to the presidency of the company, and an energetic attempt was made to place its affairs on a solid foundation.

Notwithstanding these efforts, the receipts of the company for 1865 were only \$668,422, whilst the expenses were \$771,763—showing a loss of \$103,341.

The effect of this competition had been to seriously injure the older lines, American stock selling January 1, 1866, at \$120, and Western Union at \$51; but this did not benefit the United States Company, and a careful examination of its condition satisfied President Orton that the only practicable way to prevent bankruptcy of the concern was to effect a consolidation with one of its competitors. Upon consultation with the officers of the Western Union such a course was decided on, and on the 1st of March, 1866, the United States lines were transferred to that company.

By this arrangement the Western Union rid itself of a dangerous competitor, and, extending the compass of its lines, paved the way for further absorption.

In the year 1864 the officers of this company becoming satisfied of the impossibility of working a cable from Ireland to Newfoundland, and know-

ing how great a necessity existed for telegraph communication between the United States and Europe, entered into an arrangement with Perry McDonald Collins, American commercial agent for the Amoor River, and ex-United States Consul at St. Petersburg, by which he transferred to them all the grants and privileges obtained by him from the Russian and British governments relating to the establishment of a telegraph line through British Columbia, Russian America and Asiatic Russia.

They then created \$10,000,000 of special stock, designated as "Russian Extension Stock." Five hundred thousand dollars of this, fully paid up and subject to no further call, were issued to Collins in payment for his rights, and five hundred thousand more were placed at his disposal on the same conditions as for ordinary subscribers: he was also to receive \$100,000 in cash for his services in securing the grants. The stockholders were then notified that they were entitled to subscribe for the "Extension" stock to half the amount of Western Union held by them, paying five per cent. at the time of subscription, and leaving the balance subject to call at the pleasure of the board of directors.

During the remainder of the year active preparations were made for the survey of the route and construction of the line. Colonel Charles S. Bulkley, who had built the lines between Washington and New Orleans, was appointed engineer-in-chief and placed in charge of the enterprise, and materials and supplies to an immense amount were purchased and shipped to the North-west coast, in order that all things might be ready for an energetic prosecution of the work when spring opened.

An examination of the coast as far north as Sitka satisfied Colonel Bulkley of the impracticability of that route, and in the early summer of 1867 a party was despatched, under command of Major Pope, to examine the interior. They reached a point some eight hundred miles north of New Westminster, spent the winter in camp, and in the

spring of 1866 followed the Stekine River to the sea, reporting favorably on that route.

During the year four hundred miles of the line were constructed from New Westminster to Quesnal, and exploring parties landed on the Asiatic coast, which during the winter pretty thoroughly examined the Siberian portion of the route.

The year 1866 was spent in urging forward the work, but on the 27th of July the successful laying of the third Atlantic cable, coupled with the great feat of finding the cable of 1865, raising, splicing and finishing it to America, where both were put into operation, demonstrated that the Russian extension could not be profitably worked in the face of such competition. The exploring and working parties were therefore recalled, the vessels—of which the company had at one time twenty-four in service—were sold, and on the 25th of March, 1867, the company gave the General Government formal notice of the abandonment of the enterprise.

In the mean time, the American and Western Union Companies had entered into a negotiation to effect consolidation, which terminated by the lines of the American Company passing into the hands of the Western Union on the 1st of July, 1866, swelling the capital of this great corporation to \$40,000,000.

The affairs of the company now needed the very highest skill in management, and the directors immediately divided its territory into three grand districts—the Eastern, to assume charge of which Thomas T. Eckert resigned the position of Assistant Secretary of War; the Central, over which was placed Anson Stager, who throughout the war had been in charge of the United States military telegraphs, and previously to that superintendent of the Mississippi Valley and Western Union lines; and the Southern, to which was assigned John Van Horne, well known through the South as an energetic and influential manager of telegraphs. James H. Wade was re-elected president, Hiram Sibley, William Orton and Norvin Green

vice-presidents, and General Marshall Lefferts was put in charge of the bureau for the collection and dissemination of commercial news.

A rigid system of economy was immediately put into execution. Expenses of all kinds were reduced, save those for putting and keeping the lines in good order: these were thoroughly examined, repaired and reconstructed. The business of a city heretofore performed by the three companies, with as many different organizations, was now transacted by one set of employés, selected from the best of the different forces. Rules and regulations, hitherto loosely observed in the general scramble of competition, were now strictly enforced. Strenuous efforts were made to curtail the vast volume of free business and to rearrange contracts and agreements bearing onerously on the company. Every district superintendent was urged to economize expenses and increase working facilities by getting the lines and offices under his charge into better condition. Managers of offices were specially instructed that the prime object of telegraphy was despatch, and to that end to use every endeavor to have messages promptly transmitted over the wires, and those which were received as promptly delivered to their address.

Inefficient employés were removed, and their work distributed amongst others or their places filled with better men. Non-paying offices were speedily brought into the list of those returning a revenue, by changing the payment of the operator from a salary to a commission on the receipts. Everything possible was done to ensure celerity and security in the transmission of business, and all the safeguards which could be devised were thrown around the interests of customers.

Commercial news was gathered from the business centres of the world and distributed at a merely nominal charge to subscribers in all parts of the United States. Special facilities were accorded to the press for the transmission of intelligence. Longer through circuits were

established to avoid delay at repeating stations. An eminent English electrician was employed to examine the lines, report on their condition and suggest means to improve their working. The various and discordant tariffs which had necessarily been adopted during the time of excessive competition were, as far as possible, readjusted and harmonized. Indeed, such was the magnitude of this branch of the reorganization that a special bureau had to be created for the purpose.

In 1867, Mr. Wade resigned the presidency, and was succeeded by Mr. Orton. On the 1st of June the lines of the California State Telegraph were absorbed, though the company had for some time owned a controlling interest in them: this was followed on the 1st of July by the lease of the Illinois and Mississippi Company's lines for \$85,000 per annum, and on April 1, 1868, by the acquisition of the Chicago and Mississippi Company.

In May of that year the system was adopted of receiving messages for transmission at night and delivery next day, half rates being charged on twenty or more words. It was thought that this would lead to the use of the lines at night to a greater extent than had previously been the case, and thus increase the revenue; but the experiment was hardly a success, for the reason that no message was counted as containing less than twenty words, on which the company of course received the same toll as on a ten-word message sent during business hours. A modification of this rule has been made, so that now ten-word messages are transmitted between all stations east of the Mississippi River; and since the plan was amended, "red messages," as they are called, have greatly increased, forming at the present time a considerable item of the company's receipts.

On the 1st of October, 1869, the tariff bureau, which since its organization had been maturing a plan for entirely remodeling and reducing rates, issued a revised book of tariffs. Mr. Orton says the preparation of this new system con-

sumed the labor of from three to five men for two years, and cost probably thirty thousand dollars; that on its going into effect an estimated reduction of sixteen per cent. in the rates was made throughout the entire country, and the receipts decreased forty thousand dollars the first month thereafter, whilst the increase in the number of messages transmitted, consequent on the reduction of tolls, and on the fact that each office is now furnished with a rate to every other office in the country, is about twelve per cent.

In the latter part of 1869 the operators employed by the Franklin Telegraph Company in New York struck for an increase of twenty-five per cent. on their salaries, which were generally less than those paid by the Western Union Company for the same kind of labor. In response to their demands the company offered an increase of fifteen per cent., which was refused, but the matter was finally compromised by their obtaining an addition of twenty per cent. on salaries of \$1000 and upward, and fifteen per cent. on all under that sum.

The success of this combination was undoubtedly an impelling reason for the great strike which took place on the Western Union lines in January of the present year, its immediate cause being the action of the company's general agent at San Francisco in discharging two operators "for endeavoring to create dissatisfaction and make mischief, and because the force in the office was larger than was necessary to do the business." At the same time part of the salaries of these men was applied to increase those of the remaining operators. After the discharge of these two persons, a third was dismissed because he refused to work for the salary assigned him by the new schedule, although it was ten dollars more per month than he had ever received before.

At this point the remaining operators demanded the reinstatement of the three, and on Mr. Mumford refusing compliance, they all quit work, immediately

telegraphing to the Eastern operators that salaries had been reduced and men discharged, and that they had struck, at the same time calling on the Telegraphers' Leagues to stand by them.

This was on the 1st of January. Following their lead, the Sacramento operators went out, and by the 4th a majority of the operators in the principal cities of the country had left their duties, uniting in a general demand, addressed to the executive officers of the company, for the reinstatement of the men dismissed at San Francisco and the resumption of the old schedule of salaries.

With this demand the company, on being informed by Mr. Mumford of the facts in the case, declined to comply, and proceeded to fill the places of the strikers with operators from the country towns, where they were relieved by persons of less ability, of whom there were plenty anxious to be employed. The superintendents of districts and managers of large offices, working steadily, had the satisfaction of knowing that the business offering was in general promptly despatched, in spite of the many reports to the contrary industriously scattered broadcast through the country by the strikers, to whom the newspapers seemed to have thrown open their columns.

Things went on in this manner until the 8th, when a majority of those who had quit work at Philadelphia returned to duty, their example being followed in a few days by nearly all of the strikers throughout the United States. As each man applied for reinstatement the company required of him a pledge to dissolve all connection with the League and to perform duty wherever ordered. By this action at the end of the contest the association was practically broken up and left powerless for a long while to come.

During the entire progress of the strike the officers of the company were in constant communication with the stockholders, who insisted that no surrender should be made, as they felt the gravity and importance of the crisis. On the one hand were prosperity, quiet

and harmonious working if the company was successful; on the other, discord, jealousy, constant trouble and an endless succession of strikes as the result of a victory on the part of the operators. If their demands were granted, others would be made, and the company would soon be completely under their control.

Emerging from this contest victorious, the company seems disposed to entirely overlook the matter save in the case of a few ringleaders. Those who returned to duty were generally given their old places, and where any were put in minor situations it was because others had been found more capable. The fact of engaging in the affair has not militated against the promotion of men who have showed themselves worthy of advancement.

To-day, then, the Western Union Telegraph Company, colossal in its size, has more strength and vitality than ever. Between January 1, 1866, and July 1, 1869, 8000 miles of poles and 18,000 miles of wire were put up, and of the old lines 8000 miles of poles were entirely renewed, with 17,500 miles of wire. Since the latter date the work of construction and improvement has gone steadily forward, so that the company now owns 53,000 miles of line, with 105,000 miles of wire connecting 3500 stations, and has in its employ nearly 7000 persons. This vast reticulation covers the North American continent from Plaister Cove on the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Los Angeles in California, and from the Kishyox River fisheries, eight hundred miles north of New Westminster, British Columbia, to New Orleans. Within this compass is embraced every town of importance, and to each is accorded the facilities demanded by its necessities. In the larger cities special offices are provided for each business centre. Stock-brokers, oil-brokers, grain-merchants, cattle-dealers and the dry goods trade have wires devoted to their uses, and messages involving the largest transactions flash from one city to another, rarely with the occurrence of an error. The press, too, has its own arrangement,

with rates so cheap that it received in one year for \$900,000 of our currency more matter than the entire telegraphic correspondence of Europe, which cost \$8,000,000 in gold. With consummate skill the diverse interests of each part of the country are harmonized, and the constant adoption of measures for speed and reliability in the transmission of business has led to an annual increase of a million and a half of messages.

Owning or controlling nine-tenths of the total telegraph system on this continent, the company has not suffered to any serious extent from opposition developed since 1866. Indeed, at some offices the effect of competition has been to increase receipts, whilst few, if any, of the rival lines are earning a profit. The increase in the telegraph business of the country has been rapid beyond all expectation. Offices which in 1848 returned \$500 as a total month's receipts, now render accounts for \$50,000, and at Washington, the starting-point of the whole American system, where the revenue for the first week of April, 1845, was \$1.55, it is now \$100,000 yearly; and if all the press matter sent from that city were paid for there, the annual receipts would be swollen to over \$200,000.

Alexander Jones, in his *Historical Sketch of the Electric Telegraph*, published in 1852, says: "Of one thing all may feel assured—that the electric telegraphs are yet in their infancy. The time will come when all the proceedings in Congress will be transmitted *in extenso* to all parts of the Union daily—when they will become the medium of communication for all letters of consequence passing between distant parts of the Union, instead of their slow transportation by mail. The time will come when New Orleans, the City of Mexico, San Francisco and Astoria on the Pacific will be in as constant, steady and daily communication with New York, as Albany, Philadelphia and Boston; and furthermore, the time must and will arrive, be it fifty or a hundred and fifty years hence, when great

telegraph lines will unite all parts of the world in daily communication."

Less than twenty years have elapsed since this paragraph was written, and the prophecies contained in it are all accomplished facts. The leading papers of the country publish daily full reports of the proceedings of Congress; letters of consequence are now converted into telegrams, and the merchant, instead of waiting two months for his answer from San Francisco, receives it within six hours; New Orleans, San Francisco and Archangel are in constant communication with each other and the rest of the world; and every morning the inhabitants of those cities can peruse in their daily papers the record of the previous day's transactions at London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

In the accomplishment of this wonderful result the "Great Monopoly" has had a potent agency. Commencing as one of the mass of disjointed and competing lines which at its inception filled the country, it has steadily kept one purpose in view—the benefit of the public—and its managers, finding that consolidation would have that effect by lessening the delays in repeating the business, undertook the task. How far they have succeeded is a matter of history, for to-day no company or nation owns or controls the same amount of wires. In obedience to the demands of business, it stretched its wires across the continent and brought the Pacific Coast into immediate fellowship with the Atlantic. Believing that overland communication with Europe could be established, it essayed to perform the feat, and persevered in spite of enormous obstacles until the success of cable communication left no prospect of financial remuneration. Its wires are ever ready at the call of science, to all the schemes of which a cordial co-operation is given.

From a fair and open competition it has nothing to fear. Of its own volition it has reduced rates, and proposes farther advance in the same path as the business of the country expands and proves that lower tariffs will be remu-

nerative. Notwithstanding the discussion of the proposition to place all lines in the hands of the government, it has quietly kept on improving its own; so that they are now in finer condition than ever, whilst no country on the face of the earth is better served. Called

the "Great Monopoly" by its enemies, it accepts the title as an apt designation. To it, more than to any other agency, is the country indebted for the rapid circulation of intelligence and the prompt transaction of business.

ABRAM P. EASTLAKE.

PRUSSIA THE GERMAN NATION.

ONE of Kaulbach's colossal frescos, ornamenting the exterior of the new picture-gallery of Munich, allegorizes the triumph of true Art over false. Under the conduct of Minerva, the artists and scholars, some bestriding Pegasus and the rest on the ground, are making a terrific row with a many-headed monstrosity called the Zopf. Thwacked and thumped on all sides with all manner of weapons—brushes, mahl-sticks, dictionaries, chisels—this Cerberus struggles to escape in every direction, but cannot, on account of the multiplicity of its heads. With frantic rage depicted in one of its hideous countenances, the blustering and gasconading audacity of a Homeric hero in another, and the whimpering, sneaking grimaces of a whipped Thersites in another, this ludicrously grotesque beast wriggles and wriggles, but cannot run away.

Such a hydra-headed nondescript is Germany among nations, for ever whipped with the scourge of all its neighbors, for ever writhing in a political *Ilias maiorum*. While France has been so fused together by the fierce heat of battles that there is only one city on earth wherein a Frenchman wishes to live and die, the thirty-odd pocket principalities of Germany agree in few things more cordially than in tugging at the hated leash that binds them to Prussia—*i. e.*, into one nation. Every one of the fifty-odd millions who speak the great language of Luther is Germany. The

heart of every one of them beats passionately for one and the same Fatherland; but, alas! the head of every one of these fifty-odd millions is the origin and perpetual dwelling-place of an absolutely perfect system of government, without the adoption of which the aforesaid Fatherland will necessarily and inevitably go, and daily and hourly is going, hopelessly to the dogs. This creates confusion.

The oldest preserved catchword of the language is one which designated the old German empire as a "chaos preserved by the grace of God" (*confusio divinitus conservata*). The fatal and inextinguishable fountain-head of this confusion is the old savage notion, centuries older than Tacitus, of "German freedom" (*germanische Freiheit*), as opposed to the modern national doctrine of "German unity" (*deutsche Einheit*). (The Germans have these two words, with a shade of difference in their meaning, though we translate both by *German*. Even Frederick the Great, though his was the broadest intellect that ever came up in Germany before Bismarck, used the phrase so fatal to that unhappy country; as, for instance, in a letter to the Princess Amalie, in 1788: "*Je vais faire le Don Quixote, ma chère sœur, et me battre pour soutenir les droits du corps germanique.*")

We in America can form no conception of the rancorous hatred felt by the lower classes, especially of South Germany, toward the Prussians, except

through comparison with our own unhappy South. I have seen lispings babes in Munich taught to revile King William and his great minister. "Whom ought little boys to learn to shoot?" the patriotic nurse would ask, and the little fellow would answer, "*Bithmarck und die Preuthen*." In Frankfort, when it was occupied by the Prussians, the women in the streets equaled anything recorded of New Orleans in their flagrant and irritating insults to the soldiers. In Hanover the boys were taught to call their conquerors "cuckoos." I saw one once run after a Prussian officer having a Hanoverian lady on his arm, crying at his heels, "*Kuckuk mit 'nem Schmetterling*" (Cuckoo with a butterfly), till the officer lost all patience and pursued him with drawn sword into a crowd of his protectors. Some thirty one-acre duchies, grand-duchies, principalities, and what not, collecting taxes, keeping soldiers, issuing edicts and maintaining summer palaces and gorgeous retinues of liveried lackeys; and yet each separate people clinging to its little princeling with a devotion to which the hottest South-Carolinian State Sovereignty patriotism is as a pine-knot fire to one of Krupp's furnaces — there is hardly a more perverse spectacle in Europe.

This excess of weak servility is the natural offspring, by a purely natural metaphysical process, of this very excess of egotistical individualism which is so fatal to Germany. In speaking to the English ambassador on these matters, Bismarck once characterized this foible of his countrymen with trenchant sarcasm. "My lord," said he, "you do not know the Germans yet. I can assure you that if the people had enough money every one of them would have his king."

Another most singular and apparently paradoxical result of this intense personal individualism is found in the cosmopolitanism of the German mind. The Germans are an epitome and digest of all nations. Begin at Dantzic, and study your way through to Basle, if your lifetime sufficed, and you would never need to travel more. You would

possess all that this present time has to offer, not only of exact and speculative science, but of human character. As Dr. J. J. Döllinger, of the University of Munich, has said, the Germans have written better on Shakespeare than the English, and better on Dante than the Italians. (But they have never produced a *Hamlet* or a *Divine Comedy*: neither can they.) The learned doctor also quotes a sentence from Count Cesare Balbo's *Life of Dante*: "These wonderful and conscientious Germans are, step by step, usurping to themselves all our learning."

But this very comprehensiveness or fluidity of character, which enables them, as it were, to pour themselves into the thoughts of all men, is fatal to them politically. Bismarck, with his usual acuteness of perception, but with more sadness of utterance than is his wont, declares that "the disposition of mind which causes men to grow enthusiastic in support of foreign nationalities, even when their own Fatherland suffers thereby, is a form of political disease which, alas! is found in Germany alone." The Germans of Austria number over nine millions, and they have again and again, by their splendid valor on the battlefield, subjugated every other nationality in that motley empire, and again and again abdicated to every other in politics. "Nowhere do things happen more wonderfully than in the world," says the Princess Elizabeth Charlotte of Orleans in one of her letters; and nowhere in the world more wonderfully than in Germany.

Of this species of moral abdication I shall give illustrations at considerable length. An interesting pamphlet, by Poinz, published a few years ago (*Staat oder Nationalität? Eine österreichische Studie*. Leipzig, 1867), gives a list of six hundred and seventy-four family names which were translated from German into Magyar, in Hungary, during the two years 1848 and 1849! It is chiefly the nobles and middle classes who affect this thing, the peasantry remaining in the ways of their fathers. For instance, Tolpy, Matray, Ballagi, Hun-

salvi and Ipolzi, members of the Hungarian Academy, thought themselves unfit to enter its august portals until they had stripped themselves of the scraggy names, Schedel, Lutzenbacher, Bloch, Unsorfer and Stummer. They often carry the egg-shells of their German origin still on their heads, as Szonntag, Weisz, Oszwald and Sulcz, for Sonntag, Weiss, Oswald and Schulze. Colonel Figyelmessy, who served with Garibaldi in his last campaign in Tyrol, was once well known in Pesth as Merks. So common is this thing that they have a verse about it, which may be rendered thus:

"Ludosz call me here,
In Prussia call me Kehl:
Thus Maygar feathers grow
From German sparrow's tail."

In Tyrol these silent conquests go on more stealthily, and the sweet accents of Italy are steadily creeping up the sunny valleys among its mountains. The old sanguinary battle-cry, *Morte ai Tedeschi!* is heard there no more, but the soft air of Italy, its beaming wine and its silvery-sounding patronymics, are more potent than the red-shirted legions. There is on the border a little village with the mighty name of Mezzo Tedesco Mezzo Lombardo (half German half Italian), but now it stands far out in the ocean of Italian waters. Honest Hans Wurst colonizes, with his numerous family, in the valley of the Adige, and straightway he installs himself in the ancient and honorable family of Calderini. And this translation of German names and German sympathies, strange to relate, received no check, but rather an acceleration, by the great German victory of Custoza. The Tyrolese seemed to say, with Cato, *Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni*.

In Triest these conquests of the Italianissimi are more puzzling, for they are opposed to the interests of commerce, which are supposed always to follow the leadings of common sense. Venice was once ruler of the Adriatic, but it is Triest now that yearly woos and weds the stormy bride. Yet it is not alone the Italianissimi, but full-blooded Germans, as Baier, Müller and Sachse, who

are for ever agitating for annexation to Italy. And this in the very face of the fact that when Bonaparte annexed that city to Italy, thus cutting it off from its natural base of supplies in Austria, its population quickly fell to nineteen thousand.

In the Slavonic provinces, which are the most degraded of all in Austria, and which are indebted to the German language for whatever little learning or civilization has come among them, the renegade Teutons have shown the same readiness to lend themselves to clanish uses. The great Bishop Strossmayer, who made such a gallant fight in the Eternal City against the dogma of Infallibility, and who makes no attempt to conceal his origin, is one of the most doughty champions of Panslavism in the Parliament of Croatia, wherein he tickles their ears with many honeyed phrases about the rights of the "Slavonian nation." A German member of the Parliament of Carniola has not only learnt their swinish idiom, but speaks it in preference to his own, although more than two-thirds of his audience are German, and do not understand him! If men will be more Catholic than the Pope himself, what wonder if they find themselves despised? In the province of Carinthia these Germans, who were out-Heroding Herod, got a deserved rebuke. They constructed an alphabet for the peasantry in their own tongue, which, never having had one before, they could no better understand than the German; and they thereupon sent a petition to their Parliament praying that the German might be adopted in the schools, instead of their own language. In Bohemia the Germans are mostly found in the cities, the Tchechs preferring to own land; and they are often strong enough to carry the municipal elections, if their leaders did not go over to the Tchechs and vote against their own unspeakably oppressed and pillaged countrymen.

Aside from this weakness of the universal Teutonic mind, how different has been the conduct of the Austrian government from that of Prussia!

In all places, at all times and among all men, Prussia has consistently, industriously and persistently Germanized, but Austria has always lusted after the flesh-pots of Slavonia. Above all things else, and all other considerations whatever, Prussia has sought to add to herself German territory, but Austria has married, and conquered, and allied, and inherited to herself fourteen languages, and always anything rather than German. In the mixed provinces of that empire it has come to be regarded as axiomatic that to belong to the government party is to be Slavonic—to the opposition, German. It is a well-established fact that the single Slavonic province of Bohemia has, from first to last, furnished three-fourths of the officers of the empire. There are hundreds and hundreds of little towns in the mixed provinces of Austria where a little assistance from the government, such as Prussia gladly gives in her Polish province, would enable the Germans to maintain a German school, and save their children from becoming denationalized; but Austria never helps them. Instead of Germanizing, the government of that empire has garrisoned Hungary with German troops and German provinces with Hungarian, while the Venetians hummed their Garibaldi hymn around their little frozen campfires in far Galicia, and the Poles their *Boze cos Polsky* in the Quadrilateral. It has been, as Goethe says:

“Herauf, herab, und quer und krumm,
Durch allerlei Brimborium,
Das Pöpplein gekeutet und zugericht’t,
Wie’s lehret manche wälsche Geschichte.”

Amid all this chaos and this liquescency, the one rising star of hope, the glory of all Germany’s best and wisest friends, and the only nucleus of future union, has been Prussia. In all this sad and miserable history of unhappy Germany, running through dreary centuries of feuds, and jangling, and the wretched bickerings of princelings, there has come up no other name by which she might be redeemed.

We may confirm ourselves in this opinion by casting a glance at the suc-

cessive political catchwords of that people. As far back as 1805, and even in the time of the great Frederick, everybody in Europe spoke of Prussia as “the natural ally of France.” But to-day Prussia is the natural enemy of France, or *vice versâ*. The head and front of the foreign policy of the Bonapartes has ever been to split up Germany and play one part against the other. Hence in 1805 it was politic to build up Prussia as a foil against the Austro-German empire, but in 1870 the French sword has to be thrown into the other scale. As early as 1840, Louis Blanc wrote: “Germany becomes Prussian to-day, to become democratic to-morrow;” thus giving another illustration of Guizot’s remark, that no great idea ever works its full effect in Europe till it passes through the French alembic and receives the Parisian trademark. For even Bismarck did not conceive the great mission and destiny of Prussia till 1848, and as late as 1866 Napoleon buttoned himself up in complacent neutrality, evidently not foreseeing what the great historian had foretold in 1840. But Sadowa spoke louder than Louis Blanc.

Another favorite Prussian catchword, lately heard, is that which designates that kingdom as “the greatest pure-German state.” This is very potent as against the flagrantly un-German and mongrel Austria.

In 1841 the Thiers Cabinet made a formidable demonstration on the Rhine, and the people backed them up, declaring that Paris was “shut up in a Bastille.” The Germans responded with the famous song beginning—

“Sie sollen ihn nicht haben, den freien deutschen Rhein.”

All this awakened more and more the modern national feeling of “German unity,” which Prussia has sedulously fostered.

The ill-fated Frankfort Parliament of 1848 originated three catchwords, all of which brought fish to Prussian nets. One of them called the Austrians “Germany’s children of grief” (*Deutschlands Schmerzenskinder*). The other two des-

igned great parties or policies as "Great-German" and "Little-German." Prussia inherited the former, and it was gladly taken up by all her partisans in South Germany, while the petty principalities, having by their accursed janglings made the word "Particularism" odious for ever, and glad to have any policy which could by any possibility be called German at all, adopted the latter. "Great-German" is about equivalent to our "National Sovereignty," while "Little-German" has its approximate translation in "State Sovereignty." Americans, who know what it is worth and how much it costs to have a united country, will know where their sympathies should rest in the present instance. "Blood and iron" are terrible means wherewith to accomplish national unity, but it will not be forgotten that we employed them freely in maintaining our own in republican America. Prussia is simply doing, in the presence of watchful and jealous enemies, what has been wrought out on this continent undisturbed by anything except the Mexican *fiasco*, proceeding from the same Marplot. France fused itself into solidarity with "blood and iron" centuries ago; Spain has done it; England did it still earlier; and it is hard to discover any reason why Germany should not have been permitted to accomplish in peace the same result for itself.

Prussia has always used a more broadly German and catholic policy than Austria. One of the most notable features of Vienna journalism is the absurd violence with which every German who was born twenty miles away from that city is attacked as a "foreigner." The great Count von Beust, the most astute Premier, and the one who has given Austria the most splendid diplomatic triumphs since Metternich, was stigmatized as a "foreigner" because he came from Saxony. Prussia is never unwilling to be redeemed by any man of ability, especially if he is a German: Austria will accept almost any dotard born above the rank of a baron, especially if he is *not* a German. Austrian statesmen, like poets, are born, not

made. What a world of bitter sarcasm there is in the words of poor Sommerfeld!—"I was in Austria, and had talents, but no protection." The looker-on in Vienna is strongly impressed with the fact that while the authorities have neglected to erect monuments to Beethoven or Mozart, whose names are known wherever music has power to tame the savage, they have erected one—the only one in the city raised in honor of a civilian—to Joseph Pessel. And who was Joseph Pessel? every reader asks in astonishment. Why, he invented the screw, to be sure, by which mighty vessels are propelled across the briny deep. Beethoven and Mozart did more than any other men who ever lived toward saving that city from the reputation of making the best meerschauts in existence, but then they were "foreigners," and Vienna does not know them. If Austria is anything, it is a nation of singers and lovers of good music, but as for maritime matters, it lacks only one port of being hermetically sealed up from the *oceanus disso-cilabilis*.

Prussia asks only these questions: Is he capable? Is he a German? Indeed, when the great University of Berlin was established, learned men were invited to professorships from nearly the whole civilized world. "Marshal Forward," Lebrecht von Blücher, was no Prussian, but a Mecklenburger. It was one of the few notable mistakes of Frederick the Great that he did not discern the merits of Blücher. Little did the blunt old soldier think, as he wrote on the back of a paper sent him by an obscure captain of cavalry, complaining of neglect, "Captain Blücher can take himself off to the devil," that he was slamming the door in the face of a man who would afterward save Prussia. Blücher did not re-enter the Prussian service till Frederick was dead.

Gneisenau, the real planner of Blücher's campaigns, was born in a Saxon barrack. Scharnhorst, the author of the best military system Europe ever saw, was a Hanoverian. Moltke, too, the greatest of living Prussian soldiers,

distinguished scarcely less as the perfect master of seven languages than as the victor of Sadowa, is a Mecklenburger.

The House of Hapsburg, being descended on one side from the family of the Guises, is only half German, it is true, but it has shown even less appreciation of German talent than has the House of Bourbon or the wholly Italian family of the Bonapartes. It was Duke Bernhard von Weimar who added Alsace to France. The great marshals Saxe and Schomberg were Germans both; and the gallant Kleber, who was assassinated in Egypt, was an Austrian captain before he was a French general. Hausmann has done more than any other man to secure France against revolution. Meyerbeer, Kellerman, Weiss, Schölcher are illustrious names from Germany.

Even the wholly Slavonic Russia has done greatly more honor to German genius and learning than has the half Slavonic Austria. Kaufmann and Berg are among her most distinguished generals, and German professors are found in her universities by scores, in the most honored places.

In a word, then, all indications point

to Prussia as the only rightful regenerator and conservator of those Teutonic forces which Austria and the petty princes have so prodigally wasted. To Prussian statesmen everything that is German is exceedingly precious, while every other German government practically co-operates with France in scattering, dissolving, dividing and frittering away the noblest inheritance of Europe. In their moral character and in the greatness of their simple earnestness the Germans are worth infinitely more than any other people on the Continent, but Prussia is alone "Great-German," and every one else is "Little-German," which is virtually not German at all. "I am a Prussian" (the first words of the national hymn) is to-day the proudest utterance in the language, and Germany will never be at its best till one tongue, and only one, is spoken from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Then, and not till then, will it have a government which will look well to it that no German child shall ever wander away and sink into the unfathomable abyss of practical *Unzusammengehörigkeit* for lack of an education in that language of which Leibnitz says, "at least it is honest."

IRENE.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

MY new neighbors had moved in, and my old ones were wondering who they could be.

The house the new neighbors had bought was situated directly opposite to mine. It was of brick, painted gray, with large rooms, high ceilings and wide, square windows. It was sufficiently homelike, notwithstanding its aristocratic style of architecture.

The new-comers had arrived after

dark: no one had had a glimpse of them, but, as is sure to be the case in all places except large cities, everybody was already on the *qui vive* to learn their history.

On the second morning after their arrival I prepared to call on them. I thought it could not be too soon, as they had sent me a letter of introduction from an old schoolmate of mine, in which she asked me to be kind to them for her sake, adding that they were

people of good standing and some means, but entire strangers to every one in our town. I was careful not to let the contents of this letter get abroad, but the fact of my having received it I could not conceal.

My ring was answered by a waiter-boy, who threw the hall door wide open, but did not offer to show me into the parlor. I handed him my card: he looked at it, but did not move.

"Take that to your mistress," I said, and he bolted, leaving me standing on the doorsill. "Well!" I thought, "a pretty beginning! But I think I shall take a seat, even if I have not been asked." It was well I did so, for certainly a half hour passed before I saw another soul. Of course I felt embarrassed, not knowing what to do. The hall was a scene of confusion, and so was every room of which I could get a glimpse through the half-open doors. Finally, a young woman came along, evidently on some errand, for she did not notice me at first, and so gave me a good opportunity of looking at her. I felt sure she could not be the lady of the house, for my friend had written that Mrs. Charlton was a middle-aged person with several children: indeed, I could hardly believe that this person was a lady. Being short and rather stout, her loose, ill-fitting dress gave her a very dowdyish appearance. She was not at all pretty: her complexion was dark and her hair and eyes were light.

On seeing me she expressed no surprise and made no excuse for her dress, but merely asked if "mother had not been down yet;" at the same time pushing open the parlor door.

"Come in," she continued, in a sweet voice that contrasted strangely with her appearance and manner. "Though this room doesn't look much better than the hall, you will be able to get a comfortable seat."

It did not, in fact, look much better, despite an elegant velvet carpet on the floor and rich furniture and pictures scattered in every direction. I seated myself in a large chair; then glanced

round at my companion, who was busying herself with books and sheet music.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, "when shall we ever get straight? With all the servants that are in this house, I should think the parlor might have been fixed by this time. But there's Billy, that never will learn any sense. Half these things belong up stairs, I do declare!"

She paused and looked around. I felt I ought to say something, but at such times we are apt to be unlucky in our remarks, as I was on this occasion.

"The trouble arises," I observed, "from want of system. The best plan when one moves is to unpack all the things in one room or hall, and as they are unpacked and dusted, have them carried to their proper places. Then they get distributed and arranged much more quickly, and the whole house does not get dusty and soiled."

In reply to this speech she said, curtly,

"I should like to see any one systematic in this house!"

If she had meant to add anything more, she was prevented by the entrance of another lady. I rose, and, as my present companion took no notice of the new-comer, I stepped forward and introduced myself. Mrs. Charlton shook hands, saying, "Keep your seat, Mrs. Stone;" and when we had both sat down she turned to her daughter with the inquiry—

"What were you saying about system, Fannie?"

"I said no one liked it in this house."

"Fannie, I have always liked it, but I can't get you and Laura to practice it."

What was there in her voice that made it so fascinating? It was not so sweet as Fannie's, nor was it strong, like hers: it was low, melodious and plaintive—in the last respect alone suited to the style of her remarks. In appearance she was a ladylike person, small, with black hair and gray eyes. Her face wore an anxious expression. I sat looking at her, and wondered it did not occur to her to introduce Miss Fannie, and to offer some excuse for having kept me waiting. Neither

thought, it was evident, had entered her mind, and she continued her conversation with her daughter:

"Fannie, I have begged you to keep house: I can't do it. I have my little children to look after."

"Yes, and they are all you care for: they are the most spoilt children I ever saw."

Could it be her own mother the girl was speaking to? I sat in a state of bewilderment. Yet the words did not sound as they would have done from other voices. They were uttered in a tone of indifference, not of harshness or ill-nature.

"Well, I know one thing: this parlor is not going to be fixed until I do it myself." With that Miss Fannie continued her work of quietly assorting books, and spoke no more, while Mrs. Charlton turned to me and began a conversation about our mutual friend, recalling to my mind many persons and times of "long ago;" and very pleasantly the next hour passed. She was quite a well-informed woman, had lived in various places and had seen much of society, but she was very visionary.

When I rose to take leave, I made some excuse for calling so soon, stating my desire to be of use and offering the aid of one or two servants in putting the house to rights.

Here Fannie spoke up (having followed us into the hall):

"Plenty of servants here."

"How is it, then, Fannie, we can get nothing done? I have wanted my curtains put up ever since I came. When I ask Billy, he says he's too busy; John is always off somewhere: Laura made him get out the carriage and take her to ride yesterday at the very time I wanted him to go in search of some milk for baby."

"Well," I said, trying to get away, "I live just opposite—there; and it will give me pleasure to do anything I can for you. Do not hesitate to send to me."

I shook hands with both mother and daughter, thinking I was off. Just as I got to the end of the front gallery, however, Mrs. Charlton asked,

"How long have you lived here?"

"Since the first month after my marriage—not quite fifteen years."

"Just what I have always told Mr. Charlton. I wanted a home where I could stay all the time. I ought to have one: I have plenty of money."

What could I say? I was in haste to get home: I had many things to do that forenoon, and the sun, as I felt but too sensibly, was already blazing overhead.

"Is Mr. Charlton in D——?" I asked.

"Oh dear! no. He never thinks how much trouble it is to me to move. Just as we were ready to start he took it into his head to go somewhere, and wanted me to wait. I couldn't: everything was packed, so I came without him." She laughed; of which I took advantage, laughed too, bowed, and walked quickly away.

That afternoon she sent her three youngest children over to see me under the charge of two nurses. The baby came first—a very fine boy, about three months old; soon afterward a girl of about five years, with a boy two years younger. They were all extremely fair, but oh so spoilt and passionate! Baby was asleep, so his nurse took her seat on the gallery and kept him quiet: I was sitting in the hall, near the front door, with my little visitors by me.

The girl was very talkative; said her name was "Missy;" that she liked her new home very much; that the children, as she styled her brothers, were very bad; and that sister Laura was going to whip them if they went into her room. Here her nurse, who was standing behind her chair, interrupted her by saying, "And you too." The little lady curled up her nose, and continued: "I tell you they never bother sis Laura like they do sis Fan."

"Hush, Missy," said the nurse: "you talk too much."

She jumped down and pushed the nurse out of the room, but instead of returning to her seat, began running about the hall, going finally into the dining-room, where she found a plate of little tea-cakes: she helped herself

and brought one to her brother. When they had eaten these they went for more, and so continued until the last cake was finished.

Toward evening two young ladies came in, Louise and Emma Raiman, sisters of my next-door neighbor, and my own most intimate friends.

"Mrs. Stone," exclaimed Louise, "we come out of curiosity, as I may as well confess at once: we want to hear about our new neighbors. Of course, the whole town knows you called on them this morning."

"Yes," I answered, "I did, but I can't tell you much. I know there are two young ladies, so you will have an addition to society. I only saw one, however, and as she was in *deshabille*, I shall not decide upon her appearance."

"When would you advise us to call?—very soon?"

"Not for a few days: they are terribly upset as yet."

"Couldn't we assist them?" asked the impulsive Louise.

"No, no: you can do them no good. So soon as they are at all settled I will go with you to call. Henry can go at the same time—perhaps some others." We sat together on the front doorsteps and whiled away the last hours of a fine autumn evening with harmless gossip, the conversation wandering to divers topics, but always returning to those new neighbors, who were at present the chief objects of interest and curiosity. We had heard, in an indirect way, before the receipt of my friend's letter, that they were qualified to mix with the very best society our town afforded, and though we prided ourselves upon being exclusive, yet an addition could not be otherwise than welcome. But was this a real acquisition? All that I had seen only tended to puzzle me. They were odd people, that was clear—very odd.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY passed: the Charltons were not at church, and my conscience

pricked me for not having offered them my pew.

On Tuesday evening I had arranged to call on them again, in company with Emma and Louise, my sober step-son, Henry Stone, and my mirth-loving cousin, Will Maury. I had seen Miss Fannie in the morning, and told her to expect company after tea. She and myself had become somewhat sociable, but of Miss Laura I had never had a glimpse, except from across the street.

When we entered the parlor she was seated at the piano looking over some songs, and never moved while my companions were presented to her sister, who then, after a very general introduction, turned away to talk to Henry Stone.

Laura seemed about nineteen, and was certainly a beautiful girl—tall and graceful, with golden hair, gray eyes and an exquisitely fair skin. Her features and form seemed moulded after the most regular pattern. Her dress was as perfect as her person—in the extreme of the fashion, but very elegant and becoming.

Fannie was much more negligently dressed than her sister, yet she too was not unattractive, despite her want of beauty. She talked vivaciously, sang charmingly and made herself generally entertaining. Laura, on the other hand, was stately and somewhat ceremonious. She had the singularly sweet voice which appeared to belong to the family, and which formed their fascination. She had also the same air of indifference on occasions when a more gracious manner would have been befitting. Mrs. Charlton did not make her appearance, and in answer to an inquiry whether she were well, Miss Laura only vouchsafed a careless "Oh yes."

An item of information which came out in regard to the family was that there were two other children, twin boys, about twelve years old.

We left early, and I invited the Misses Raiman into my house to partake of a cold collation.

"I declare, mother," said Henry Stone as we sat round the dining-table,

"your friends are odd people. I never so much as heard what that pretty girl's name was. Miss Fannie is clever, and I am anticipating fine times this winter. We have agreed to wake up old D——."

"Not a difficult task if *you* learn to frolic," said Will Maury: "that fact will be sufficient for a sensation."

Henry did not answer directly, but continued in a light tone—

"She was telling me how many dashes she had the week before leaving her old home."

"Dashes!" exclaimed all the little party: "pray what are they?"

"Don't you know?"

"No indeed!"

"Guess!"

"Can't—give it up."

"Horseback rides."

All laughed but myself. I didn't like either the slang or the tone of the remarks, and soon turned the conversation to another topic. What had Miss Charlton said to lead Henry Stone to speak lightly of a lady?

Time passed: the Charltons had got comfortably settled at last, had rented a pew just in front of mine, and had received and returned the visits of many of our most respectable families. Mr. Charlton, however, did not arrive. I asked Fannie one morning, when she came to return some books, when she expected her father.

With a most indifferent look she replied,

"Don't know—when he is ready, I suppose, but it takes him a long time to get ready."

Christmas came, and on the following evening I had a party, given expressly for the Misses Charlton. I made every exertion to have it stylish, and they certainly contributed to that object by not coming till after eleven o'clock.

I was not very well pleased at this, and Henry, I saw, was still more put out. But then he had had two or three disappointments that day, the first being the non-arrival of his brother from college, on whose gayety he had count-

ed for much of the amusement during the evening.

When the first dance was to begin Henry took out Fannie. He had been very attentive to her during the autumn, and this seemed a strong additional indication of a settled preference. I hinted as much to him after the dance.

"No, mother," he replied: "you are wrong this time. I hesitated myself, but gave her the precedence as the eldest."

"I am satisfied," I said, and went into the supper-room to see how the table looked. While there I heard some one walking in the side gallery. It was a cold night, and this gallery was on the north side of the house. I opened the glass door as the footsteps approached it, and beheld Laura Charlton and Will Maury.

"Come in, Will," I said. "I thought you had too much consideration to ask a young lady to walk in such a cold gallery."

He laughed, but she did not, and said,

"I am not afraid—I never take cold."

I went back to the parlors, where Emma Raiman told me they were trying to get up a dance of which no one knew the music but Laura Charlton.

"Where is she?" I asked.

"No one knows."

"Come here, Emma," I whispered: "go into the dining-room by yourself, and make Laura come in from the gallery: she has been absent too long."

She went, and returned with Laura, who very amiably played as long as she was asked to. Her execution was very brilliant. Will took a seat by me, and I scolded him for his thoughtlessness.

"Now, Cousin Katherine," he said, "don't blame me, when the lady was as willing as myself."

"Will, what is it to be—a flirtation or an engagement?"

"Heaven bless me if I know: she acknowledged that her heart was her own, but of her little hand I could ascertain nothing. I know one thing—she gets a bouquet every morning from

Henry. She doesn't know who sends it, nor does the bearer."

"Who takes it?"

"Don't know! Henry thinks himself very sly, but I know this for a certainty. However, I am going to ride with her to-morrow, if the weather will permit." (The Charlton girls, in deference to me, had left off talking of "dashes.")

"I should think there were girls enough in the town," I said, "to make rivalry unnecessary."

"Well, you know Henry can't be in earnest: Irene Williams is still alive."

"Remember, she is Henry's ward, not his betrothed," I answered, somewhat sternly. "I have often asked you not to speak of her in this manner."

"I never do except to you, believe me; and I have not heard Henry mention her name for a long time. I wish Decatur would come."

"So do we all. I can't think what has detained him."

"One thing more, Cousin Katherine: is Emma Raiman going to marry Mr. Pennington?"

"I do not feel sure," I replied; and soon afterward supper was announced. Henry took in Laura—Will went alone.

After they had all got to dancing again, Mrs. Charlton came in. Of course I pressed her to take some refreshments. As she was eating she remarked:

"How comfortably you are situated! Your house has every convenience."

"Yes," I replied: "I am constantly having something done to add to the comfort of it, but it is well built, and worth all the improvements."

"Ah, your property is so well managed: you can get money as you want it. You don't know what it is to be put to constant trouble, not because you have not got it, but because you have no one to take care of it."

"Very true: I am spared many annoyances."

"Was your husband a good manager?"

"Yes, it was the same during his lifetime. He used to say, 'Always have your worldly affairs in order, so that when you come to die no earthly

troubles may distract your thoughts from the great Hereafter.' He carried out his maxim, and left everything so arranged that I have never had the least embarrassment. I have realized the wish he expressed on his deathbed: 'Katherine, you will never know money-troubles, I trust.'"

"When my aunt died," returned Mrs. Charlton, "she left me her property, little thinking of the trouble and vexation I should have with it. If I say a word to Mr. Charlton about the management of it, he gets provoked and tells me to find an agent who will be my servant as well. I do not mean to affront him when I ask questions or complain of irregularities, but he seems always to think I do, and so things go on from year to year. And—and I have other troubles you don't know of, that fret me."

I felt sorry for her, but could not think her blameless. There was plainly a want of congeniality between herself and her husband. Of his whereabouts neither she nor the girls ever gave the slightest hint; and though they spoke of him frequently, it was always in a tone of supreme indifference.

The party broke up, and all went home apparently in high spirits. As to myself, I felt depressed. Never had I seen so much flirting carried on, and I lamented the change which these new people, with their ultra fashions, had brought into our little circle.

"They are extremists," said Will, with one of his comical looks.

CHAPTER III.

JUST after breakfast next morning, Emma Raiman came in to talk over the party.

"Tell me, Emma," I said, "what has come over Henry? Do you think he is really in love with Fannie Charlton?"

"Fannie Charlton, Miss Katherine!" (her familiar name for me): "you surely mean Laura?"

"No, Emma;" and I punched the fire to give energy, I suppose, to my words.

"Well, here I have been thinking he was terribly in love with Laura, and you think it is Fannie! I begin to fear he will turn out a regular flirt."

"It will not be anything to his credit."

"Miss Katherine, do you know with whom he went home last night?"

"No."

"I can tell you. Mr. Pennington went home with me, but told me he had taken Fannie home first, and that when they got to Mrs. Charlton's gallery, Henry and Laura were sitting on the steps. It was more than half an hour after Henry had left your parlor, and Laura had gone out before him. I know, too, he sends her a bouquet every morning; so if you miss your hot-house flowers, you can guess where they go to."

I did not answer, for I hardly knew how to continue the conversation without betraying Will's confidence: as he and Emma were close friends, doubtless he had told her about the bouquets. It was my rule never to repeat gossip; hence I enjoyed the confidence of all my young associates—and I had many—and often I had the opportunity of giving advice and keeping the young people out of mischief.

After a short silence I asked how Henry sent bouquets so secretly.

"Some time ago, late one evening, I was sitting in our upper verandah. Mr. Stone was walking in your front garden: now and then he would stop and fasten up a vine, but he had the air of waiting for some one. After a while he went to the front corner of the garden, next to ours, where you know there is a large cedar tree. It seemed to me he just had time to walk round the tree and stroll back to the house. 'That's funny!' I thought. The next evening he was in there again, and I distinctly saw a small bouquet in his hand. Afterward I saw him there frequently; and one evening, when I had seen him walk toward the cedar tree with a bouquet, I hurried down stairs, called a servant to follow me, hastened here under the excuse of seeing you about some unimportant matter, and thus met Mr. Stone coming toward the house—without the

bouquet. When I went home it was dark, and I could make no observation; but one day, when you and I were in the garden, and I knew Henry was not at home, I slipped round the tree—which stands close to our fence and completely overshadows the corner—and found a little shelf under a slanting plank, not visible from the street, yet so situated that a person passing could reach anything laid on the shelf. About the same time I began to notice pretty little bouquets at the Charltons': I teased Laura about them until one day she told me, in confidence, that she did not know from whom they came, and had as much curiosity on the point as I had. I found out, however, that their cook brought them to her, as she came from market; so, keeping a sharp lookout, I soon after saw the woman take them from the corner of your fence, and thus I discovered Mr. Henry Stone's secret."

"You must admit that your curiosity has been carried rather far," I remarked, settling it in my mind that it was she who had furnished Will Maury with his information.

"Not more so than, as a woman, I am privileged to carry it," was the reply.

A short silence followed. What I had just heard fell like a weight upon my heart. Yet I was not greatly surprised. For some days I had felt a presentiment that our intercourse with the Charltons would lead to something more than a mere intimate acquaintance. I could not discuss the subject with Emma, and, to avert any questions or conjectures, turned the conversation to her own concerns.

"What have you to tell me of Mr. Pennington?" I asked.

"I wish I could say 'Nothing;' but you may as well know that the last chapter but one in our engagement has been read."

"What will the finale be?—white lace and orange flowers?"

"No, indeed — willow and cypress perhaps."

"Why, Emma what is the matter?"

She got up, and as she tied on her bonnet, said, nervously,

"I could not stand everything; so I told him the Christmas present he spoke of making me would not be acceptable, and— Oh, well! the long and short of it is that he goes with me to parties, and there his attentions end; but so soon as I can get something tangible that brother will listen to, I shall put an end to the affair for ever."

I could offer only the commonplace advice to do nothing rashly, but consider well before taking a decisive step. When she left me I returned to my room and thought over what I had heard. There was trouble ahead—of what nature precisely I could not feel sure, though I knew well the source whence it was to spring. Here were two young girls, one beautiful, both attractive, with the further advantages of money and position, striving by every device to captivate all the men around them. Should I call their conduct criminal many would pronounce me censorious. Yet the consequences were likely to prove bitter, and in anticipation were already so to myself.

Henry was only my step-son, but very dear to me for his father's sake. I had devoted my life to him. From the time of his leaving college—about five years after my marriage—almost every hour he could spare from his profession—the law—had been spent in my society. We had read together, making a systematic study of general literature. Thus I had learned to know him well: I knew his tastes and principles, and I felt convinced that if he were in earnest in his attentions to either of the Misses Charlton, success would not add to his happiness. Yet I could not bear to think he was trifling. It was beneath him—inconsistent with his character and dignified conduct.

I was interrupted by the entrance of the object of my thoughts.

"The train is in again," he said, "but Decatur is not aboard."

"Perhaps he has changed his mind and will not come home."

"He should at least have written, for he must have known we should be anxious." After a pause, he continued:

"Mother, that masquerade party at the Charltons' comes off to-night, and I haven't a thing prepared."

"Why not stay at home?"

"I should have no objection," he answered promptly. "But what is the matter, mother? You look blue."

"I am thinking of last night and you young folks. I never saw so much flirting in my life."

"You can't blame me for any of it."

"How so? Who was it danced four times successively with Fannie Charlton?"

"Oh, she's the best dancer. But surely you don't censure a little flirting at a party?"

"I never was prudish, and I know young people like to frolic, but when a girl absents herself from a ball-room for over an hour in a dark gallery not open to the guests, it does not look well."

"Who did that?"

"Laura Charlton was the girl, but you need not know the gentleman's name."

"You disapprove of promenading?"

"No. After a dance it does very well, but I think it should take place only in a lighted gallery or hall. You danced four times with Fannie, and Mr. Pennington three times with Laura, during two of which his betrothed sat and looked on. You can excuse yourself by saying you are not engaged, but he cannot, and Emma Raiman is worth twenty such girls as the Charltons."

"I declare I had not thought so seriously of what passed. I was carried away by excitement, though I felt several times that something was wrong. But for nothing am I so sorry as for something you do not know—going home with Miss Laura and sitting on the front steps for half an hour."

"I knew it, but did not mention it, because I felt sure your conscience must tell you it was wrong."

"It happened thus: When we got to the steps she said, 'Oh, I am so tired!' I said, 'Well, let us rest;' and to my astonishment she took a seat on the steps. There was nothing for me to do but to sit down beside her."

"I do not see that. But you are all alike, and it is useless to talk. Go to the masque party: I intend going myself."

"Only the gentlemen are to be disguised. They are to meet and go together."

"Can you not manage so that I can

join them in the dress of a necromancer? Not more than one person besides yourself must know anything of it."

He undertook to gratify my whim—of which he did not suspect the object—and went out to make the necessary arrangements.

THE "PORCELLAN-FABRIK" AT MEISSEN.

WALT and Vult sat with me in the twilight, and out of its shadows I shaped a story of the past. My story, like a rainbow, rested one end on the earth, while the other melted away into Cloudland, for it was partly fact and partly fiction. It was formed to answer a question of one of those practical American boys, in anticipation of a day's trip to Meissen.

"Long ago," I said, "the gnomes of the Saxon mines kept guard over their treasures undisturbed. The peasant carried his pack with unconscious tread over the earth rich with veins of silver, where the very stones were agates or glowing crimson garnets. No prying geologist startled with his noisy hammer the revels of the gnomes and kobolds who lurked in the dark recesses of Lilienstein and the other mountain fastnesses of the land. But still these little sprites, strange to say, although not human, had quarrels of their own, and raised questions of privilege and stood up for precedence as if they had been men. It was odd, too, that they valued so highly the treasure of which they made no use.

"Well, one night a crowd of these queer little sprites went gliding about the subterranean ways and dark caverns till they were all gathered together in a brilliant underground saloon in Freiberg. Pillars of pure silver supported the silver-fretted dome; silver lace embroidered the dark earth and hung in

shining tapestry on the walls; they rolled about masses of silver for balls, and kicked them about with shrill screams of delight and the kind of enjoyment a miser feels, I suppose, when he plunges his hands into the golden guineas. But the king of the revels, the Freiberg Head Centre, looked gloomy that night. He walked about sulkily, biting the amber stem of his meerschau, with his hands in his pockets and his silver three-cornered crown set quite awry on his noble head. He had great possessions, but they did not bring him peace. A vast domain of silver veins and quartz and gold dust was still his own, but man had invaded his realm, and slowly and steadily the pickaxe and fearful thunderous blasts of powder were undermining his kingdom. No wonder he looked grimly about upon his guests, some of them happy, impecunious fellows who did not know how 'uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'

"At last, when something like silence had fallen upon the queer company, and they stood gathered around their host with their pointed caps in hand, the king (whose name was Schnurr) called out:

"Which of you has seen a fellow called Böttcher, who is going about rashly trying to pry into the secrets of earth and air?—an alchemist they call him, who tries to turn common things to gold.'

"'I've seen him,' cried out a shrill voice near, 'but he's safe enough for a while. The king of Saxony has also a thirst for gold, and has shut him up in prison, so that he may take possession of all there is made. Ha! ha! hurrah for the justice of earthly kings!'

"'Who spoke then?' asked Schnurr in his harshest voice, at the same time clasping his crown with both hands, as if it were in danger of falling.

"'That was your royal highness' half-brother, which his name is Murr,' answered many voices.

"Now, an ancient feud had existed between these two brothers touching the property, and Murr had been banished from the court. His audacity in now appearing filled the king's cup of wrath to overflowing.

"'Away with him!' he cried: 'away with him! And lest we seem not compassionate, bury him only up to his neck in clay, and keep him there a prisoner for one year. We would respect the law against cruel and unjust punishments.'

"So poor Murr was hustled away, without even having time to get his pointed hat, and the gnome Head Centre recovered his spirits on account of his conscious integrity and justice.

"It happened that a certain barber was riding rapidly along a somewhat broken path one day, when his horse started, stumbled and fell. The object that startled him was poor Murr's head sticking plaintively up from the surrounding clay, but the barber saw it not. He was examining instead the hoof of his fallen horse, to which a white clay adhered.

"'Good! I have made a discovery!' shouted the fellow. 'Here is most excellent wig-powder!'

"The next day he went to the prison to powder nicely the wig of one of the prisoners, the self-same Böttcher, who was held in a sort of polite durance till he should find out golden secrets for his master. But that day, when the gentleman of science donned his wig, he found it heavier than a kingly crown. Surely it was not the weight of know-

ledge which bore so heavily on his brain. He sent for the barber.

"'What have you done to my wig?' he cried.

"'Powdered it, O excellent gold-maker,' the man humbly replied.

"'But this is no wig-powder,' said Böttcher: 'my head sinks under its weight.'

"So the barber explained, and the alchemist jumped for joy in spite of the weight of his wig. His great want in his work had been to get a particular kind of clay for his crucibles, and here it was, a fine white clay. He made crucibles of it, and then discovered that he could also make real porcelain: the white clay could be turned into gold by a new alchemy.

"So the busy workmen dug up the precious dust, and poor Murr was released from his earthly prison, and the kingdom of Saxony was enriched by the beautiful Saxon china, which is now celebrated throughout the world. It is a misnomer to call it Dresden china, however, as it is made in the 'Königliche Porcellan-Fabrik' at Meissen. Nothing but real china has ever been turned out in this manufactory, which we shall see to-morrow."

The heavy fog of the Indian summer hung over Dresden and blotted out the beautiful views of the sloping banks of the Elbe with its princely villas, when we started the next morning. But the sun, like a great cheery old giant, rose in his might and quaffed all the dissolved pearls of mist for his morning draught. Only a shred or two clung to the tops of the mountains, like torn fragments of lace, as we passed, and the sky grew beautifully blue without a cloud—a wonderful day for tearful, sullen November. We saw three or four pretty German villages, with their red-tiled roofs and handsome railway stations with gayly-ornamented ceilings in fresco: then came Meissen. The town is prettily situated on the Elbe, and has two remarkably fine bridges: indeed, every bridge in Germany which we have seen is "a thing of beauty and a joy for

ever." On a precipitous rock above the town frowns the old castle where the Saxon princes once made their home, where later the manufactory of porcelain was established, which has now been removed to the other end of the town. Next to the old castle we caught a view of the splendid open-work spire of the Dom, the finest Gothic church in Saxony. It stood up in grand relief against the clear blue sky, pointing upward as with a wondrous and everlasting finger of stone to heaven. But the Dom did not draw us from our purpose, and we held our way steadily over the bridge—by the hotel of the "Three Roses;" through rough, narrow streets with no sidewalks, where we could hardly make our way for children and pack-women and carts; past ancient houses with stone niches at the door for statues which no longer adorned them, with old shields above, the Latin inscriptions thereon nearly obliterated by time; into the open market-place, where a statue held guard over a fountain, and aged buildings with pointed fronts and windows up to the very points stood round; past gay shop-windows, where the Dom, the town, the bridges, the Elbe, the quaint old houses were all reproduced in photographs for travelers to buy. We walked till we saw the long buildings and a cloud of smoke pouring up in fleecy billows to the sky—the "Porcellan-Fabrik" of Meissen.

We passed through a door which opened with a ring. The sound of the bell summoned a porter, who appeared at a window on the right. On hearing our object he showed us a large glass door on the left, which we entered, and found ourselves at once in the midst of treasures, some of which were worth their weight in gold. But we only cast a glance at the beautiful objects that surrounded us. To see Meissen china completed then was like reading the conclusion of a book before the introduction. Another American party was waiting with the same object—a tall, dark-eyed gentleman and three young ladies, who were evidently bent on acquiring knowledge. The polite guide

led the way first to the great furnaces, where the coal lay about in tons, and opening the door of one showed us the mass of live coals which heated the ovens above. These fires are kept up for thirty-five hours at a time. No doubt after that length of time the furnaces need cleaning, if they are like the stoves here, which are choked with soot after a few weeks' use. There are three ovens, one above the other. In the upper the porcelain, just moulded, receives its first baking; then in a fiercer heat, a white heat, it is baked for the second time; and the third time after it receives the enamel. But the fire is never allowed to come in direct contact with the delicate material: every article is enclosed in a case of fire-brick. These cases we saw lying about in piles like coarse cheeses. The china shrinks considerably in the baking, so that a soup-tureen which had just been moulded from the plastic clay looked at least two sizes larger than its baked brother, though the guide assured us that they had been originally of the same dimensions. Of course it frequently happens that the most beautiful articles, on which the greatest care has been bestowed, are cracked in the fire. We saw one, an exquisite figure of a mailed youth stepping into a boat, which had been ruined in this way.

"I have made six of those, and only two have been perfect," said the guide in answer to our regrets.

"And can you not use the clay again?" I asked.

"Only for fire-brick," he answered, "as it has received one baking."

He showed us some of the dry clay, and I imagine it must certainly have been quite heavy on Herr Böttcher's wig; but it looked very white and pure. On my remarking this, he said,

"You have purer in America. I have seen specimens of your clay, and it contains less sand than this."

"Very well," I said, jestingly. "I shall see into all your methods, all your little artistic secrets, and then go back to America and set up a manufactory of my own."

"It is all open to you, madame," he said, smiling. "I know of one manufactory in America. We have had a letter from Georgia, and as they style themselves the 'Southern Porcelain Manufactory,' we conjecture that there are others, though we do not know them."

"I think there must be one in or near Philadelphia," said the dark-eyed gentleman, "as I was shown two vases at the Japanese Palace and told that they were made in Philadelphia."

The guide expressed himself somewhat surprised at this, and I, finding myself lamentably ignorant on the subject of American manufactures, was obliged to be silent.

We now went into a very warm room, where some men were kneading and rolling the clay dough about for the purpose of forcing out the air-bubbles. It looked like bread, and the boards on which it was worked like moulding-boards. In this room we saw the wheel of the potter, which must still be like that mentioned in the Bible. At this wheel a young man turned off saucers with great rapidity. A mass of plastic clay was made to revolve by means of a small wheel which he turned with his foot. It whirled about a while; he inserted his thumb in the rounding mass; it broadened out, and in a couple more revolutions there was a saucer, which he deftly cut from the mass with a cord. This saucer must afterward be put on a mould, as it is not perfectly true. The plates were made in somewhat the same manner, but were stamped into shape. The articles look dingy and dull—nothing like the clear, almost transparent porcelain they become when refined by fire.

In the next room were the ornamental moulds of every kind in which the plastic clay is pressed. Here were the chubby shepherdesses and gallant shepherds whom we all know, leaning in graceful and negligé positions with fanciful costumes—little coquettish hats, bright ribbons and flowers; but the heads were in one mould, or rather two, the tapering arm in another, the little hand in another: all must be cast separately,

then all joined carefully together before the baking. Every little flower is made alone. In another room we saw a number of women, young and old, at this pretty work, making roses and lilies. What charming employment it seemed! They formed every leaf with their fingers, and placed the completed flowers in rows before them on a board. We noticed an old woman, whose hands shook with age, as busy as the rest. Her work was cutting out an open-work plate, and we wondered how those trembling hands could be so true. The ornaments of each article require a great number of moulds, and of course great skill and delicacy of touch. The guide obligingly turned out a baby head from the soft clay and gave it to little Walt, who, having carried it in his pocket a while, found on examination that the marks of the cloth were impressed on its plastic brow, and pressure had given it a snub nose and pouting lips, to say nothing of a deep hole in the chin made by a button; so that this remembrance of Meissen is somewhat marred in its general effect.

We were admiring the delicate frozen lace which decorated the dress of a flower-girl, when the guide directed our attention to the mode of making it. A pleasant-looking young girl took a fine camel's-hair brush and dipped it into some semi-fluid clay. Only a tiny drop adhered, and this she transferred to the skirt she was decorating. It clung there like a small bead: then another and another were added, till the delicate network was formed. It is raised from the material, and can be made to hang in folds quite apart, as in the beautiful lace veil which is to be seen at the Japanese Palace. The bouquets of china flowers are also worthy of notice. Roses, dahlias, lilies, wild flowers, ferns, fruit—every production of Nature—are made as perfect as possible in form and color, but the coloring belongs to another department.

All the china, with one exception, is baked three times before it receives any color. The exception is the favorite blue ware, which has its pattern put on

after only one baking. The design for the bottom of the plate is pricked through a paper: fine charcoal dust is sifted through this, leaving an outline to be covered with the pigment, which is cobalt. It looked like black, but the action of the heat brings it out a bright blue. A young man was drawing with a paint brush in the most rapid manner the figures round the edge of the plate. They represented radishes and onions. The guide said this pattern was a great favorite. After being baked the figures of this blue ware seem to drip and melt into one another like the colors of a tapestry carpet.

The fine liquid enamel in which every article is dipped gives it at once a whiter and clearer complexion, which the fire hardens and refines. The gilding is a dark fluid, and looks very dull even after the action of the fire, but after the polishing by agate it comes out refined gold. The agates are set like a brush in a handle.

Then came the glow and glory of coloring to these white wraiths. In the last room the finishing beauty is given. Here the rose takes its blush, and from the same substance as the belle's blushes; here the hair of Titian's Venus takes its gold and the undulatory life-tints that crown the whole figure with youth and beauty; here Raphael's cherubs glow with their upturned seraphic eyes; here the Madonna's pure, sweet, tender face looks out benignly as she bears the royal Child, so human, so divine; here Correggio's Magdalen lights up with her sunshiny hair and gleaming neck and arms a shady picture, and—shall we say it?—a shady life. She hardly looks repentant to our mind. She is not wan or pale; her eyes are not red with weeping; but the tints are incomparable, and well imitated in

china. Most of the celebrated pictures in the Dresden gallery are here reproduced. To describe them would be like giving a catalogue. The workers here must be real artists. They have a small copy of the picture before them, and paint from it. One young man was resting from his beautiful work and reading a volume of German poetry. As we passed, the guide showed us a service made for the king of Bavaria. It was simply decorated with a band of dark blue and gold, the royal cypher and crown in gold in the centre.

A somewhat curious design was displayed in cups and saucers, wherein the cup was a rose unfolded, and the saucer green leaves. We saw one before it was baked, in which the rose looked very sickly indeed, but after being subjected to the fire it glowed beautifully, as who would not?

All the rooms were bright and full of sunshine, with flowers, the inevitable window flowers that one sees everywhere in Germany. In one room a lovely fuchsia half filled the window and hung full of scarlet blossoms: in others the windows were festooned with green ivy. At one we looked out and saw a funeral procession taking its silent way through the green paths. The hearse was covered with a black velvet pall heavily wrought with gold, but flowers, the better broiery of Nature, hid it all. Such a wealth of flowers one seldom sees—in crosses, in crowns, in garlands, in every form. The mourners went before and after also, carrying flowers and green waving palm branches.

So we saw how the porcelain was made at Meissen; and after taking a long look at the grand old Gothic church, we started on our homeward way.

HELEN W. PIERSON.

ON THE ENGLISH HUSTINGS.

YOU would have thought that the destiny of that empire upon which, we are assured, "the sun never sets," hung trembling on the fiat of Barnley-by-the-Bridge. The three political parties of Barnley were boiling over with excitement and patriotic hatred of each other; the great men of Barnley had been for weeks zealously engaged in "explaining their position," and calling upon their fellow-citizens to stand bravely by those eternal principles which had so far made the name of Briton a terror to the world, and to abandon which would be to make every true Briton hang his head in shame. Everybody, down to the town-paupers themselves, was ranged in the ranks of one party or the other; and everybody had got so flustered and fidgety over the matter that, to save the empire, everybody left his business for the while to take care of itself.

As, in our "one-horse shay," we entered the little, ancient, smoky manufacturing town, and rumbled along a jagged street flanked on either side by rickety houses with foundations of an uncertain tenure, we were at every step solemnly impressed with the awful importance of the crisis. The fences and walls seemed to have been converted into a mosaic of varicolored paper; there were huge placards in red and white and deep Tory blue containing pathetic appeals to the free and independent electors of Barnley, of which the most eloquent and clinching passages were distinguished by the largest of type and an overwhelming platoon of fat exclamation points. Here, in deep blue, was the address of Sir Launcelot Pyke, the Tory candidate, who earnestly assured "this noble constituency" that upon them, the electors of Barnley, depended the fate of that ancient constitution which was the proud birth-right of Englishmen, and that upon their shoulders rested the

sacred bulwarks of British liberty. Would they keep those shoulders to that glorious burden, or would they withdraw them and listen with unblushing cheek to the crash with which those bulwarks would then be shattered to pieces? Posted close to the side of this was the address of Lord Algernon Fitzhoneycombe, who assured the "noble constituency" that he should be proud to represent them in Parliament, and that he would be neither the minion of a clique nor the destroyer of their ancient customs. Adjoining this was the placard of Samuel Slimby, Esquire, who asked the "noble constituency" whether they would be ruled by a pampered aristocracy and a despotic Church; whether they were willing to throw the last penny of their earnings into the lap of luxury; whether they preferred to have the finger of scorn for ever pointed at their abject slavery, or whether, like true freemen, they would arise and crush the favorites of privilege and the hirelings of power? Interspersed with these were smaller placards, containing, in huge letters, pithy exhortations and mysterious warnings: "Plump for Pyke!" "Who is the working man's friend? Slimby!" "Men of Barnley! Fitzhoneycombe voted against widening the Barnley gutters! Plump for Slimby, the people's advocate!" "Throne, Altar, Constitution and Pyke!" "Progress, Intellect and Fitzhoneycombe!" "Slimby and Liberty!"

It was the evening before the election, and the "noble constituency" were out in full force. Some were gathered in little knots around a pompous canvasser, who was engaged in zealously diluting, with rare ingenuity, the address of his candidate; others were engaged in reading the placards, which had by this time become wellnigh illegible through the repeated applications of expostulatory mud. Here and there occurred little passages at fists, this be-

ing a favorite method, with some of the free and independent electors, of displaying their patriotic ardor. But noisiest and jolliest of all were the taverns—the only three in the town, and these standing almost in a little bunch together—which served as the headquarters of the candidates. There were buzzing crowds about the doors; there was the confused hubbub of many sterling British voices within; there was the hot going to and fro of red-faced, puffing committee-men; there were loud cheering and hoarse haranguing; there were excited calls for this man and the other, marshaling of the constituent forces and hooting and bantering of the rival combatants over the way. There was heavy work to be done that night, for the "nomination" and "show of hands" would take place on the morrow; and, as appearances go a long way, even with your sturdy and world-defying Briton, each party was resolved to do its best to make the most formidable display.

As luck would have it, we stumbled plump into the midst of the Tory camp. We must go somewhere, and, as I have said before, all three of the taverns were occupied as committee-rooms for the three contending factions; so we took the last in despair, and found ourselves of a sudden surrounded by the gallant champions of the Altar, the Throne and Sir Launcelot Pyke. We had hardly got inside the door when we became the victims of a slight but embarrassing misunderstanding. It so happened that a particularly enthusiastic canvasser—a little man, with his coat buttoned up to his chin, and a voice which was of a painfully feminine treble—went in just before us. He had been drumming up some new recruits, and we had somehow got sandwiched at the door between these and their leader.

"'Ere they are!" shouted he, in a high treble, "two of Lord Fitzhoneycombe's tenants, my boys! They've come up to pledge for Sir Launcelot, and 'll vote right, and *no* mistake!"

We were forthwith surrounded, grasped by our hands, affectionately asked to

"take a tip of oold Guinness," and dragged cordially up to a table. Here, with a large book before him, sat a burly old gentleman with a shining bald pate and huge old-fashioned spectacles—a monster red handkerchief in one hand and an unclipped quill in the other: a fine old crusted Tory, every inch of him, from the top of his cranium to the waterproof soles of his boots; whose solid countenance bespoke a sturdy hatred of everything new: this was the recording secretary of the Pyke committee.

"What's your names?" said he, holding his quill ready for action and looking at us over his spectacles.

"But, sir," I began, "we are not—"

"*Not?* What! are ye playing a game on us?"

"By no means, sir; but we have no—"

"Votes? Then what are ye doin' 'ere?"

"Why, sir, we are Americans, and—"

"Amerikins! What the deuce are ye doin' 'ere then?"

The little canvasser—who, not seeing his men behind him, had hustled out in search of them—now hustled back again and relieved us:

"Why, what are ye about, Muster Mousey? *Them* ain't the men: *these* be the men."

Having thus escaped being counted as glorious converts to Sir Launcelot Pyke, we were permitted to depart in peace in search of the landlord. That fiery-faced personage soon appeared: he had been giving a quiet treat to some half-converted sons of Erin in the back kitchen, and learning our wishes, forthwith conducted us to one of those emphatically Tory chambers which you are so certain to fall on in provincial England. 'Twas long before we got to sleep amid all that clatter and cheering, calling, stamping and shouting; and when, wearied with my jaunt, I did doze off, my dreams were troubled by visions of irate baronets and howling mobs of English radicals.

Barnley-by-the-Bridge, what with the coalition between Nature's fog and the chimney smoke of industry, was lead

color when we rose on the memorable morning of "nomination"-day. It was one of those old English towns which, till within a few years, had lived unknown to the encroachment of new things, unattacked as yet by inventors and their evil works, and happy in the preservation of its primitiveness and its contempt for everything which had not descended from the Barnley of three centuries ago. Its antique Toryism peeped out in every possible way—in its old tumble-down houses, with visible exterior beams; its irregular streets, with their narrow and woefully worn sidewalks; its massive old oaken furniture and faded damask draperies; its population rooted in the old ways, and thinking it as wicked to form opinions for themselves as to miss the service at the parish church on a Sunday. But modern society had at last forced its way in upon the indignant little town: a rascal of a manufacturer had discovered that Barnley offered a fine opening for the fabrication of stuffs; factories had risen to cast their perpetual smoky gloom over the once virgin air of Barnley; and forthwith around about the factories there grew up a host of little cottages, where congregated finally a formidable community of work-people employed in them. Alas for Barnley! Its fine old Toryism began to yield; the sleek-faced parson grew fidgety and blue in the face, and *almost* uttered an oath; the parish church seemed to grow pale, and sank at least a foot in the ground; for with the new Barnleyites came new ideas: there were actually some big, brutal fellows who sneered at the parson and talked disrespectfully of Church and State. Barnley was no longer a unit for the Altar and the Throne: divided against itself, it had already sadly fallen.

We hastily finished the unexceptionable chops and heathenish coffee which mine host of the Blue Lion set before us, and issued forth into the street. It was crammed and jammed already with the free and independent electors, not to speak of that other and by no means unimportant section of the "noble

constituency"—the women of Barnley. The patriotism of the women of Barnley had evidently been stirred to its profoundest depths; for here they were, scattered everywhere in the crowd, flourishing great red, brawny arms above the mass of heads, and giving a climax of energy to their political enthusiasm by the shrill feminine falsetto of their tongues. While the men marched hither and thither, getting into line for the various processions, and silently working into marching order, their better halves kept up a running fire with their own sex in the opposite party—reproachful, indignant and expostulatory:

"For shame on ye, Biddy Magoon, to let your Tim go wid them nasty Tawries!" "Arrah now, Madge, you know not whose yer friends!" "Hooray for yon sweet Lord Fitzhoneycombe!" "Would you turn out the good parson, you ould red head?" "Doon with the haristocrisy!—we poor folk maun live, faith!"

The boys of Barnley were zealously doing their part to out-Babel the Babel of the women. Some were strutting about, with hobbledehoy importance, bearing paper banners on which were inscribed the names, mottoes or principles of the combatants; some were perched in the trees and "chaffing" the other side; some were singing the popular ballads of the day; some were imitating their elders by retiring beyond the limits of the crowd and asserting the patriotism of their favorites by the good old British custom of "ordeal by battle."

Busiest of the busy were the managers of the candidates. Here, at the Blue Lion, little Simeon Snug, parish clerk these five-and-twenty years, was hotly and breathlessly helping the more sedate but equally energetic Mousey in the marshaling of the friends of the Altar and the Throne; his chief, the parson, being at this moment closeted up stairs with the great Sir Launcelot himself. Over opposite, at the Yellow Unicorn, the committee of Lord Fitzhoneycombe, led by a pompous pock-marked lawyer from London, was working with equal

spirit; while next door—said next door being a new tavern, yclept "The Figure of Liberty," "a pitiable, godless radical nest," as the parson was wont compassionately to call it—the wide-awake adherents of Slimby, friend of the people, were packing close their platoons, consisting mainly of the knotty-armed people of the factory.

Of a sudden the constitutionally firm voice of Mousey was heard above the din, and a moment after the lieutenants of the other two parties were heard in tones of equal strength. There was a hush through the crowd: we did not hear a word any of the lieutenants said, but at every sentence the party of each began vociferously to cheer. Presently the light dawned on us: the processions were ready, and only awaited the appearance of the candidates to take up their march. In another moment there was a deafening roar of applause; women's arms lifted and shivering above the crowd; handkerchiefs and colors waving everywhere; the whistling of boys, such as you hear in the top gallery of the theatre when the curtain is long in ascending; shillalahs flying and hats popping about hither and thither. The candidates were showing themselves. On the balconies of the three inns, surrounded by a number of gentlemen in dress suits and glossy hats, stood, bareheaded and bowing energetically on this side and that, the three heroes of the day. After a moment's enjoyment of the ovation, the lips of all three began to move; their bodies commenced swaying to and fro; their wristband-enveloped hands chopped up and down; the impressive machinery of stump eloquence was set in motion. But the crowd *would* yell: the "noble constituency" were in such ecstasy at the mere sight of their heroes that they could not spare time to listen to them. Simultaneously the faultlessly-dressed gentlemen who stood behind the candidates—their "supporters"—pressed forward on the balcony and began to wag their hands, palms downward, up and down, as if to pat the popular lion into quietness: they shook their heads and

frowned, and tried to speak, the candidates standing smilingly by, as if to say they *could* not deny the good fellows who were going to vote for them anything; but all the exertions of the "supporters" were in vain. Then there was a long consultation between the various committee-men: one of Sir Launcelot's committee-men wriggled through the crowd to one of Lord Algernon's committee-men, and forthwith their bald heads fell together, and one grasped the other by the arm, and their fat countenances assumed a deeply contemplative expression; then these two abruptly started off and began to wriggle through the crowd together toward Mr. Slimby's committee-men; then Sir Launcelot's committee-man grasped one arm, and Lord Algernon's committee-man the other arm, of one of Mr. Slimby's committee-men, and three bald heads went together in consultation. The result of these proceedings was, that the candidates abandoned their idea of addressing their "friends," restored their hats to their heads, and made ready to proceed, at the front of their several processions, to

THE HUSTINGS.

PRESENTLY they appeared in the street, each clinging to the arm of two now literal "supporters" on either side, and took their places in the van.

If you have ever witnessed one of those unique scenes, a grand horse-race, you will probably have some idea of the English "hustings." The hustings booth and the "grand stand" of a race-course are as like as two peas. The former is an extempore wooden structure, covered on three sides, the fourth side being entirely open. This building is divided into three compartments, the central one being very narrow, the other two broad enough to hold, each, perhaps a hundred persons. These compartments are provided with graded wooden steps, so that the hindmost occupants may see over the heads of the foremost. The booth is raised some ten feet above the ground. Just below

the compartments I have described is a little narrow gallery running the whole length of the structure: this is for the gentlemen of the press, who are to spread broadcast the memorable proceedings of the day. The narrow central compartment is supplied with a chair and table, and is designed for his worship the mayor, who is to read Queen's proclamations, preserve order, read the Riot Act if needful, and receive and officially declare the votes. The several compartments on either side are for the candidates and their supporters. Now this hustings booth is so built—if it is possible to find a space to so build it—that the masses of the people may gather in front of it in the shape of an amphitheatre. It stands at the foot of a sloping hill at Barnley; so the people, gathering on the slope, look over each other's heads square into the booth, and of many thousands one man may see as well as another.

By good fortune, we, being strangers and foreigners, secured two of the little white tickets which were the passports to Mr. Samuel Slimby's side of the hustings; so on toward the ground we tided with the rest, being much jostled and justly anxious about our hats, and sometimes feeling the unpleasantly soft and damp sensation which the bits of mud thrown by the other parties produced upon our cheeks and noses. Those who couldn't go, leaned out of the odd-gabled houses as we passed, and cheered, groaned or hissed as each candidate, whirling on to his fate, rolled by. When we reached the hustings, we had a terrific struggle to reach the places to which our tickets entitled us; but by dint of pushing and scrambling, and taking advantage of the little sudden currents which flowed toward the door, we at last got in, and found ourselves in envied proximity to a live candidate for Parliament, in the person of Samuel Slimby, Esquire. While we had been thus intently bent on reaching our privileged stand, the great tides and counter-tides of the "noble constituency" had been surging, from every direction and in great rough human

billows, up on the sloping hill before the hustings. When we reached our standpoint, the hill was as thickly planted with human faces as a Breton field with buckwheat: there seemed to be not an inch of room for even one human nose more; still, on they came, surging up from this street and that, this alley and that, discharging themselves, a shirt-sleeved, bare-armed, face-smirched human flood, into the midst of the already gathered multitude, bearing banners, singing songs, getting up fights on the wing, bursting with fine old English ardor, and bound, evidently, every man and woman of them, to do at least that day's work well, if lungs and fists and mother wit could do it.

"The finest force of brute votes in Europe!" as an eminent Englishman said of a Tory procession on another occasion. There must have been nearly twenty thousand of these sterling Britons, all told, in plain sight when we took our first glance at them from the hustings. The candidates had no sooner appeared at the rail of their compartments than a noise which might have ascended from the veriest pandemonium arose. Each man's party had been ranged by their marshals on the side where his compartment was. Here, just in front of us was a solid, compact mass of the Slimbyites; there opposite were the partisans of Sir Launcelot Pyke; between, was the crowd that hallooed for my Lord Fitzhoneycombe. Slimby had no sooner shown his face and doffed his hat than his crowd clapped frantically; and on his side of the hustings were thousands of rough, smeared hands in vigorous motion above the heads—a great shivering sea of them; while from the opposite parties there proceeded the most singular counter-echo of groans you ever heard, resembling more than anything else the distressed, low moaning of the sea wind—a perfect din of it. *Vice versâ* occurred when the great Tory baronet displayed his portly form and classically British features; and again when the puny little Lord Fitzhoneycombe, with soft yellow locks and not the smallest suspicion of

a beard, became distinct in the centre of his circle of friends. The candidates—as was the courtly custom, which happily had not yet died out in Barnley—bowed grandly to each other, and then commenced bobbing up and down to the people. The several compartments were soon filled to overflowing by the adherents of the respective candidates: these were in a very excited state, and by waving their hats or clapping their hands gave the cue to the crowd below to cheer or applaud. Now a placard containing some rough but telling sarcasm on one of the honorable gentlemen would be hoisted in the midst of one of the parties below, at which said party would roar with high glee; whereupon his party would make a rush to the very centre of the offending phalanx and open a vigorous assault for the possession of the obnoxious paper. The honorable gentlemen did not, however, get off so easily as this; for they were greeted with homely ironies outspoken from every side; and even the live lord who exhibited himself on the occasion found himself pelted by such articles, suggestive of his extreme youth, as infantile bibs, cardboard cradles and dolls. The appearance of a body of stout, round-bodied, red-faced policemen, who marched about with a mechanical strut and set vigorously to work to clear out all the small boys and factory-girls from the front of the crowd, and then ranged themselves in a stiff line below the hustings, was a premonition that the more earnest proceedings of the day were about to begin; and it was not long before his worship the mayor—a little weazened man, with a blue-red face and frizzly gray whiskers—made his appearance in the narrow little compartment reserved for him, “hem”-ing nervously in his flurry, and arranging with great care the heavy gold chain (the emblem of his dignity) which hung about his shoulders. He was followed by the town clerk and other officials, who had the Don’t-dare-to-speak-to-me air so frequently encountered in the local authorities of England; and these proceeded to arrange certain books and

papers on the table, after which they pompously made way for the mayor. That functionary, after repeatedly rapping with a small mallet for his “fellow-citizens” to “come to order”—after causing a huge placard to be displayed, on which the word *Silence* was written in the most positive of black ink—after taking up a huge parchment and attempting to read it to the electors, and repeating several times, without making himself in the least heard, the name of his gracious sovereign, “Victoria Regina,” with which said parchment began—gave up the attempt in despair, and turning to the town clerk mumbled it rapidly over under that gentleman’s nose. This formality over, the mayor took the opportunity to shake hands with the candidates on either side of him, and then with each of the candidate’s proposers and seconders; after which came

THE NOMINATION.

ORDER having been restored, Mr. Simeon Snug, parish clerk, appeared at the rail of the hustings, his hat doffed, and after nervously brushing up his hair with his hand, addressed the constituency. He begged to propose Sir Launcelot Pyke as a fit person to represent Barnley in Parliament. [Cheers from the Pykeites—sea-moan from the rest]. He need not tell them who Sir Launcelot was—they knew him as well as he did. He had long knelt at the Altar of Barnley: he had long been the staunchest friend that Barnley had [interruption—cheers and counter-groans]. Who were his opponents? He would not say that the noble lord whom he saw near him was young—too young to sit in Parliament [“Send him home to his mother!” from the Pykeites]; neither would he urge that the noble lord was weak in the top story [“Pitch him out the window!”]; neither would he charge the noble lord with being a deserter from the Altar of his fathers, and from the Throne which had given his fathers their rank and title; neither would he indulge in any personalities regarding

the other candidate ["Pitch in, old Scratchfist!"]. He would simply leave it to them to say whether he was or was not a reptile who had slidden into Barnley to sap its life and to cover them with shame and ruin: they must determine whether he was or was not a growling demagogue, who might be fit to represent the nests of iniquity in London, but who would find that Barnley was deaf to his serpentlike seductions [uproar].

This nomination having been seconded by a burly farmer, Mr. Bibby proposed Lord Algernon Fitzhoneycombe, a bright young flower of that English aristocracy which was the pride of every Briton ["Oh, you be blowed!" from the Slimby side]. He had yet to learn that youth was a crime [deafening applause from the Fitzhoneycombeites]. He had yet to learn the parish clerk's claims to being a judge of intellect. He must not judge other people by himself [cheers and groans]. A great man had called the Tory party a "stupid" party ["Arrah, and so it is," from a voice of Erin]. Well, he did not hesitate to say, and he said it boldly, Sir Launcelot Pyke was the very best representative that that party could have found ["Hit him agin, old Bib!"]. As to deserting the Altar, he would not say that that was a libel on the noble lord, but he *would* say it was a slander. He repelled such insinuations with the unutterable scorn which they deserved [cheers].

The proposer of Samuel Slimby, Esquire—an editor with unkempt hair and an excessively dirty collar—"came up to the scratch" with surprising promptitude. He rolled up his sleeves as if about to take a round with the assembled multitude in general, leaned far over the rail, and let forth his long-pent feelings in a torrent of words. He proposed Samuel Slimby—Oh, my fellow-citizens, because Samuel Slimby was a friend of the people [long-continued din—cheers and howls responding to each other]. Oh, my fellow-citizens, would you any longer permit Sir Launcelot Pyke, who was swelled out and fattened—he meant no allusion to Sir Launcelot's person—

on the toil of the people, to go on gorging for ever? What was that Altar, oh, my fellow-citizens, which he pretended to stand by? He would not exaggerate—he would put it mildly—it was—was it not?—rickety? ["Give it a tip, Ink-finger!"]. What was the Throne which he professed to sustain? Oh, my fellow-citizens, he loved our gracious Queen; but a Throne which stood on the necks of the people was a feather lying over the crater of a Vesuvius-like volcano [stupendous applause]. As for the noble lord, he for one would be delighted to have him represent Barnley [cheers from the Fitzhoneycombeites]—at the county school [Fitzhoneycombeites suddenly quiet—laughter from the rest]. He entreated them to sound the alarum of liberty—to go to the poll in a solid phalanx of freedom—to crush the tyrant—to shake from them for ever the shackles of slavery, and to "plump," one and all, for the immortal Slimby [uproar long drawn out].

It was now the turn of the candidates themselves; and just as Slimby's proposer gave indications of winding up—that moment which is always so terrible for the speaker who is coming next—I saw Sir Launcelot depositing his hat and overcoat on the arm of one of his friends, and furtively taking a stout constitutional draught of brandy from a straw flask behind the back of another. Sir Launcelot was a capital specimen of your genuine fine old English country gentleman—a regular blustering, crusted-port-drinking, great-oath-taking, fox-hunting, wide-acred squire. In his very person he typified the man of influence and property. He had an influential-looking mansion perched on the top of the high hill above Barnley, which seemed to send down an irresistibly influential frown upon the town. His shining bald pate was influential-looking; his goggle eyes beamed influence: he had influential leonine side-whiskers; influential blue coat and watch-seals; an influential strut; an influential way of bringing his eyes to bear on you and of speaking to you. His manner was such that you were

forced to regard his "And how are you to-day, sir?" as a surprising condescension, for which you ought to be profoundly thankful, and of which you might very properly boast to all your acquaintances. Sir Launcelot has not the slightest misgiving as to his position or importance. He enjoys a self-conceit which is perfectly noiseless and no less sublime. He rests in "the calmness of profound conviction." He is better than all the rest of these people: there is no doubt about it at all: the idea of discussing the fact does not enter his head. He would look on a man who presumed to dispute that he was the first man in the county in blank and speechless amazement—would perhaps smile pityingly on him, and point out to the police the probability of the poor fellow's being out of his head—mayhap suggest an insane asylum. As far from his mind was the possibility that Barnley might not send him to Parliament. He didn't even take the trouble to look at Mousey's figures representing the result of the last week's canvass. He simply took it for granted that Barnley would go as she only *could* go—for him. He thought it a great condescension that he should even show himself on the hustings: he had only done it at the urgent solicitation of his committee. These people before him were only so many "brute votes," ready to "plump" him into the Parliamentary seat, which he should assume as much as a matter of course as it was for the sun to rise on his acres of wheat and for that wheat to grow. He would as soon have expected to see the sun stand still, and to find sunflowers growing where he planted wheat-seed, as to imagine Barnley rejecting *him*. As he took his place at the rail of the hustings, and waited for the perfectly natural enthusiasm with which his supporters greeted him, he was as lofty and serene as if he had been Jove looking from high Olympus on the human worms of the pigmy earth. When his phlegmy voice sounded and a momentary silence fell on the multitude, he took it as the most ordinary tribute to his un-

approachable importance. He had but one word to say ["Say it quick, then, and be done, ye old puffer!" from the Slimby phalanx]. He had, he repeated, but one word to say. As member of Parliament for Barnley, which of course he should be ["Don't laugh till the plum's in your mouth!"]—of course, hem! he should be—he would strive to defend the old Constitution, the Altar and the Throne from the assaults of their scandalous—scandalous enemies. That, he believed, was what he was going to Parliament for ["You ain't goin' at all, at all!"]. Sir Launcelot was absolutely struck dumb at the disrespectful way in which he was interrupted. It seemed like a horrid dream. He turned first to his friends, then to the mayor, for an explanation, and then, with one of those fine old oaths which have the genuine ring of eighteenth-century squireedom, declared that by all that was holy and damnable he wouldn't say another word. He put on his hat with a shove, retreated to the rear of the compartment, and gave himself up to indignant and profane contemplation.

Next came Lord Algernon Fitzhoneycombe, who, having never before "appeared in public on the stage," grew very red in the face, stammered a few words of a committed speech which had been furnished by his family lawyer, and drew back pale and frightened as soon as the crowd began to "chaff" him.

This beardless scion of "our old nobility" having thus ignominiously subsided, Samuel Slimby, Esquire—a thin man with sharp features, hair painfully *dragged* back from his forehead, and spectacles, essayed to address his fellow-citizens; but the noise was now so utterly ungovernable that the honorable gentleman could not make himself heard, and the reporters were fain to stretch their cadaverous faces up into his to catch the all-important words which fell from his lips; and he soon contented himself with confining his remarks to their appreciative attention. Finally, the crowd knew, by seeing Mr. Slimby resume his hat, that he had

done; and now came the crisis of the day, and the multitude knit themselves together in tighter serried ranks than ever, and awaited the mayor's order for the "show of hands." His worship, having once more caused to be displayed the great placard enjoining "Silence," proceeded to call upon all those who voted for Sir Launcelot Pyke to hold up their hands. Instantly that whole portion of the multitude which was ranged below and around Sir Launcelot's husting became a thick forest of uplifted hands; and really a magnificent sight it was. There were large hands and small, masculine and feminine: the bare arms of the women betrayed them, and they were widely strewn in the crowd. These thousands of hands remained high in air till the mayor, passing from one end of the hustings to the other, had formed an idea of their numbers. Then returning to his little central box, the magistrate ordered in turn the "show of hands" for Lord Fitzhoneycombe and for Mr. Slimby. He again passed around, and having returned again to his place, waited till the cheering, hooting and laughing stopped, in order to announce the result. When it became apparent to the comprehension of the "brute voters" or "noble constituency"—whichever you prefer—that the mayor's decision was about to be pronounced, a long, dead, deep, breathless calm succeeded the uproar: then the mayor stepped forward, and in a distinct voice, which did his power of lungs the highest credit, said: "I decide that the show of hands has been in favor of Sir Launcelot Pyke, and that he is therefore elected member of Parliament for Barnley." Not that he was so really and substantially, you understand, for the "show of hands" is only a formality; and while it is legally and formally the election, and, unless disputed, so passes, yet if disputed the actual election takes place by polling the votes on the succeeding day. So, when the mayor declared as related, Mr. Bibby, his lordship's proposer, at once called out,

"Mr. Mayor, I demand a poll on behalf of Lord Algernon Fitzhoneycombe." And Mr. Slimby's editorial supporter performed a similar service for him. But this was done amid a perfect whirlwind of noise and confusion which had inspired the popular adherents of the different parties. Sir Launcelot's supporters were frantic with delight, and cheered and cheered again; while the others, crestfallen, groaned and "chaffed" them, screamed out rough ironies at the mayor, and indulged their spite by the free use of mud and other less yielding missiles. The formality of demanding the poll over, the mayor and the several candidates left the hustings, and the great crowd began gradually to disperse its several ways. As the honorable gentlemen mingled with the people, they were subjected to sundry indignities: Lord Fitzhoneycombe's hat was shoved down over his eyes, Mr. Slimby became a target for the practical jokes of hostile groups, and Sir Launcelot was vastly scandalized by a rush which gave him an unwonted impetus and dreadfully disturbed his lofty dignity. Yet it was, on the whole, a good-natured crowd—rough and brusque, but not malicious: it kept its temper remarkably well; and, astonishing to say, no bones were broken nor eyes blackened on that exciting day. The next morning the polling began; but as it was much like the polling which takes place in New York or Philadelphia, except that the voters declare their choice instead of depositing ballots, it need not be more particularly described. Suffice it to say, that at the close of the day, Sir Launcelot Pyke might have been found sitting in his dimly-lighted study, gazing abstractedly at the genealogical map of his ancestors and speechless with amazement, for the faithful Snug had just tremblingly brought him the result of the poll, which stated that Lord Algernon Fitzhoneycombe had been returned, by a handsome majority, as member of Parliament for the borough of Barnley. GEORGE M. TOWLE.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

THIS trite saying, used so frequently with a disregard of its true import, received an application new to me in the strange experiences of a friend, of which he has lately given me the details. It shall be told as nearly as possible in his own words. As we sat smoking in the calm summer evening, catching last glimpses of the distant hilltops before the dusky mantle had drawn itself over them, Richard Eustace spoke as follows.

A very curious incident befell me in Germany: perhaps I am too mild in using the term curious—I might rather say terrible—for it was full of horror, and left an effect on my nerves for months afterward.

I was traveling for pleasure, and had stopped for a few days' sojourn at an ancient town which boasted of a small university. Here I became acquainted with a young student named Gustave Heindl. The first time I saw him I was struck with a peculiar expression in his face, which was singularly attractive, and at the same time singularly suggestive of repulsiveness. When I was introduced to him these impressions seized me yet more powerfully, and moved me with a deep desire to know him intimately. I had not conversed with him many minutes before the image of Margrave in Bulwer's *Strange Story* was brought vividly before me—not so much by his conversation or actions as by a certain atmosphere which seemed to pervade his presence.

He had a pale face, full of vivacity, yet indicative of a deep, or at least a persistent, thinker. His forehead was high and intelligent, his eyes open and frank, yet full of unrevealed meditation, while his motions were quick and teeming with vitality. But with all this there was something lacking: as one gazed at him there was an undefinable vacancy manifest—a want that could not be

expressed. It was not made known in his modes of expression, nor in his reasoning, nor yet in his daily life. He was free-hearted and open-pursed: he would give his last farthing to a beggar, and he was the most agreeable of companions.

To detail the progress of our acquaintance would be wearisome and useless. It will suffice to say that I remained for several weeks in the town where he resided, enjoying his daily and almost hourly society, and holding long discussions with him on abstract subjects, which, so far as the weal or woe of the world was concerned, might as well be buried in oblivion.

He was an unmitigated skeptic, and in saying this I use the word advisedly. In its generally-accepted sense *skeptical* means the most credulous of all mortals. In rejecting one thing the ordinary skeptic will generally, in order to maintain his position, fall back upon half a dozen absurdities infinitely more ridiculous and unreasonable than what he condemns as unworthy the serious consideration of an enlightened mind. But Gustave Heindl was a skeptic through and through: he did not believe in anything.

"Certainly man has no soul," he would say. "If he has, where does he get it? *When* does he get it? What is it? Where does it come from? Has a babe in its embryo state a soul? And when the perfect form of a human being comes into the world dead, has it a soul, or *had* it one? Or, if it is born alive and perishes within an hour after breathing the air, has it a spirit to fly away to heaven—or hell? I don't believe it—you don't believe it. But you have been taught that it is so, and you think it your duty to proclaim the absurdity."

I listened to him as he enlarged on this theme, which was his favorite one, and which he enforced with all his in-

genuity. But I was too lazy to undertake to convert him, and indeed I was always too late with my answer to his sophisms, for it only came after studying over them in solitude.

One day, Heindl and myself, and Hubert Clarke, a young American who was attending the university, happened to meet in a saloon. Clarke was a pale, slight young fellow, of tender health and a sensitive nature. He held an American newspaper in his hand, which contained an article giving a report of a horse-race, and I saw the exploits of a celebrated horse recounted in large letters.

"Just as I expected," I exclaimed: "blood will tell!"

"Ah! what was that you said?" asked Heindl, eagerly.

"I said the race had turned out as I expected," I replied.

"No, no—the latter part of your remark: what was that?"

"'Blood will tell,'" I repeated.

Heindl bowed his head as if in deep thought. "That's a good expression," he said. "You Americans do once in a while say something worth treasuring up. Yes, 'blood *will* tell,' and in a far deeper sense than you ever imagined. My friends, you do not comprehend the true import of those words. I have a theory that is well expressed by them. I don't very often mention the subject, but if you will come in with me and take a lunch, I will explain what I mean. What say you?"

Clarke left the decision to me, and I assented without hesitation, being in just the mood to listen to one of Heindl's strange harangues—to partake of lager and logic.

"My theory," he said when we were all seated, "may surprise you a little, but I have given the subject a great deal of attention, and have arrived at my conclusions after due deliberation. Your remark, 'blood will tell,' is the whole thing in a nutshell. It *is* true that blood will tell—that peculiarities are transmitted from one generation to another—that the blood of fathers and mothers carries into sons and daughters

qualities of good or evil. This fact is a recognized one, and has been so for ages. Nobody now requires to have it demonstrated.

"But there is a different application of the saying. We have all heard of the young lady who caused a vein in her arm to be opened, that the blood might be conveyed from her healthy body into that of her dying lover. And we know that the experiment was a success. The young man grew strong and lived. Now, if he partook of the young lady's strength by the commingling of their blood, why should he not also partake of her other qualities? Why should he not become more refined, more gentle, more delicate in his nature, more acute in his perceptions, more constant and truthful than he was before? I believe that blood is the motive-power of our nature—the animus from which springs our daily life. Blood permeates every nook and corner of a human being's organism. It is life and sustenance, giving or taking away health and strength according as it is pure or impure, abundant or scanty, healthful or full of disease. Why should not blood also be generous and ignoble, brave and cowardly, frank and deceptive, truthful and false? It *is*: it is all these things and many more.

"But how can this theory be proved? Plainly in but one way, the way all great truths are proved—by experiment. Blood must be conveyed from one individual to another, and the two must be widely diverse in character and temperament. But here an obstacle presents itself. A small quantity of blood passing from one being to another would create so slight a change as not to be perceptible, or, if perceptible, to be readily ascribed to a hundred different influences. It cannot be done by mingling the blood of human beings, for to take from a man or a woman a sufficient quantity to test the matter satisfactorily would produce death.

"But in my mind I have resolved the question. If my theory be true, it will apply as well to animals as to human beings. Why not, therefore, open a

vein in a horse and convey his blood by a tube into the life-current of a man? You start. The proposition may be unprecedented, but it is feasible. You, for instance, Eustace, are plain, blunt and honest. If you had any evil intentions toward a fellow-creature, you would attack him openly on a fair field. An excellent test would be to infuse into your veins the blood of a serpent. If after that you became crafty, cunning, stealthy, lurking and merciless, my theory would be established. And you, Clarke, are retiring, modest and sensitive, and the reverse of combative. Now, if the blood of a bull could be sent coursing through your veins and arteries, and you should thereby be transformed into an aggressive, obtuse, infuriate ruffian, that would also establish my theory.

"Is it plain to you? You both comprehend me, I see. Well, what do you think of it?"

Clarke's face plainly expressed disgust, but I was simply amused.

"It is all very fine," I replied, "but there are certain difficulties in the way which I am afraid you have not considered."

"What are they?" he asked, sharply.

"In the first place, the blood corpuscles of different animals vary greatly in size and shape, and will not readily mingle."

"Yes," said Clarke, "and if you introduce air into the veins, the result will be death."

Heindl looked at us with a smile of pitying contempt. "I see that neither of you gives me much credit for knowledge or foresight," he said. "Don't you suppose I have provided against these things?"

"How have you provided against them?" I asked.

"I should be a fool to tell you. The secret is mine, and must remain mine alone until actual experiment shall enable me to announce the grand discovery to the world. Then the credit will be mine for having performed a great service in the cause of science. I shall not permit others to anticipate

me and rob me of the renown which I shall surely gain.

"But still there are only three of us here, and I don't mind giving you, in confidence, an outline of the process by which I hope to accomplish my end. It shall be only an outline, and perhaps not even that—rather an illustration, which will suffice to show that I know what I am about. We will suppose the thoracic aorta, that grand canal of the human system through which the blood pours downward, to be exposed to view. Let an incision be made in it to which a tube is fitted tightly. Now let the force with which the blood leaves the aorta be accurately measured by a delicate meter. Beneath this let another incision be made, and let the aorta be compressed between the two with a strong silken thread. Into the lower incision fit another tube, and have attached to it a combined air-and-force pump, by means of which any fluid may be driven into the aorta without allowing a particle of air to enter. The preparations are now complete. Have the blood of the animal ready, take accurate measurement of the force with which the blood leaves the upper incision, and inject the animal's blood into the lower incision with exactly the same force. Downward it would go, branching off into the different arteries and diffusing itself through all the tissues of the body. A part of it would return through the veins to the heart, and finally some of the animal corpuscles would pass through the upper incision made in the aorta. Thus a complete circuit would be established. You can readily see that the difference in the size, shape or character of the corpuscles would offer a very slight obstacle, if any, to the experiment.

"But I have told you enough. The minutiae of the operation must remain known to myself alone. I have not told you *how* the thing is to be done: I have only supposed a case which is a tolerably fair illustration of my ideas of proceeding in the matter. But even this is said in strictest confidence, and must not be breathed to a living ear."

He ceased speaking, and rising, walked to the window and blew curling puffs of blue smoke over his shoulder.

"But there is one greater difficulty than any I have mentioned," I remarked—"the fact, namely, that no voluntary subject could be found on whom to perform the operation."

"There could not! And why, I should like to know?" Heindl's face was flushed and a momentary gleam of passion shot across it. "I don't think it so very improbable," he remarked in a more quiet tone. "Any one who is as devoted to the cause of science as I am would willingly take part in an operation to prove my theory. Or perhaps, if I can't find anybody who will do it willingly, I may find it convenient to use force to accomplish my purpose. For it *is* my purpose—yes, the great purpose of my life. I mean to demonstrate to the world the truth of what I have been telling you, and that before many days are past."

His eyes flashed, and his face was more animated than I had ever seen it before. Enthusiasm beamed forth from every lineament, and yet—what shall I say?—there was the old vacancy, that lack of something essential, the apparent absence of the one thing needful to complete his human nature. I gazed at him earnestly, and at that moment his oft-repeated arguments to prove that human beings were soulless came to me, and I suddenly thought, "Has *he* no soul?" The idea was a startling one, though not altogether new. The theory has more than once been advanced that human beings sometimes lose their souls, and thereafter go about the world the embodiment of gayety, their animal life strengthened, their perceptions rendered more keen, but their inner human nature destroyed. I never believed this, and always treated such talk as idle speculation and the fanciful creation of minds experimenting on themselves. For some human beings seem to delight in playing with their mental faculties, and twist and distort them in various and grotesque shapes, even as a chemist mixes strange

compounds, and sometimes lays a train for his own destruction.

Heindl must have detected in my countenance some glimmering of my thoughts, for he suddenly assumed a light manner and changed the subject of our conversation.

Clarke seemed glad enough to talk about something else, and was evidently relieved when Heindl, a short time after, took his departure.

"By Heavens! That was horrible, wasn't it?" he said.

"What?" I asked.

"Why, Heindl's talk about the transmission of blood. He's half crazy on the subject. He looked at us at one time as if he meant to waylay us and put his theory into actual practice."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, amused at Clarke's nervous alarm. He walked rapidly and spoke in quick accents.

"I tell you, Eustace," he persisted, "that Heindl is a dangerous fellow. There's something about him I don't like. He has no more soul than—"

"Than what!" I exclaimed, startled at Clarke's echo of my own thoughts, and turning around and staring him in the face. He looked up in surprise. I was confused and rather chagrined at having made the exclamation, and said, "Excuse me. No more soul than—something, you were going to say."

"It don't matter," said Clarke, lightly; and then he added with energy, "Than he believes he has!"

We parted soon after—Clarke to return to his studies, and I to saunter about in a fit of listless indolence. I had no cares to disturb me, and I delighted to wander through the old town, filled with the relics of bygone days.

After that, Clarke and myself were often thrown into the society of Heindl, who seldom lost an opportunity to expatiate on the theory with which he had horrified us. The subject was never started by me, but Heindl always managed to bring it into the conversation, and as he was a good talker, he invested it with an attractiveness approaching fascination. Clarke and I rarely alluded to it when not in Heindl's

company. The mention of it always agitated Clarke, and we came to a tacit understanding to let it drop.

As is usual when the mind dwells on a particular subject, and does not relieve itself by communication with another mind, I began to have secret fancies and dim forebodings. Terrible notions shot across my brain, and I found myself watching Heindl very much as one does an expected assailant. I imagined that he looked at Clarke and myself with hungry eyes, like a vulture on a dying animal. His face seemed to say that he coveted us to try his experiment upon—that he would willingly sacrifice us to test the validity of the idea which had taken possession of him. I soon came to regard him with a feeling akin to fear, for he constantly sought our society, and endeavored to impress us with the sublimity of science and the duty of men to become devotees to it, to the extent of sacrificing health, pleasure, religion, the common duties of life, and even life itself. Consequently I dreaded to see him coming, although there was still a remnant of the old fascination about him.

Whether or not Clarke shared in these feelings I do not know. Neither his conduct nor his words indicated that he did. Unlike myself, he seemed to be growing fond of Heindl's society, and sought rather than avoided him. I learned afterward that this was owing to the devilish ingenuity with which Heindl adapted himself to Clarke's nature and disposition.

I was, however, not one to allow a vague uncertainty to trouble me to any great extent, and so the circumstances I have mentioned did not prey upon my mind, but served only as a slight variation to the rather monotonous and altogether aimless life I was leading in the quiet little town.

One day I was going through the streets when a shower came on. It rained violently, and the only dwelling near at hand which I felt privileged to enter was the one where Heindl boarded. Into this I hastened. I nearly knocked

down a boy who stepped in at the door at the same time as myself. He carried a box under his arm, and inquired for Mr. Heindl. The landlady directed him to the room, and thither he proceeded, I following.

Heindl spoke to the boy first, not seeing me. "Have you got it?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes," replied the urchin; "and he's an ugly creature—more than six feet long, and with the most beautiful fangs—"

"Oh, shut up!—that is, never mind," said Heindl quickly, taking the box from the boy's hands and thrusting it under the bed. My coming in was apparently the cause of his sudden action. He stepped forward. "Good-afternoon, Eustace," he said: "you got wet, didn't you?"

"A little," I replied.

The boy had left in obedience to a gesture from Heindl, and the latter appeared somewhat confused and agitated. The box so hastily concealed was about a foot wide and deep by two feet long, and had several holes bored in the sides. I felt a curiosity to know what it contained, but refrained from putting questions. Heindl appeared preoccupied, and I felt more like an intruder than a welcome visitor. But the shower was not of long duration, and I soon took my departure.

I mused long on the singular-looking box that had attracted my attention. The boy's words had suggested its contents. "Six feet long and has beautiful fangs." To what could this refer but a serpent? And what could Heindl want a serpent for? Could it be to put into execution the murderous experiment he had proposed? This question came into my mind with startling distinctness, and for a moment my heart beat wildly. But after reflection I laughed away my nervous feeling and went home to dinner.

It was about five o'clock when I rose from the simple German meal and repaired to my room to indulge in a siesta. I had been up late the night before, and was thoroughly tired. So, sitting where

I could look out of the window, I leaned back in an easy-chair, lit a cigar and laid a book in my lap. It was an old volume of ghost stories, full of frightful legends and terrifying illustrations. I read a few pages, the slight excitement barely sufficing to keep me awake, when suddenly the figure of Heindl appeared in the room near the door. He carried the mysterious box under his arm. I sprang from my chair.

"Good Heavens! Where did you come from?" I exclaimed.

"Came from my boarding-house," he said, gayly. "What makes you look so surprised?"

"I did not hear you ascend the stairs."

"No? You must have been absorbed with your book. Let me see." He took the volume and looked at it. "Ah, ghost-stories! Yes, you were so interested that you didn't hear me. Well, how goes it?"

"All right," I replied. "Will you have a seat?"

Before sitting down he closed the door, locked it, put the key in his pocket and took a deliberate glance around the room. At any other time I should have regarded such conduct as singular, but the ghost-stories or something else had benumbed my faculties, and I only looked on with a sort of lazy interest, having reseated myself.

Heindl took a chair, sat down directly before me and gazed steadily into my eyes. There was a wonderful power in his glance, and I felt a subtle magnetism from him diffusing itself throughout my system. I leaned back indolently, conscious of nothing but a passive submission to his will.

"Please to arise," he said.

The sound of his voice broke the spell. I sprang from my seat and demanded what he wanted.

But with the quickness of a cat he whisked a coil of rope, which he had carried concealed, about my legs, and drawing it tight and grasping me by the shoulders, he had me at an advantage. I attempted to seize him by the throat, but he gave the rope a pull, and, push-

ing me with his other hand, threw me to the floor. I struggled and kicked and endeavored to free myself, but my efforts were vain. My feet were bound together: my assailant had his knee on my breast and was grasping both my arms. All I could do was to squirm slightly, roll my head about and call for help. These things I did with a good will, but I was powerless in his toils, and my voice failed to bring assistance.

Heindl all this time was very cool, and looked into my face composedly, as if awaiting quietness on my part. This soon came. I became exhausted and ceased struggling. Then he drew another rope from his pocket and pinned my arms securely behind me.

"This is all necessary, you know," he said, "for you must remain perfectly quiet during the experiment. Your nerves might be a little shaky, or your resolution fail you at a critical moment, and then all would be lost."

"What do you mean?"

"Not but that you would *mean* to carry out your part all right," he continued, paying no heed to my question; "but even I must admit that the situation will be a very trying one—one that might cause the stoutest heart to fail just at the most interesting point."

I could only stare around in a sort of dumb dread as he went on tying me more securely, arranging the position of my chair to suit him, and drawing a table up to my side.

Then he took his penknife, and ripping up both my coat and shirt sleeves, secured them at the shoulder, leaving my whole arm bare. A horrible suspicion of what was coming now resolved itself into a dread conviction. It was speedily confirmed by his bringing the mysterious box from a corner where he had laid it and placing it on the table. I could see patches of cotton through the holes in it, and I imagined what lay coiled within the warm folds.

Heindl looked scrutinizingly into my face and felt my pulse.

"Rather high," he muttered. "The blood would flow *from* him instead of *into* him." He took a small vial from

his pocket, emptied the contents on his handkerchief and pressed that article to my nose. A powerful though not disagreeable odor instantly overwhelmed my keener senses, and a languid feeling stole over me. I was now incapable of excitement, although I was perfectly conscious of all that was going on, and longed for power to burst my bonds and flee from the spot. But it was *only* a longing—a dim, uncertain desire, unaccompanied by the semblance of ambition to make an effort.

"All is well now, I think," said Heindl in a low tone, still talking to himself. "Now, Eustace"—he spoke to me—"don't struggle, for it will be useless. And the more composed you are the sooner it will be over."

He was apparently satisfied with my condition, and now turned to the box. As he opened it he glanced around once more at me. He need not have done so, for the blood which I felt starting from my heart stopped and gurgled back, rendered sluggish by the perfume he had caused me to breathe. He opened the box and carefully drew forth a few handfuls of cotton. Then he lifted it out—the horrible serpent, coiled up in a clammy, inactive mass. He laid it on the table. It stretched its head out, turned it slowly, first one way and then another, opened its mouth and displayed its forked tongue, contemplated me with a fiendish stare out of its little bead-like, black eyes, and lay there occasionally throwing into different parts of its body a slight undulating motion. It gave no evidence of having other than peaceful intentions, and was either gorged with food or under the influence of some charm.

Heindl clasped a metal collar, held together by a powerful spring, around the reptile's body near its head, and screwed a short chain attached to the collar to the table. He fastened its other extremity in a similar manner. An India-rubber tube, attached to a curious contrivance, was next brought forth, and this he secured by means of a circular clasp to the body of the serpent. Thus the animal might writhe

about to a limited extent, but it could not escape, and the elastic tube would establish a communication between its body and mine.

"Eustace," said Heindl, "can you hear me speak?"

I bowed my head.

"Can you understand me fully?"

I again assented.

"That's good. You see you are powerless to resist me, and I have at last a chance to try my long wished-for experiment. This tube will convey the fluid from the serpent's body into your own. After a sufficient amount has thus been transferred, I shall remove all traces of my work and leave you. Then I shall watch you day by day, and note whether there be any change in your disposition and manner of life. My theory— But hark! Is some one coming? Yes, I hear footsteps—I must hasten."

At that moment an exceedingly strange sensation came over me. I seemed to be passing from one state of feeling to another. A confused ringing sounded in my ears. Heindl shouted:

"First you, then the other!"

He brought the tube in contact with my bare skin; his eyes sparkled with a malignant delight; a thrill of horror ran through me; a cold knife was thrust into my arm; there was a sharp pain, when—crash! I thought it was the serpent's box falling from the table, but—

I found myself sitting bolt upright in my chair, rubbing my eyes, and waking from a horrible dream. My book lay on the floor where it had slid from my lap, and I stared around in confusion. Great was my relief when I found that I was safe and sound—no serpent, no Heindl; the worst thing that had happened to me being that my imagination had run away with me in my slumbers.

Eustace paused.

"And so it was only a dream!" I exclaimed.

"Only a dream," he echoed.

"Upon my word," I said, laughing, "that's raising one's excitement to a

pretty high pitch, to be let down so suddenly."

"Ah, but that is not all."

"Not all?"

"No, the dream was followed by something real."

"Of which it was the precursor?"

"You shall judge." And Eustace again proceeded as follows.

Although but a dream, you must admit that it was one calculated to leave one's nerves in rather a shaky condition. I did not recover myself in a second nor a minute, but pinched myself, stamped upon the floor and walked across the room before I could laugh at myself with any degree of assurance. Finally, I picked up my cigar, lit it again and sat down by the window, meditatively. I did not resume my reading: I wished to ruminate.

I was studying over my dream, a thousand thoughts coursing through my brain in wild confusion, when I was suddenly startled into bounding from my chair by the sight of Heindl walking briskly up the street with a box under his arm. This was no dream. There he was, in real flesh and blood, coming directly toward my boarding-house. To say that I was dismayed would be but faintly to express the truth. I dodged back from the window, that he might not see me, and stepped to the door at the head of the stairs to listen.

Presently, the well-known voice inquired of the landlady if Mr. Eustace was in. She thought he was, but wouldn't be sure. Would Mr. Heindl walk up to his room and see?

At these words I hastily concealed myself in a small closet. I did not wish to meet Heindl then: I was in no frame of mind to entertain him or listen to his theorizing. And then the box! It was the same box I had seen the boy take to his room—the same one I had seen in my dream. It was a peculiar-looking box, and its identity was unmistakable. I cannot deny that I regarded it with a sort of superstitious awe. Perhaps my dream was a warning. If so, I must keep out of his way.

So I remained quiet in my place of concealment while Heindl entered the room. He called me by name. Receiving no answer, he laid the box on a table and looked around the apartment. He uttered an exclamation of impatience at not finding me, and then stopped to consider. He whistled softly to himself.

"It must be the other one first," he murmured, "though it is rather early. I'll leave the box here and come back."

He took the box from the table, set it on the floor in one corner, and started toward the stairs. But he immediately changed his mind, and hastening back took the box under his arm and departed. I heard him descend the stairs, and then, looking out of the window, beheld him going along the street in the direction from which he had come.

It was the work of a second to form a plan to follow him and watch his movements. My mind was active now, and all my perceptions on the alert. My strange dream, and the exact duplication of its beginning following so closely upon it, aroused me into quick thought and prompt action.

I threw on an old cloak, donned a slouch hat and a pair of false whiskers—articles which I always had on hand for masquerades and little private expeditions where an *incog.* was desirable—and sallied forth into the street. I hurried in the direction Heindl had taken, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him a short distance ahead. He walked rapidly, turning up first one street and then another, till he came to Clarke's boarding-house. Here he stopped and rang the bell. I was promenading on the opposite side of the street, and saw the servant admit him. Clarke occupied a front room, and as the windows were raised, I could see him seated at his desk studying. Heindl went in smiling, with outstretched hands and with pleasant words on his lips. Clarke appeared glad to see him.

After a short talk they left the room, and coming out at the front door proceeded together down the street, Heindl

still carrying the box under his arm. I followed them. They laughed and chatted with the utmost gayety, and seemed more like two brothers than a conspirator and his victim.

It was growing dark, and lights began to appear in different quarters. The pair I was following betook themselves to a billiard-room, which was already brilliantly lighted up, and taking off their coats began to play. Heindl placed the box, with his coat laid on it, under the table on which they played. I took a seat among the spectators, who were numerous, and watched the progress of the game. The players in the room were all full of spirit and animation, Heindl and Clarke seeming to enjoy themselves as much as any.

It was a late hour when they ceased playing. Heindl carefully took up his box, and both of them went again into the street, I following as before. I was thoughtful enough to keep so far in the rear as not to excite their suspicions.

This time they took a course that lay out of their usual beats, and were soon on a road that led to the outskirts of the town. Still I followed, and still they went on, until we ceased to meet passers-by. We gradually entered more quiet neighborhoods, until finally no sound disturbed the stillness of the night save the echo of our own footsteps.

At last, Heindl and Clarke turned into a field, and approached a long, low, dark-looking building by the side of a deep, swift-running river. Good Heavens! what could they want there? It was a slaughter-house! My heart thumped violently against my ribs as I crept nearer to them. They opened the door and went in. Some cattle moved and lowed as they entered. I could hear their feet tramp on the plank floor, and their patient voices salute their nocturnal visitors in tones of mild astonishment. Then a light appeared, and I could see that Heindl carried a small dark-lantern. He closed the door, but did not take the trouble to fasten it, and I immediately took my station at a window where I could observe everything that went on inside.

The lantern was set down and turned up to a full head. A dim light was thus cast about, throwing ghostly shadows among the rafters overhead, dimly illuminating the dingy walls, and making the beasts, moving impatiently in their stalls, and the human beings, moving stealthily about, look like goblins or night spirits preparing for their revels. Clarke's face was bright with excitement, while Heindl's glowed with the same malignant joy I had seen in my dream.

The two went into one of the stalls and led forth a large ox by a rope fastened to his horns. They soothed the animal by patting him and uttering encouraging words, and led him to a distant portion of the room, between two stout posts. They dropped the end of the rope through a hole in the floor, and then Heindl said:

"Let us now agree just how to proceed. First, I am to go below and draw the ox's head to the floor and secure it fast. You are to remain here, with this end of the rope in your hands, to help me if he struggles too hard. After he is fastened I will return, and then we will get out his snakeship. You mustn't be squeamish about handling him, for all depends on promptness. Grasp him firmly about the neck and he cannot harm you. I will operate with the knife and the tube, and force the fluid from the snake into the ox. Then the snake must be boxed up again, and the ox led out and conveyed to the woods yonder. I know a secret spot where he will not be seen. We will come day after day and observe him. Don't you see what a glorious test it will be?"

"Yes, I see," replied Clarke, pale to the very lips.

"Don't it thrill your soul with joy?" demanded Heindl, fiercely: "isn't it grand beyond measure?"

"Yes, yes!" assented Clarke.

"But," whispered Heindl, loudly and harshly, "wouldn't it be infinitely more glorious if either the snake or the bull were a man?"

He smiled at Clarke with an eager, impish leer as the latter stood shivering,

and then hastened away with a wild laugh. He went to the other end of the room and disappeared through a back door.

I now turned my attention to the ox, who was glancing about with apprehension and with wild-looking eyes. He smelt mischief, and pawed the floor and blew great puffs of wind from his nostrils. Suddenly there was a noise below, and the rope began to tighten. The animal moved and tried to free himself. He endeavored to toss his head, but it was held fast. He scrambled and struggled with his feet, and looked up with piteous rage as his head was drawn resistlessly to the floor. Despite his struggles, he was soon powerless, and after a few impotent plunges ceased making efforts to extricate himself. But his eyes rolled fearfully, and told of latent strength, that, when once exerted, would make havoc and consternation round about. Heindl had done his work without needing Clarke's assistance, and I now watched for his return. Several minutes elapsed without his appearing. I wondered at his prolonged absence, and also began to think that my long tramp was to turn out a fool's errand; for if Heindl's intentions related only to the serpent and the ox, as his conversation with Clarke indicated, then my fears would be proven to be groundless. I even smiled to myself as I thought how much trouble I had taken on account of a simple dream, only to find myself the victim of a disordered fancy and a morbid dread of something that existed only in my own mind.

Then came a desire to witness the strange experiment of Heindl, and I regretted that I had concealed myself in the closet, as he might have intended only to invite me to accompany him and Clarke on their midnight expedition. All I could do, however, was to observe what I could from the point where I had stationed myself, as to enter would involve the necessity of explaining my presence, to do which in a satisfactory manner would be very difficult.

In the midst of these thoughts I was rather startled at seeing a figure moving stealthily toward Clarke from a direction different from that in which Heindl had disappeared. The figure crouched on its hands and knees and moved with the utmost caution.

Clarke was standing with one foot on the box containing the serpent, watching the bull. He was patiently awaiting Heindl's return.

I looked closely at the moving figure. It approached a spot where the rays from the lantern fell. My heart bounded nearly to my throat as I recognized Heindl, crawling along the floor, holding a rope between his teeth, and his eyes fastened on Clarke with a hungry glare! This was a new phase of the affair. What was going to happen? This question, which I asked mentally, received a speedy answer.

Heindl had reached a point about a yard from Clarke, and there he paused. He took the rope from his teeth, adjusted it in his hands, and sprang upon Clarke noiselessly, dextrously, with the agility of a panther. In a second Clarke was borne to the floor and the rope passed around his body. He was taken so entirely by surprise that he was at first pliant and manageable. But he soon recovered himself, and struggled desperately. He was neither athletic nor strong, and proved no match for the cat-like quickness and muscular force of his antagonist. The latter knew his own strength and that of his victim, and was cool, watchful and calculating throughout the struggle. He spoke in interrupted ejaculations, as follows:

"Ha! you thought I was a fool, did you? You thought I was going to take all this pains for—for an old ox and a snake. No: it was only a trap to bring you out here, that I might use you—*use* you in the glorious cause of Science. It's all you're fit for. Your work will be done when my theory is tested. It is enough for one man. I shall bind you so that you will be powerless, and then the blood of the ox shall be sent flowing through your veins. Only let me get

you fast, and I'll fix you. Don't make me hurt you. I could kill you in a second if I chose, but I want you. It may be the best chance I shall ever have. Ah, you grow weaker! You'll be all right by the time this little squabble is over. Then you will have to be an instrument in my hands. O Science! what is too worthy to be sacrificed for thee?"

I saw that Clarke was being overpowered, and that I must no longer remain a mere spectator of the scene. I left my perch, opened the door as quietly as possible and entered. I approached the struggling pair. Clarke was about giving up in despair, while Heindl's face wore a demoniacally triumphant expression. He had his victim by the throat, and held him with his clawlike fingers, gazing into his face to note how long it would be safe thus to compress his windpipe.

"Villain! wretch!" I cried as I sprang on him and planted first a blow on the side of his head, then another between his eyes, followed by others delivered at random. Heindl's surprise was something ludicrous. He looked wild and scared, and thoroughly puzzled. But I gave him no time to express his feelings, whatever they were, but followed up my attack lustily.

Clarke, finding himself free from the grasp of his adversary, rose to a sitting posture, collected his scattered wits and finally sprang to his feet.

"Ah, you treacherous villain!" he exclaimed, and made for Heindl. "Your arrival is a godsend," he said to me, "but where you dropped from I cannot imagine."

"Never mind," I said. "We have work before us. Look at this wretch."

Heindl had been forced to his knees, and was at bay, with eyes of fire and frothy mouth. There was a momentary lull in the battle, but danger was near. Heindl made a dive for us, screaming savagely. Clarke and I at the same time rushed to grapple him. In the struggle that ensued we overturned the box. The cover flew in one direction, the cotton rolled out in another, and from

its folds tumbled the coils of a large, dangerous-looking snake.

At the same instant the ox, rendered frantic by the scene before him, made a mighty effort and broke from his fastenings. He stood irresolute, not knowing at first how to take advantage of his freedom.

It was a fearful scene. Three human beings engaged in a conflict perhaps for life, and close by them, in full liberty, an enraged ox and a deadly reptile! The united efforts of Clarke and myself soon subdued Heindl. We bound him firmly, so that he could do us no injury. I never saw human eyes look so like balls of fire as his did when he was secured beyond hope of escape. He ceased struggling, and panted, his chest rising and falling like the swell of an ocean, and his breath coming in hot puffs. Not a word did he utter.

Suddenly a motion from the ox startled us, and we looked around. Ah! there was another battle at hand.

The ox was standing in a defiant attitude, glaring at some object on the floor. That object was the serpent. It had coiled itself up and reared its head to strike, its mouth wide open, its forked tongue waving, and its gleaming eyes shooting malignant glances.

All three of us turned our attention to this new phase of affairs. The ox trembled, but did not retreat. The serpent evidently contemplated an attack: his neck was arched and elastic as a hoop of steel.

Suddenly both the ox and the snake darted at each other. The snake's head shot like lightning for the ox's breast, and the deadly fang was inserted. At the same moment the sharp hoofs of the ox were planted on the folds of the reptile, cutting them in gashes and almost severing the body in parts. The snake, having struck, was ready to retreat, but the ox was mad with pain, and stamped on his enemy and endeavored to pierce him with his horns. The reptile wriggled and twisted, but could not escape. He was cut and mangled and wounded to the death. He soon lay nearly motionless, his

body quivering here and there, but beyond that no sign of life.

Then the ox relinquished his efforts. He stood and glared at his vanquished enemy, his nostrils smoking and his eyes dilated. But even as he stood his body tipped to one side and he staggered. A mortal pain seized him, and he threw up his head and moaned in anguish. The part which had been bitten began to swell: the deadly poison was doing its work. For a moment the animal rushed blindly to and fro, and we were obliged to retreat to a place of safety. Finally he stumbled, fell, and lay on one side panting. His great sides heaved, and mighty convulsions racked the giant frame. His eyes rapidly grew dim, his convulsions less violent, until finally, stretching out his legs with a spasmodic effort, his whole body gave a slight quiver, and he lay stretched out in the rigidity of death. Both were stone dead—the serpent and the ox.

A long interval of silence followed the tragedy. No one spoke until Heindl said, in a harsh voice, "Well, it was a good joke, wasn't it?"

His voice startled us. It sounded strange and unnatural. There was a light in his eyes, too, that we had never observed before.

Clarke and I looked at each other significantly. The man was a lunatic. There was no doubt of it.

"He's crazy," I said.

"You lie!" shouted Heindl. "They have told me that before, but they are all liars!" He looked the embodiment of fury.

To leave him bound in the slaughter-house was out of the question, and we dared not set him at liberty. Nothing remained but to march him home between us.

But as we approached him he made a desperate lunge and burst the cords with which he was bound. With almost incredible quickness he sprang for the box out of which the serpent had rolled, and which evidently contained something else. He seized it, sprang through an open window and ran rapidly toward the river. We left the dead ox and

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serpent, and gave chase. But he reached the bank before we did, and with a yell of defiance threw the box far out into the swollen stream.

"You shall not know my secret!" he hissed as we came up to him.

He had thrown his invention for the experiment, whatever it was, where it could not be recovered. We paid no attention to this, however, but secured him as quickly as possible. He gave us some trouble by trying to break away, but we were well on our guard. We took him to my room and there kept him all night. In the morning he was in a high fever, from which he did not recover for weeks. When he did recover he was a raging, incurable lunatic. He was placed in an asylum, where he remains probably to this day, unless he is dead.

He had friends, and from them I learned that he had been always a dreamer, dealing in abstractions and giving utterance to the wildest of theories and sentiments.

The hypothesis concerning blood was by no means new with him. Years before, when he was almost a boy, he had talked about it and studied over it. And once he had been found in his room with a serpent, actually endeavoring to try the experiment on himself!

Eustace paused and looked at me fixedly for a moment. He seemed to be in doubt as to whether or not to continue. Was it possible that I anticipated his thoughts? Yes, I knew what was coming—our conclusions were similar and simultaneous.

"Do you know," he said, "that it has been a serious question with me whether Heindl had not been successful in that early attempt—whether he had not actually succeeded in *infusing into his own veins the blood of a serpent*. Might not that be an explanation of his idiosyncrasies of character—of the strange mixture of human and inhuman, of man and brute, that manifested itself in his actions, that lurked beneath his every word and movement?"

O. S. ADAMS.

MEXICAN REMINISCENCES.

II.

THE first thing done by the powers that were, after the departure of the army, was to authorize the foreign residents to play the part (or rather to act it: it was play to the natives) of police, as they could not otherwise guarantee their safety or that of the well-disposed. This the foreigners effectually did, each nationality forming itself into a distinct organization and patrolling its own especial beat. It was amusing, and sometimes a little annoying, to be challenged at almost every corner, as you walked the streets at night, by vigilant sentries with various tongues, particularly when you did not understand their vernacular, and heard the preliminary click of a musket-lock whilst you hesitated what to reply. A gruff voice and that click have disturbing effects upon one's self-possession and promptness. But, in spite of momentary throbings, it was a great comfort to feel that there was no peril from rats while such grimalkins were about. A better-guarded town after dark never permitted its inhabitants to sleep in peace. The very remembrance of their security at that epoch must make Mexican householders sigh for foreign domination. As to the government itself, it had been very anxious to retain a portion of the troops and sit upon their bayonets, as the best if not the only means of sitting at all. General Arista, the Secretary of War, had visited the legation and preferred an earnest request for a few thousand Yankees to keep the peace, but the prayer could not be granted. The refusal probably awakened even more unpleasant sensations than those which the poor warrior had been made to feel by the objectionable proceedings of General Taylor in the beginning of the war. He was a pleasant-spoken gentleman, was Señor Arista, and not the least of a

Mexican in his aspect, which was rather that of a highly-developed Scotchman, with his brawny person and illuminated hair. At times his tones would be quite pathetic as he spoke of the past and the future. Him, also, it was my fortune to meet in exile abroad when his native land had become an uncomfortable abode for himself and his hopes; which did not, of course, increase the cheerfulness of his conversation or carriage.

If the streets of the city were made safe, it was not the case with the roads in the country. Outside the walls it was necessary to go well protected, and robberies and murders were of frequent occurrence. Scarcely a diligence arrived from any quarter that had not its story of brigands. A friend who went to Puebla on business, and wished to return at once, could find no seat in the first vehicle that was to start. He offered, therefore, to buy the place of any proprietor disposed to sell, and succeeded by paying double price, to the great trial of his temper. But he had his revenge. The diligence in which the extortioner traveled the next day was stopped, and he himself terribly pummeled because he had not enough "plunder" to satisfy the party. It was a well-understood thing that wayfarers were beaten in proportion to their emptiness, so that they generally provided themselves against evil chances by filling their pockets with conciliatory cash. As to resistance, it was rarely attempted, and only the pluckiest foreigners took arms. These their fellow-passengers would regard with consternation, as the robbers were generally too numerous to be defeated, and gave no quarter after a fight. On two occasions only did the present deponent come into proximity to them. The first was when the commission was on the road to Queretaro, where the Mexican govern-

ment had established itself after the capture of the capital. The journey occupied five days, though it might be performed almost in five hours by rail. A strong escort of dragoons, whose horses were to be cared for, was a decided drag, although very comforting companionship—putting life and mettle into our courage, if not into the wheels of our coach. The commander was Colonel William Polk, brother of the President, who had given up the very pleasant mission to Naples to enjoy the frolic of a campaign, and also, doubtless, to show that he was quite as willing to serve his country with a real sword as with a diplomatic rapier—that absurd appendage to the toggery of an agent whose especial duty it is to "bear a temperate will and keep the peace." By the way, it is told of one of his successors at the Neapolitan court that he appeared there on one occasion with his weapon on the right instead of the left side of his diplomatic body, and on being jocosely asked by old Bomba, who was as waggish as wicked, why he had so disposed it, replied, with exemplary readiness, that it was to show how unwilling he was to draw. Colonel Polk was not altogether satisfied that he had done a wise thing in the exchange, as he had enjoyed no opportunity of gaining any particular distinction in the war, and did not think the pleasure of escorting the commission quite equal to that of doing the same kind office for Vesuvian dames. Every morning he would send some of the troop in advance to scour the road and see to the breakfast, which was rarely, either in quantity or quality, a delight to traveling stomachs. The last day before reaching Queretaro the pioneers were suddenly beheld galloping back at full speed toward their comrades, to whom they said something which caused an immediate start of the whole of them, with preparations that indicated business. Information was soon communicated that the advance had been attacked by numerous brigands, and had with difficulty escaped. The troop was occupied for some time in trying to catch

the rascals, but to no purpose; and the march was at last resumed. Scarcely half an hour afterward the diligence drove up, with its passengers in miserable plight. They had been stopped at the very place where the dragoons were assailed, and been unluggaged and unpursued without mercy. Amongst them was the agent of the Rothschilds, who gave a pathetic account of the devastations of the band, and who was just left with a shirt to his back, but no change either of currency or linen. The *devastated* sufferers attached themselves to our party, which arrived without further interruption at the stone-hurling town where it was to abide until such time as the treaty was signed. Its security was increased by a troop of native lancers which met it on its approach, and which perhaps did good service by preventing the uncivil and uncivilized population of the place from receiving it with the welcome which they were said to give to strangers—that of showers of stones. We were certainly not received with cheers, however, any more than with lapidation, as we paraded through the streets amid scowling and scurvy throngs to our appointed residence at indigenous expense.

One incident on the road has now a melancholy interest. The third day of travel a horseman rode toward us, whose shocking bad hat and general accoutrement gave abundant proof of severe work. Pulling bridle at the coach-window, he was immediately recognized by one of us as Lieutenant Henry A. Wise, of the navy. His story was soon told, but it has been so graphically and elaborately narrated in his delightful book, *Los Gringos*, that it need not be repeated here. He was a great addition, for pleasanter society than his was not often to be found. Such unflagging spirits and such a rollicking humor, as well as sturdy frame, ought to have given him a long lease of life, but last summer he was borne to the grave at Boston after long and cruel sufferings. He was buried there, near the tomb of his father-in-law, Edward Everett, instead of in his native Virginia, whose secession he

earnestly opposed, in spite of the big name which he bore.

The second occasion had more serious results, and threw a dark cloud over almost my pleasantest week in Mexico. The wealthiest family in the place was that of Señora Aquero, the mother of the then young lady who is now wife of the real ruler of Spain—that distinguished fighter, revoler and law-maker, whose name of Prim is a fine exemplification of *lucus a non*. A new country-seat having been purchased by the señora, it was necessary to have a benediction thereof, which warranted a housewarming on the grandest scale. Lots of the loveliest of one sex and of the "swellest" of the other were invited for a week's frolic at the hacienda; and frolic they certainly did. Early in the morning a scamper across country on spirited little steeds; then the first breakfast of chocolate and biscuit; then Blindman's Buff, Pussy wants a Corner and other such exhilarations; then a brief repose and the luxurious *almuerzo*; then, music and dancing in the saloon; then talking and flirting and driving and promenading until the *Lucullusian* banquet; and then, climax of felicity, an unpretentious ball to as late an hour as exhausted Nature would permit. So the fun went on, growing faster and more furious every day; the last one arriving with that lamentable celerity which causes pleasure to resemble snowflakes in the river and other such momentary matters. "Papa," said a little fellow not long ago, "I never get any sleep at all: the moment I put my head on the pillow it comes morning right off." *Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus*; and accordingly horses and vehicles for the return made their appearance one day at the great gate. Amongst them was an omnibus, in which about a dozen of the darkest-eyed damsels took seats, inducing this writer to do the same and entrust his quadruped to a servant. For some time we proceeded as merrily as the great grief of past happiness would allow; but "*Madre de Dios!* what is that?" was all at once shrieked in feminine chorus. Shots and

belligerent shouts were heard not far behind. The men jumped from the conveyances, pistol in hand, and rushed in the direction of the sounds. Soon was seen the majordomo of the hacienda spurring to meet us and crying at the top of his voice, "Go back, gentlemen, go back! hurry off the ladies! There's a whole army of the demons;" and riding to me, he said, "Oh, señor, they've killed your servant and stolen your horse!" The shock was grievous, for the poor fellow was all that was recommendable; but we had to return to the ladies without delay, their loud screams on being left alone, joined to the adjurations of the intendant, making an irresistible recall. Such a scene as they presented! Some running about, some wringing their hands, others on their knees, telling their beads and invoking every saint in heaven. Quiet-ing them as soon as possible, we drove on with such rapidity that the pursuers gave up the chase, and we got home without further mischief. The next day I informed the Minister of Foreign Affairs of what had occurred. He sent a force to bring back the corpse of the murdered man, which was found where he was shot. In about a month afterward my stolen horse was recovered and sent to me, with official compliments. How he was obtained I never knew. Mexico was and is a country in which if you ask no questions you will be told no lies—at least in regard to the subject of inquiry; and the less inquisitive you are about governmental operations the less your mind will be disturbed. *Cosas de España* are not a whit more mysterious than those of its quondam colony, though it is to be hoped they are less equivocal. The blue blood of hidalgoism has been so discolored in its American currents that the señores in whose veins it may there be mingled with polluting streams no longer feel the despotism of nobility. For them the maxim *noblesse oblige* may be full of sound and magnificent fury, but it doesn't signify much. A good deal better for me would it have been if the robbers had been suffered to keep my

steed. Such tricks were taught him in the brigand school that he was almost unmanageable on his return; and at last he laid me low on the Alameda before the eyes of numerous damsels, whose sympathetic exclamations were more compensatory for a broken arm than a wounded spirit. A Yankee chargé "spilt" in the presence of assembled Mexico was a sorrowful sight—a national as well as individual disgrace. It was almost worth while, however, to be injured and confined to the house, to experience the kindness which the accident called forth. The coy and hard to please became, as usual, ministering angels, and almost every family which the victim had visited deemed it imperative to make constant inquiries, with such apparent earnestness as might have induced any one to lay flattering unctions to his soul. "The señor and señora and señoritas kiss your hand, sir, place themselves at your disposal, and hope you are improving," was the untiring message, to which, of course, multitudinous hand-kisses and protestations were as untiringly returned, with grateful assurances of progress in every material and moral respect. What a blessing is chloroform and a skillful surgeon! Thanks to both, my arm was set and bandaged without my knowing anything about it, pleasant dreams being the substitute for the pain of the operation.

A gay and pleasant spot was that same Alameda, with the splendid promenade of which it was the portal. Every family that had a carriage, every individual who had a horse, was there every afternoon throughout the dry half of the year—the cooler six months, when scarcely a drop of rain falls. In summer the fierceness of the evening showers kept people pretty much in-doors after three o'clock, though it was hardly matter of regret, as their refreshing influence made the ensuing morns as delicious as mortal man ever enjoyed. Few were the families that did not rejoice in an equipage, whatever the needs of their domestic economy. Dinners, and even dresses, could much

better be dispensed with. The superfluous was there pre-eminently the necessary, and ruffles were far more desired than shirts. It would have been comical to perceive the emptiness of many of the stomachs which were gently agitated by fashionable locomotion on the public drive, or covered by scintillating satin lace; but what was to be done? *Quand tout le monde a tort, tout le monde a raison*, says Voltaire; and it is certainly more reasonable to follow the way of the world in a carriage than with chignons and Grecian bends—full bottomed wigs and fuller-bottomed bustles—which render the sex that was formed for sweet, attractive grace a sort of *monstrum horrendum*, both *informe et ingens*. Would that disfigurement were not among women's rights, for it may be branded as one of the worst of men's wrongs. Far better permit the weakest-minded of them to vote than to make themselves objects of masculine terror. What right *can* they have to interfere with our privilege of admiration and our share of the room and the street? They must abandon their privileges, their duties and their needs before they can obtain their "rights;" and that would be paying pretty dear for the whistle. The only rights they should stickle for are those which result from the marriage-rite, of which the fruition depends mainly on themselves. So abundant are these, and so important, that they ought to satisfy the most vaulting ambition—*fortunatas nimium*. It is better, surely, to reign at home than serve in the streets—to be able to exclaim, "Here is my throne—let kings come bow to it," than to solicit the unsavory suffrages of a sovereign crowd. Heavens! if women should become candidates and representatives, what mournful desecration of the divinity that hedges them! What worse fate can befall them than to be common, hackneyed in the eyes of men? Just think, too, mesdames, of being suddenly arrested in the very whirlwind of oratorical frenzy by a message from "the other house," that Master Tommy is

yelling for immediate nourishment, or perhaps by the advent in arms of the young gentleman himself, who couldn't and wouldn't wait. Visions of blushes, spare the aching sight: ye unborn screamings, crowd not on the ear! And then the perils and torments for the other sex! How desperate they will ever be to set their fervid faces against the female foe! how often they will be fooled by the fair "benders" to the top of their bent!—how constantly they will address the memberesses instead of Mr. Speaker!—*how perpetually they will be pairing off with them!*—how recklessly they will entangle their honesty, their patriotism, their principles in the meshes of Nereian hair! Old Dryden tells but a sober and solemn truth when he ejaculates—

"Religion, state affairs, whate'er the theme—
It ends in women still."

One single Kate Kearny will be a plague on both their houses. A mere glance from her eye will demolish all the eloquence of Senator Sumner himself. It will make a meddle and muddle of every debate and every law—drive the heads of reverend seniors right down into their hearts, and turn those of irreverent juveniles hopelessly awry. If Eve could bring death into the world and all our woe—if Helen could set all Greece in a blaze and fire the great town of Troy—if Lucretia could bring Roman monarchy with hideous ruin and combustion down, and Virginia hurl the Triumvirate heels overhead—if Cleopatra could do what *she* did, Anna Boleyn do what *she* did, and all the others (their name is legion) do what *they* did—what chance for the power and wisdom of even model republicans in Congress or council assembled! Depend upon it, ladies, you wouldn't be allowed to remain there long. Necessity has no law: the agonized cry of "Let us have peace!" would drown all the protests of chivalry, and you would be Miltonically driven from the celestial spheres so disorganized by your infernal charms. Be warned, therefore, in time, and scorn the temptations of Miss Anthony; always bearing

in mind the wise words of Ion's mistress:

"'Tis never woman's part,
Out of her fond misgivings, to perplex
The fortunes of the man to whom she cleaves;"

and still less to bring chaos into those of "the generality of mankind in general."

After the drive, the dinner or the chocolate, and then the play. Prettier sight than the feminine display at the chief theatre it would be difficult to imagine, especially when a fashionable matron and numerous daughters would at last get fairly seated in their box and begin shaking fans at their acquaintance, who of course would return the convulsive greeting with multitudinous interest, there being no selfish partitions to impede the performance.

Society in Mexico received a great impulse from the American occupation. It became quite active and genial, the best houses being opened to foreigners in a way that delighted as well as surprised them. Castilian customs and traditions could not resist the go-aheadism of the victorious Nort' Americano: they were bowled over by that ten-striking roller with such reckless vigor that it was impossible to set them fairly up again. Balls and parties almost rivaled the theatre in attraction, and a man about town was generally quite sure of a pleasant termination of the dulllest day. For very pleasant people are the best people of Mexico—the men courteous and intelligent, the women charming and affable and bright. Education, to be sure, was not very profound or multifarious—indeed, the bliss of ignorance was a species of enjoyment that was decidedly in esteem—but its place was so often and so agreeably supplied by native sprightliness and fascinating ways that the folly of wisdom was often brought into fullest relief. No thought of women's rights ever bothered their brains. Satisfied with queening it over the men, they had no wish to descend from their social thrones to be hustled in the dirty thoroughfares of political life. One can fancy the amazed and amazing "Hay-

soos!" which would start from their lips on being informed that some of their hyperborean sisters were eager to "sport it in a manly mien," and "pronounce," either peacefully or belligerently, in favor of contending candidates.

One masculine propensity, however, the Mexican ladies unquestionably had, and that not the most delectable for either the eye or the nose. By their brothers and husbands they had been smoked into smoking, and even a formal visit would be aided by the influence of tobacco. How many pretty hands have been indelibly stained by the poison of the cigarito! how many fragrant breaths been perverted by the infection of even the *puro*! Poor things! they were almost compelled to puff in mere self-defence—to inhale and emit their own superfine smoke in order to keep off the offensiveness of general fumigation. In the very theatre the pitites were so constantly at work with the weed that the clouds might be seen curling into the boxes in a way that would tempt the most refined to rejoice in counteracting mists; and often at the doors of a ball-room crowded with dancers might be seen cavaliers engaged in the double delight of offering to beauty the incense of both admiration and puffs. Sunbeams may pass through pollutions unpolluted, but the very beamiest of the sex, even Sorosisites themselves, have never attained to that splendid unpollutability, so that neither the aroma of femininity nor the perfume of toilettes could defy such contaminating contact.

In no other respect, however, than that of smoking could the señoritas be called *fast*. They would chat and flirt and dance and sing with perfect freedom, but such a perversion of petticoatry as a Girl of the Period was unknown. That superb superiority to public opinion, that defiant disdain of social conventionalities, which characterize the dashing damsels of our upper ten, would have excited their astonishment, almost their awe. Rarely were they to be encountered on foot in the streets, and then only with modest mantles and dis-

creet duennas. A sudden vision of Broadway at noontide would have revealed to them a phase of female existence never dreamt of in their philosophy. Their geniality was the result of ingenuousness and unpretentious desire to please, with an almost childish willingness to be amused. What pleasure was communicated to a whole party of them one morning by a history of Medusa and her horrid head, of which they had never heard! and sorry is this witness to state that an account of General Washington was also listened to as an interesting and instructive novelty! Music was their passion and their forte, and a vocalist, flutist or fiddler would be welcomed at almost any hour. At the balls there was usually a preliminary concert. Some of the singers would have been applauded in Paris itself. As to dancing, he was a strong biped who could tire them in waltz or polka, or whatever might be most whirlwindy and protracted. Then, too, the philosophical equanimity with which they would go through the monotonous Spanish dance reflected the greatest credit on their dispositions. The trials of housekeeping could hardly have put them to a severer test.

There were some foreign families who did their share of entertainment, and some of the diplomats were sufficiently hospitable. The rooms of the French minister were opened every week to natives and strangers. Great Britain was represented only by a *chargé-d'affaires* in the absence of the plenipo; and a pleasant representative he was. His *attaché* was the present English envoy at Washington, then a thoroughly "good fellow," and not so staid and reserved as time and promotion have made him.

What a pleasant word is that same word — promotion! What a different feeling of his position is enjoyed by him who is sure of the future from that of the four-year appointee! Young gentlemen who are ambitious of diplomatic honors may be counseled in the most friendly spirit to abandon all wish for them until American diplomacy is made

a regular career, and invested with rights as well as with duties; which latter will be better performed under the influence of the former than they can ever be under that of ephemeral favoritism. The expectation of getting into clover is more inspiring than that of being turned out to grass, and more likely to keep a man in condition. What a failure was even so able and excellent a gentleman as Reverdy Johnson! What a difference between his harangues and the speechlings of Sir Henry Bulwer, who had so well learnt the lesson of diplomatic discretion by appropriate experience—always saying the right thing in the right way, and eschewing fine frenzies as carefully as he did our national dishes, for he had a sensitive digestion, which he was more anxious to keep in good humor than even the Foreign Office itself! So long as we send representatives abroad who have been representatives at home in conventions and legislatures and Congress, and who have been stumping all their lives in States and counties and towns, we have no right to complain of their oratorical ecstasies when they get a fair chance at a foreign audience. They have no idea that prudence is the best part of ambassadorial eloquence: their tongues have never been tied with red tape: the Douglass is once more upon his native heath, and a Highland fling is the inevitable result. Antecedents are not to be trifled with, and if you hitch a hunter to your coach, you must take the consequences when he hears the horn. According to the Talleyrandic definition, the model diplomat is a gentleman who knows how to hold his tongue in many languages — *un homme comme il faut qui sait se taire en plusieurs langues*. Mr. Motley has shown himself a man of that mould, and being the historian of William the Silent, seemed doubly qualified to be the agent of Ulysses the Taciturn.

The great ball-going period was Christmas week. Many of the chief families then opened their mansions every night to the largest crowds they could collect, calling the entertainments

posadas, or "inns." The sun might always have been admitted as an additional guest before the finale of the fun, but the windows were kept too discreetly shut to permit his appearance. He took his revenge, however, by looking dazingly upon the revelers as they emerged into the streets, and shaming them with the clearest proof of his being up and doing as they were going to bed.

Some idea of the omnibusism which warranted the epithet given to these Christmas frolics may be got from an incident of which a couple of diplomatic dancers were the heroes, or rather victims. A lady wished them to be present at one of the fêtes of an opulent friend whom they did not know, and begged them to meet her at the residence of the same to be presented in due form. Accordingly, they repaired at the proper time to a palatial edifice, where lights and fiddles were making night pleasant. In the ante-chambers was a congregation of youths, one of whom approached and asked for their tickets.

"Tickets? Why, we're the chargé of This and the secretary of That," replied the astonished officials, "who have been requested by Señora Such-a-one to be here at this hour, by arrangement with the lady of the house. Please take up our names."

"Very sorry, indeed, gentlemen, but we have strict orders to admit no one without a ticket, for last night so many *grosseiros* intruded themselves that we were stationed here to stop any one who hasn't his invitation to show."

Expostulation, remonstrance, appeals were all in vain, and the disgusted couple turned their backs upon the inhospitable inn and kicked its dust from their indignant feet. They separated at a corner, where the brightest of moons seemed to be so enjoying their discomfiture that its only male occupant might almost have been descried with twirling thumb on his nose. One of them hastened at once to hide his mortification between his sheets; but before it could be put to sleep a thundering rap

shook the portal and a vehicle drove into the *patio*.

"Señora M——," whispered a servant at his door, "has sent her carriage for your worship, with a thousand apologies for the mistake, and an earnest request that you will return to the *posada*."

"Say that I've gone to bed and am fast asleep, so that you don't like to disturb me;" and some such answer being given, the carriage rumbled off. How could the unlucky man re-dress himself after midnight to reappear at a place where his feelings had been so torn, and face the sniggerings of some, the condolence of others and the remorseful excuses of the mistress? He wondered, however, how she had got wind of the affair so soon, and whether his companion had been more compliant with her wishes than himself. The mystery was explained the next day by that gentleman himself. As he was going home he had met a gentleman who was related to the hostess, and who, being aware that he was to be introduced, expressed astonishment at the *rencontre*. Being informed of the cause, he flew into a fury, and insisted upon

the other turning back and accompanying him to the ball. This was done, and as soon as possible the señora was apprised of the unwitting insult she had inflicted, which she at once hastened to repair.

Those were pleasant days, but, like poor Count Rudolfo, *quei dì non troro più*. The Dantean doctrine, however, that there is no greater grief than memory of bliss in time of misery, is not always true. The mind's eye *will* look back, and as it rests upon green spots basking in sunshine, the brightness thereof is reflected on surrounding gloom, and for the moment all again is light. And if that same eye, when compassed round with darkness, could only be tutored into constant gazing at the beamy past, it might at length almost succeed in renewing the glory and the freshness of the dream. It is a better way, at all events, of taking up arms against a sea of troubles than brandishing broomsticks at billows, like Sydney Smith's immortal dame; who, mayhap, was prompted to the experiment by that confusing metaphor of the Avonian bard.

A FRIENDS' MEETING.

I KNOW all about that meeting. I have sat there First Days and Fourth Days, and appointed meetings, in summer and winter, spring and fall, rain and shine. And that is why I write about it.

This is a changing world (not an original idea of mine), and as I grow older I find but few things I can speak with any certainty about. Some things that once seemed realities are certainly shams now. But dear old Lower Rightland Meeting has never changed, and this little remembrance of it is written not with the expectation of interesting the general reader, but in the hope that

it may come home to some who have been "placed among Friends," and maybe in the midst of business and noise bring a grateful sense of the old quiet and stillness associated with some little country meeting of Friends.

Lower Rightland Meeting-house can claim more antiquity than many fine old steepled churches, for it has stood far into its second century, and still stands in good order, square and unadorned even to ugliness, its great timbers seeming sound to the core. Its green yard lies level around it, fenced on one side and corner with an old-fashioned shed, divided for the horses

to stand each in his own niche, where he was welcome to stamp, back or neigh, or do as well-behaved horses, used to Friends' meetings, generally do—quietly ruminate for an hour or two. On warm days the shed was left mostly unoccupied, the horses being tied under the grateful shade of the trees, where they stamped and whisked and bit lazily at the flies.

The old stove, used until within a very few years, was of rough wrought iron, marked with the maker's long-forgotten name and a date somewhere early in the seventeen hundreds. It was wrought in the early days of stove manufacturing, one might know, while wood was plenty, and notions of airtights and gas-consumers, if working in men's brains, must have been in a very crude state. First, a goodly quantity of shavings and light-wood was carefully put in close to the door; then the great square box crammed with hard wood in sticks that no modern stove could hold: the match was touched to the shavings, the door shut, and we younger ones listened. The turmoil began with a crackling and snapping that grew slowly but surely to a mighty roar; and then how the fire brought out all kinds of rushes and howls from the old iron monster! It blazed away in perfect fury at being so suddenly heated; then, as it spent itself, it would begin to whimper, and at last go to sleep; and, alas! with its sleep the cold would stealthily creep in and close round us, until we dared not doze, fearing it might be the drowsiness which precedes freezing. Sometimes a pair of very squeaky boots, with tiptoeing efforts to go still, would approach old Ironsides and wake him up with a harrowing creak of door hinges and a fresh supply of fuel.

No paint has ever covered the plain bare wood-work inside the house, but age has darkened and beautified it, and brought out the grain and knots and stains, until it is quite a study. The knots were an especial boon to us children: they were pictures. I could point out now a wounded soldier raised

and resting on one arm. To others it was only a small knot with a dark stain spreading away from it on one side, but to me it was a vivid picture, although, like other great pictures, it must be viewed from a proper distance. On the shutters dividing the L from the main house there was an owl, a large dark knot, with two light ones in it for eyes, and the grain of the wood forming the body: Wilson, I thought, had no better owl among his pictures.

The fire and knots, and now and then a tiny mouse—who, attracted by the warmth, and thinking from the stillness there was no one there, would come out of some unexpected crevice (being lean, as church mice run) and frisk a while, all in meeting looking solemn and unconscious of the visitor—were the only outward distractions of the winter season. But spring, summer and autumn had each its aids to draw the young mind away from inward waiting.

The first warm spring day brought out the wasps—from where was a puzzle; but there they were, great, blundering, black, slim-waisted things. Quite harmless they were: they seemed to know the place and their place. Still, when after a great deal of tumbling down, and flying up against the glass again, the one you were watching got fairly started on his wings and struck a bee-line for you, you must dodge.

But the summer sees the meeting-house in its glory. The grass is so green, the locust trees are so shady, the birds sing and talk so incessantly, and all droning and humming things do so congregate there, that it is a luxury to go early and walk down through the burial-ground, now seldom used, but full of green mounds, many of them sunken and the occupants forgotten; but a pleasant place, nevertheless, in which to lay away these mortal garments when done with. The long trails of periwinkle run green and shining over the graves, and to gather great bunches of the pale purple, half-mourning flowers was one of the spring pleasures. How eloquent the birds some-

times were during the silent meetings! No human sound would break the stillness, save now and then a passing carriage, but robin, cat-bird and thrush sang praises after their manner, and quails called and answered through hot summer mornings. Once a hen strayed with her peeping family into the yard from some neighboring farm, and, clucking her way along, mounted the rough stone steps and peeped in, but hurried down again with a prolonged cackle of astonishment, and maybe apology; upon which a little nephew of five years, looking me slyly in the face, remarked in a stage whisper that the hen was preaching.

The old house has galleries, but the space overhead from gallery to gallery has long been covered with boards, for purposes of warmth and snugness, the dozen persons who attended regularly being almost lost on the lower floor. Traditions of times when the whole house was filled are still extant, but in my time, and my father's before me, on only two or three occasions have the boards been taken up and the galleries occupied. Once a noted preacher from "our old home" appointed a meeting there, and I, but a little child, looked almost with awe to see people seated in those unknown regions, which had been a source of wonder and speculation to me so long; and the remembrance of the stately English Friend, as he came in with a bunch of meadow-pride in his hand that made a scarlet gleam in the house, is as fresh with me now as his flowers were then.

The other occasions on which the house was filled were funerals; for there are many old families in the neighborhood whose sons and daughters, although long since fallen away from the faith of their fathers, still wish to be carried to their graves from the old house and after the customs of Friends. So the hard seats would fill up with relatives and neighbors, the coffin would be placed on the plain table kept for the purpose, and after a long, solemn silence some exercised Friend would exhort the assembly; a reference to the

occasion would be made, but seldom with any praise or exalting of the dead; another silence, and the simple service would be over, and the dust would be returned to the dust.

But small as the meeting has been for years, there has seemed (Friends think) to be a providential care that it should not entirely die out: as members died or families removed, others came; so the little scattered handful still meet on First Day and at mid-week meeting, after the old rules. Traveling ministers, who used to appoint meetings, almost invariably preached of the "two or three gathered together," etc. And well there might be only two or three, for the good Friends would attend the larger meetings on First Day, and appoint Monday (or Second Day) forenoon for little Lower Rightland, and all the hard riding o'er hill and dale to give notice could only collect a few zealous meeting-goers on that morning sacred to discomfort and soap-suds. The ministering Friends came from all parts of the land, and we could always tell Western from Eastern visitors at the first sound of their voices. The Eastern meetings were generally small, and although ministers from such meetings might sing-song—or, to use a more modern term, intone—they never reached the powerful, full-voiced efforts of their Western brethren, who were used to addressing large bodies of people, often out of doors. One woman I remember, with a strong and sweet voice, who would sing passage after passage from the Word, almost like recitative in operas.

Sometimes Lower Rightland can boast a minister of its own for a few years: one may settle within its limits, and then the silent meetings are unfrequent, and the little congregation gains here and there one, and flourishes.

Among its dearest remembrances will long be the memory of one of these who spent the last years of his life in its neighborhood; and well may his memory be kept green among his friends. With a cultivated, logical mind and unusual memory, joined to intense relig-

ious feeling and tinged with a poetical imagination, he would have been distinguished as a preacher in any denomination; but he cast his lot with the simple people called Quakers, and walked faithfully with them, humble and unknown save among them until his Lord called, and he gladly entered that land he had so often described as though he had trodden the streets thereof.

Let the morning be ever so beautiful, the birds ever so exultant and noisy, when, after long silence, that tall, frail form stood before us, his head needing only the crown of leaves to look strongly like Dante's, and the first sound of his voice be heard, feeble at first, but as he proceeded growing fuller and deeper until it rang, all other sounds and thoughts were hushed. When the text was, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than a dweller in the tents of wickedness," you saw and felt all the wild freedom of the Arab tent-life: simoon and desert sand passed before you; there gleamed a glimpse of the holy temple, a building with foundation and immovable,—all rather suggested than told in a few grand words. The wonderful visions and images of Daniel and Isaiah and the Apocalypse were among his favorite themes, and,

handled by him, lost their vague and mystical character, becoming indeed the word of God and lessons of instruction. It seemed almost wrong that such satisfying and eloquent sermons should have been heard by so few. All lamentation and denunciation seemed excluded from his thoughts: his call seemed to be, "Arise and shine, for thy light hath come, and the glory of the Lord hath arisen upon thee;" and in weakness of flesh, but such willingness of spirit, he seemed almost to stand on the Mount of Vision, and to see and tell of the glory and nearness and desirableness of heaven, and the love and mercy of the Lord. Yes, keep his memory green, for not oftener than once in a generation falls such a one to the lot of any body of worshippers.

Elia says, "Love the early Quakers;" and the later ones too, say I. They have stood in the front ranks of all reforms. Every peculiarity of dress and address was at some time a needed testimony against some prevailing sin. And we who feel no call to follow the old customs can respect and admire those who do, and dread to see them cast aside as the innovating spirit of the age leads.

Farewell! Let us shake hands and break up the meeting.

TO ATLANTIC CITY BY WAY OF —

WELL, it took two trips to get there, in neither of which did I set out for it. The first was by way of Freehold, by one of the multifarious Jersey railroads, at six o'clock on a January morning! I had some business to transact in relation to a property situated, as it proved, at the southern jumping-off place of that delightful ribbon of sand yclept "Long Beach."

It was desirable that I should visit the property.

This settled, the first thing was to find it. Accordingly, having been first informed that it was at Long Branch, I went to Freehold to locate it by the records there.

A few minutes' examination showed me that I had located nothing but a mistake, and that the place was near the lower end of the coast. I came home again to take a fresh departure, having now got my true bearings, as I supposed.

After resting about six months, to recruit after the feat of getting to Walnut street wharf at such an unearthly time of day, I took a fresh departure.

Some consultations, in the mean time, with the *Gazetteer* and the *Atlas*, had shown me that my sandbank was in Ocean county, the county-seat whereof was a town bearing the euphonious title of "Tom's River."

This time, warned by harsh experience, I didn't start so early, but stepped on the train at a Christian hour on a summer morning, to search along the line of the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad for Tom's River.

I confess I had some misgivings, after the train started, whether I should not find another mistake and land at the Delaware Bay end of the route; but at last the conductor roared something which sounded like "Manchester;" and this being the name on my ticket, I got out with my impedimenta: viz., a valise and a ten-year-old boy, the latter taken along to prevent him from getting into mischief at home during my absence.

Manchester is an interesting town, or was at that time.

It consisted of a long platform alongside the track; I think two frame houses; a road crossing the track and leading from somewhere to Tom's River; two fences; a patch of scrubby woods; an ocean of sand; a down-pouring flood of the hottest kind of sunshine; and a Jersey wagon, with two rugged Jersey ponies, to take us to Tom's River, if the three of us who wished to go would pay the fare of a full load. As it is one of the strong points of my character never to be headed off by the question of expense—when somebody else is going to pay it—we were soon under way.

On arriving at the town, I immediately went, in my sandy condition, to the clerk's office to look up my sandbank. . . .

There was no use in getting angry: it was not the clerk's fault, and I had to set Willie an example of dignified composure; but that sandbank had been removed into Gloucester county, and Tom's River was of no use, after all!

As my errand was to see the property, it was manifestly desirable that I should start for it as soon as possible, lest it might be shifted to some other county before I could reach it.

The question was, How? There was no public conveyance by land, and Tom's River ran in the wrong direction.

The question was solved by finding a person going down to Manahawkin, who agreed to take me and my impedimenta there that afternoon, and the next day to Tuckerton, the nearest known point to my destination.

After dinner a small Rockaway wagon, meant to carry two, with a brisk, alive-looking horse and driver, came up, and we started off—driver and I on the seat, Willie and valise on the floor, scattered promiscuously among our legs.

I know it is the proper thing, on such occasions, for the intelligent traveler to open conversation with the driver and pump him remorselessly; but unfortunately I have a gift of silence at such times, and indeed at all times when I have nothing particular to say. Besides, when traveling through a new country I am more disposed to look at it than to chatter.

Being, however, professionally a respecter of precedents, I did my best to be proper on this occasion.

I did not succeed very well: the driver, though he answered my questions and remarks civilly and intelligently, confined himself pretty much to answers, and to postponing, on various pretexts, the realization of a wild hope Willie had indulged of being allowed to drive.

I started a great many subjects I did not understand, and asked a multitude of questions concerning matters I cared nothing about, that I might not have to reproach myself in after life with any failure in the proprieties; but I had small success until, as we drew near to Manahawkin (I spell by sound: the orthography of small towns on the Jersey coast is somewhat loose), I caught the first glimpse of Barnegat Bay stretching along the sky-line.

It sent a thrill through me, as the first

sight of blue water always does, and I talked "boat" to him.

This loosened his tongue, and we got along swimmingly.

My knowledge in nautical matters is entirely theoretical, and therefore perfectly accurate and thorough. So we kept up a steady stream of talk about sailing and surf-riding, and the merits of various ways of rigging and building boats, until we reached the village.

I talked so learnedly, and kept all the sea-terms I could remember in such brisk motion, that I am persuaded my young friend is in doubt to this day whether the stranger he drove to Manahawkin was not some old sea-dog in disguise.

It was nearly dark when we arrived at the quaint, old-fashioned tavern.

Having rather vague information as to the exact locality and boundaries of my sandbank, I made a few inquiries of some of the villagers who had lounged over to the tavern-porch to smoke and while away the time.

I found that they knew a good deal about it, and were immediately seized with the idea that I had the property for sale. I could not disabuse them of this notion, and was treated to a great deal of information as to who wanted it most in Tuckerton, and what they would give for it, and how much it was worth. The last two items I discovered, when I reached Tuckerton, to have undergone considerable diminution.

I learned, however, that a man about two miles out in the country could tell me all about the property, having been one of certain trustees appointed to make partition of a large tract of which this was part.

Convinced that my perplexities were at an end, I made arrangements to be driven over to this person's early in the morning, before starting for Tuckerton. Willie had also made private arrangements with the stout landlord, who had taken a fancy to him, for the loan of a saddle-horse.

I had some doubts as to whether he and his horse—which was a mare—would reach their destination together,

as his knowledge of riding, like mine in nautical matters, was theoretical only. But I knew he was not afraid of anything but Latin, and the little mare was warranted not to be given to having misunderstandings with her riders; so I left him to his own devices, while resolving to keep an eye on him.

We were off by five o'clock. It was a glorious morning—the sky clear, the air dewy and cool and the mosquitos reported as farther down, except perhaps "a chance few" in a huckleberry swamp which lay on the road to my solver of difficulties. It was arranged, however, that they were not to be very lively so early in the morning.

We in the wagon trotted quietly along: Willie followed, mostly at a walk, but breaking, at intervals, into spasmodic bursts of cantering to catch up. He had received the impression, common to theoretical riders on their first attempts at *trotting*, that the little mare was extremely rough!

When we got fairly upon the causeway that led through the swamp, I received an impression that Jersey ideas of few and lively, as applied to mosquitos, differed materially from my own.

The air was thick with the singing pests, and they charged on us in hordes.

The driver bore it stoically, but my town cuticle was not tough enough for this.

They were entirely ignorant of the laws of civilized warfare, for though I kept a white handkerchief waving as a flag of truce all the way through, their attacks were not suspended for a moment.

When we had left the enemy behind, and I could turn my attention to something besides my own sufferings, I looked around for Willie, who should, about that time, have been coming up at a canter.

Not seeing him, I stopped and called him—rather mildly, for fear the mosquitos might hear and come out of their entrenchments after me—but received no answer.

Going back nearly half a mile, I found him anxiously looking for me,

while engaged in a controversy with the mare, who was making idiotic attempts to back herself off the causeway into three feet deep of black swamp-water. She had succumbed to the mosquitos, and wanted to go home; but, plucky to the last, the boy kept her head determinedly the other way, and she was trying to effect a compromise.

Mounting her myself, I persuaded her, after a brief argument, of the necessity of going forward, and we reached our destination without further interruption.

My solver of difficulties proved to be the wrong man! It was somebody else, of the same name, living in a remote part of the State, who had acted in the matter!

Another mistake, and that fearful swamp to go through again!

This time I put the driver on horse-back, took Willie into the wagon with me, and, driving as John Gilpin rode, ran the gauntlet back to the tavern without serious loss of blood.

The drive, afterward, to Tuckerton was pleasant enough.

We stopped a short time to rest and water our horse, and then set out to find the tax-collector, with whom I had to settle some delinquent taxes. By a natural sequence of events in this trip of mistakes, he proved to be *not* the collector: his term had just expired, and his accounts had been handed over to his successor, who lived some three miles off in another direction.

I determined to have that collector or sacrifice the landlord's horse in the chase, and make my client pay for him. My naturally amiable and much enduring temper had given way, and I was wroth. I smiled therefore, benignantly on the driver, and placidly requested him to drive on.

It was as hot as—as South Jersey; and we rejoiced exceedingly as we came in sight of a patch of woodland, which promised shade.

As we entered it jubilantly, we undoubtedly found the shade: we also found something else which was not promised—the green fly.

This thing, ironically called a *fly*, is a monster about the size and shape of a "yellow-jacket;" green as a dragon and bloodthirsty as a leech: he has the faculty of persistence to a degree that would be invaluable if he would only exercise it in keeping out of the way; he is utterly obtuse to hints that he is not wanted; there is no "shoo"-ing him; he won't let go until he is knocked off or pulled off; he will draw blood from the toughest hide of horse or ox; and if he can't find room on the horse, he will settle on the harness and try to draw blood from that.

Through much tribulation we drove up to the collector's house: it was a pretty cottage, embowered in trees, looking delightfully cool and quiet, but with every door and window stopped by mosquito-bars.

This time the collector *was* the collector, but he was somewhere "out on the place," and had to be sent for.

Coming out of the house, I found Willie, with a stout stick in his hand, trying to be all around, under and over the horse at once, in fierce battle with the flies. It tasked the efforts of both of us to keep the number down sufficiently to give each one a fair chance for his drop of blood.

After settling with the collector, and learning that the property had *not* been sold for the taxes, on which point a fear had haunted me all along, we drove back as fast as possible to Tuckerton.

I found it a very pretty town, when I had time to look at it: it contained two elements in which Manchester was deficient—viz., houses and trees. The houses were generally clean, fresh and comfortable-looking, and the trees were numerous.

But if the interest in my business was lively at Manahawkin, it was, so to speak, ferocious in Tuckerton. Despite my protestations, it was settled that I had the property for sale, and I heard of any number of persons who wanted to buy my sandbank or portions of it. One would buy to keep somebody else from buying, and a third to forestall both the others.

I think there would have been some lively bidding if I could have put it up at auction on the spot.

As my visit to Tuckerton was for the express purpose of going over to the "Beach" and taking a personal survey of the premises, I made inquiry as to passage, and to my dismay and the intense disgust of Willie—whose crowning ambition was to see the ocean—was informed that no passage could be had. Nobody had any boat larger than a skiff, the wind was high and promised to remain so, and they would not risk their boats in the rough water. If I would stay a day or two longer, Captain Ase Horner would be there with his sloop, which was warranted to stand any sea the bay could get up.

I could not wait for Captain Ase's sloop, however, and concluded to come home the next day.

I had my choice between a stage-ride of some nineteen miles to a railroad station, or a voyage down Barnegat Bay to Atlantic City in a chicken-boat, which was to start at six o'clock the next morning. As I had served an apprenticeship to stage-riding, had never sailed in a chicken-boat, and had never seen Atlantic City, I decided upon the latter plan, much to Willie's delight.

Prompt to the hour, next morning, we were on board the boat. I was agreeably disappointed in her. Instead of the clumsy market-tub I had expected, I found a large, roomy, sharp-bowed boat, cat-rigged, with an immense mainsail, and looking, altogether, as if she meant business.

She lay in the narrow creek leading from Tuckerton to the bay, with her cargo of chicken-coops full of live-stock snugly stowed away amidships, but leaving plenty of room for skipper, crew and passengers. The crew consisted of the skipper's son, and the passengers of myself, Willie and a lady of the "Irish help" persuasion, who was going to Atlantic City—I suppose to torment some unhappy housekeeper there.

The creek was too narrow for sailing,

even if there had been any wind, and as crooked as the little old street in Paris which Pynnshurst tells about. There was no earthly reason, that I could see, why it should be so crooked, for the whole country was as level as a billiard-table, without the semblance of a hill to give an excuse for winding.

We poled laboriously along until near the bay, where the stream widened: then we caught the sea-breeze blowing fresh and strong, and soon shot out into the bay, where we found the breeze, by this time quite stiff, blowing north, directly in the teeth of our course.

The boat's head was laid close to the wind, and she showed what was in her gloriously. Close-hauled as she was, she thrashed along like a race-horse, obeying every touch of the helm as a well-trained horse obeys the rein. As the skipper said, in answer to a remark in praise of her qualities, she could "do anything but talk."

I forgot all perplexities and rebuffs in this new and exhilarating experience of travel.

I forgot also for a while that we should have to beat the whole way down.

Just now it was all enjoyment. I stood at the bow beside the mast, while Willie sat near the stern trailing a fishing-line through the water. He had provided himself with tackle before we started, in the wild expectation of bringing home a mess of sea-bass or porgies: I don't think he would have been surprised if he had hooked a porpoise.

He had been so engrossed in preparing his tackle that he had forgotten all about bait. His distress was sore, but a bright idea struck me: I twitched a feather from a hen's tail (taking a mean advantage of her captivity), stuck it on the hook and told him to try it.

He did try it, faithfully. He kept that feather skipping along the water for nearly the whole of the seven hours we were on the passage, without finding a solitary fish fool enough to come near it. He came to the conclusion that sea fish don't care for artificial flies.

We had not made many of our long tacks before I found that the speed of

the boat was seriously diminished. She was dragging laboriously along as if tired.

The skipper said the water was shallow. Upon looking over the side I saw no reason to doubt the assertion, for the boat's bilge was evidently smoothing out the soft mud at the bottom.

We ploughed along in this way for several miles, the skipper trying various experimental tacks in search of deeper water, until, seeing a larger boat than his own some distance off, he discovered that he was out of the channel, such as it was. We changed our course promptly, heading for the other boat, and in about five minutes made another discovery. The boat was wedged fast in a mudbank!

There was nothing for it but to push her off again and try back, and we went at it, the two boatmen with the setting-poles and I with a piece of board. It was some time before we could stir her: the poles *would* bend and spring; but at last, giving my genius full play, I fixed the end of my board firmly on the bottom, well under the boat's quarter, got the men posted, with their poles, on the opposite side of the bow, gave the word and with a dextrous wrench of my board, made successful by Willie's herculean strength, we twisted her scientifically out of her muddy bed and were afloat again.

There is a small Sargasso Sea in Barnegat Bay. They call it "Grassy Bay." The bottom and the top thereof are extremely near each other. At low tide, I believe the bottom is uppermost. At other times the space between is filled up with long grass, which streams gracefully along the surface of the water, but is not conducive to the speed of boats passing through it.

Somewhere about the middle of this Sargasso Sea, as we were sliding deliberately through it, our crew suddenly sang out, "There's a shirk!"

As I had heard such alarms before, when the shark turned out to be a sturgeon, I looked forward, in the direction in which he was pointing, rather listlessly. But sure enough, moving

slowly across the bow, not ten feet off, I saw the high triangular dorsal fin. While I was debating with myself the propriety of trying a pistol shot at the base of the fin, the shark suddenly humped his back, made a dart forward, threw his long flexible tail into the air with a vicious slash, and disappeared. Judging from what I saw of him, he must have been nearly eight feet long. How he found water deep enough to get out of sight in I don't understand.

We left Grassy Bay at last, and for the rest of the voyage had deep water. Our boat, released from the drag, let out her full speed again, and went along, now on this tack, now on that, her sharp nose feeling for the wind on either side, rising and falling on the tiny billows, throwing inboard diamond showers of spray-drops, helm down, sail sheeted well home, the lee gunwale-board half under water (rather to the discomposure of the lady passenger), Willie, skipper and I on the weather gunwale acting as outriggers.

At about one o'clock we ran into a small inlet, the sail was lowered, and we were at the journey's end. That is, the boat was; for there was a good mile of waste sand for her passengers to travel over before reaching the "City by the Sea."

Dusty, sun-burned and tired, we prospected around for some time before we found a resting-place. After dinner, having a little time to spare, we went down to the beach—Willie to make his first acquaintance with the ocean, I to renew one long interrupted.

I could not help wishing that the city was a little nearer to the sea, or that there was less sand between them. I never saw so much sand together in all my life. It was deep in the street, it was in the gardens, over the fences, heaped up into drifts like snow, and as white, glaring insufferably in the sunlight; but when we stood upon the beach the old thrill came over me in full power. There was the long reach of tawny sand, solid as a stone floor, stretching interminably along, fringed with the pounding breakers, the long lines of surf

rushing up in broken columns, and beyond, with the white caps flashing all over it, the vastness of the sea.

There is something appalling to me in this vastness, and in the thought of the multitudinous life concealed within it. There is such an enormous quantity of both, and such a very minute quantity of me in comparison.

Willie was completely sobered and subdued—a wonderful thing for him. He wandered off alone down the beach, every faculty absorbed in the immensity before him. I would give something to know what thoughts were at work in

his ten-year-old brain, as he paced slowly down, his little slim form growing smaller and smaller in the distance.

He was heading straight for Cape May, and, for anything I know, would have walked on till he got there, if the glamour on my own spirit had not been broken by the recollection of train-time. After a long chase—for I could not make him hear me—I brought him back, we took the train for the Quaker City, and in good time reached home, without having caught a glimpse of the place I had made the journey expressly to see.

A. G. PENN.

FORBIDDEN.

WHEN skies are starless, yet when day is done,
When odors of the freshened sward are sweeter,
When light is dreamy round the sunken sun,
At limit of the grassy lane I meet her.

She steals a pearly hand across the gate:
My own its timid touch an instant flatters:
Below the glooming leaves we linger late,
And gossip of a thousand airy matters.

I gladden that the hay is stored with luck;
I smile to hear the pumpkin-bed is turning;
I mourn the lameness of her speckled duck;
I marvel at the triumphs of her churning.

From cow to cabbage, and from horse to hen,
I treat bucolics with my rustic charmer:
At heart the most unpastoral of men,
Converted by this dainty little farmer.

And yet if one soft syllable I chance,
As late below the glooming leaves we linger,
The pretty veto sparkles in her glance,
And cautions in her white uplifted finger.

O happy tryst at blossom-time of stars!
O moments when the glad blood thrills and quickens!
O all-inviolable gateway-bars!
O Vesta of the milking-pails and chickens!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVI.

SIR HARRY'S RETURN.

SIR HARRY received the grandly-worded and indignant letter which had been written at the club, and Cousin George hesitated as to that other letter which his friend was to dictate for him. Consequently it became necessary that Sir Harry should leave London before the matter was settled. In truth, the old baronet liked the grandly-worded and indignant letter. It was almost such a letter as a Hotspur should write on such an occasion. There was an admission of pecuniary weakness which did not quite become a Hotspur, but otherwise the letter was a good letter. Before he left London he took the letter with him to Mr. Boltby, and on his way thither could not refrain from counting up all the good things which would befall him and his if only this young man might be reclaimed and recast in a mould such as should fit the heir of the Hotspurs. He had been very bad—so bad that when Sir Harry counted up his sins they seemed to be as black as night. And then, as he thought of them, the father would declare to himself that he would not imperil his daughter by trusting her to one who had shown himself to be so evil. But again another mode of looking at it all would come upon him. The kind of vice of which George had been undoubtedly guilty was very distasteful to Sir Harry: it had been ignoble and ungentlemanlike vice. He had been a liar, and not only a gambler, but a professional gambler. He had not simply got into debt, but he had got into debt in a fashion that was fraudulent; so at least Sir Harry thought. And yet need it be said that this reprobate was beyond the reach of all forgiveness? Had not men before him done as bad, and yet

were brought back within the pale of decent life? In this still vacillating mood of mind Sir Harry reached his lawyer's. Mr. Boltby did not vacillate at all. When he was shown the letter he merely smiled.

"I don't think it is a bad letter," said Sir Harry.

"Words mean so little, Sir Harry," said Mr. Boltby, "and come so cheap."

Sir Harry turned the letter over in his hand and frowned: he did not quite like to be told even by his confidential lawyer that he was mistaken. Unconsciously he was telling himself that after all George Hotspur had been born a gentleman, and that therefore underlying all the young man's vileness and villainy there must be a substratum of noble soil of which the lawyer perhaps knew nothing. Mr. Boltby saw that his client was doubting, and having given much trouble to the matter, and not being afraid of Sir Harry, he determined to speak his mind freely.

"Sir Harry," he said, "in this matter I must tell you what I really think."

"Certainly."

"I am sorry to have to speak ill of one bearing your name, and were not the matter urgent as it is, I should probably repress something of my opinion. As it is, I do not dare to do so. You could not in all London find a man less fit to be the husband of Miss Hotspur than her cousin."

"He is a gentleman—by birth," said Sir Harry.

"He is an unprincipled blackguard by education, and the more blackguard because of his birth: there is nothing too bad for him to do, and very little so bad but what he has done it. He is a gambler, a swindler, and, as I believe, a forger and a card-sharper. He has lived upon the wages of the woman he has professed to love. He has shown

himself to be utterly spiritless, abominable and vile. If my clerk in the next room were to slap his face, I do not believe that he would resent it." Sir Harry frowned and moved his feet rapidly on the floor. "In my thorough respect and regard for you, Sir Harry," continued Mr. Boltby, "I have undertaken a work which I would not have done for above two or three other men in the world besides yourself. I am bound to tell you the result, which is this—that I would sooner give my own girl to the sweeper at the crossing than to George Hotspur."

Sir Harry's brow was very black. Perhaps he had not quite known his lawyer. Perhaps it was that he had less power of endurance than he had himself thought in regard to the mention of his own family affairs. "Of course," he said, "I am greatly indebted to you, Mr. Boltby, for the trouble you have taken."

"I only hope it may be of service to you."

"It has been of service. What may be the result in regard to this unfortunate young man, I cannot yet say. He has refused our offer—I must say as I think—honorably."

"It means nothing."

"How nothing, Mr. Boltby?"

"No man accepts such a bargain at first. He is playing his hand against yours, Sir Harry, and he knows that he has got a very good card in his own. It was not to be supposed that he would give in at once. In besieging a town the surest way is to starve the garrison. Wait a while and he will give in. When a town has within its walls such vultures as will now settle upon him, it cannot stand out very long. I shall hear more of him before many days are over."

"You think, then, that I may return to Humblethwaite."

"Certainly, Sir Harry; but I hope, Sir Harry, that you will return with the settled conviction on your mind that this young man must not on any consideration be allowed to enter your family."

The lawyer meant well, but he overdid his work. Sir Harry got up and shook hands with him and thanked him, but left the room with some sense of offence. He had come to Mr. Boltby for information, and he had received it. But he was not quite sure that he had intended that Mr. Boltby should advise him touching his management of his own daughter. Mr. Boltby, he thought, had gone a little beyond his tether. Sir Harry acknowledged to himself that he had learned a great deal about his cousin, and it was for him to judge after that whether he would receive his cousin at Humblethwaite. Mr. Boltby should not have spoken about the crossing sweeper. And then Sir Harry was not quite sure that he liked that idea of setting vultures upon a man, and Sir Harry remembered something of his old lore as a hunting man. It is astonishing what blood will do in bringing a horse through mud at the end of a long day. Mr. Boltby probably did not understand how much, at the very last, might be expected from breeding. When Sir Harry left Mr. Boltby's chambers he was almost better-minded toward Cousin George than he had been when he entered them; and in this frame of mind, both for and against the young man, he returned to Humblethwaite. It must not be supposed, however, that as the result of the whole he was prepared to yield. He knew, beyond all doubt, that his cousin was thoroughly a bad subject—a worthless, and, as he believed, an irredeemable scamp; but yet he thought of what might happen if he were to yield!

Things were very sombre when he reached Humblethwaite. Of course his wife could not refrain from questions.

"It is very bad," he said—"as bad as can be."

"He has gambled?"

"Gambled! If that were all! You had better not ask about it: he is a disgrace to the family."

"Then there can be no hope for Emily?"

"No hope! Why should there not be hope? All her life need not depend

on her fancy for a man of whom, after all, she has not seen so very much. She must get over it. Other girls have had to do the same."

"She is not like other girls, Harry."

"How not like them?"

"I think she is more persistent: she has set her heart upon loving this young man, and she will love him."

"Then she must."

"She will break her heart," said Lady Elizabeth.

"She will break mine, I know," said Sir Harry.

When he met his daughter he had embraced her, and she had kissed him and asked after his welfare; but he felt at once that she was different from what she used to be—different not only as regarded herself, but different also in her manner. There came upon him a sad, ponderous conviction that the sunlight had gone out from their joint lives, that all pleasant things were over for both of them, and that as for him it would be well for him that he should die. He could not be happy if there were discord between him and his child; and there must be discord. The man had been invited with a price to take himself off, and had not been sufficiently ignoble to accept the offer. How could he avoid the discord, and bring back the warmth of the sun into his house? Then he remembered those terribly forcible epithets which Mr. Boltby had spoken. "He is an unprincipled blackguard; and the worse blackguard because of his birth." The words had made Sir Harry angry, but he believed them to be true. If there were to be any yielding he would not yield as yet; but that living in his house without sunshine was very grievous to him. "She will kill me," he said to himself, "if she goes on like this."

And yet it was hard to say of what it was that he complained. Days went by, and his daughter said nothing and did nothing of which he could complain. It was simply this—that the sunshine was no longer bright within his halls. Days went by, and George Hotspur's name had never been spoken by Emily

in the hearing of her father or mother. Such duties as there were for her to do were done. The active duties of a girl in her position are very few. It was her custom of a morning to spread butter on a bit of toast for her father to eat. This she still did, and brought it to him as was her wont, but she did not bring it with her old manner. It was a thing still done—simply because not to do it would be an omission to be remarked. "Never mind it," said her father the fourth or fifth morning after his return, "I'd sooner do it for myself." She did not say a word, but on the next morning the little ceremony, which had once been so full of pleasant affection, was discontinued. She had certain hours of reading, and these were prolonged rather than abandoned. But both her father and mother perceived that her books were changed; her Italian was given up, and she took to works of religion—sermons, treatises and long commentaries.

"It will kill me," said Sir Harry to his wife.

"I am afraid it will kill her," said Lady Elizabeth. "Do you see how her color has gone, and she eats so little!"

"She walks every day."

"Yes, and comes in so tired. And she goes to church every Wednesday and Friday at Hesketh. I'm sure she is not fit for it in such weather as this."

"She has the carriage."

"No, she walks."

Then Sir Harry gave orders that his daughter should always have the carriage on Wednesdays and Fridays. But Emily, when her mother told her this, insisted that she would sooner walk.

But what did the carriage or no carriage on Wednesday signify? The trouble was deeper than that. It was so deep that both father and mother felt that something must be done or the trouble would become too heavy for their backs. Ten days passed, and nothing was heard either from Mr. Boltby or from Cousin George. Sir Harry hardly knew what it was that he expected to hear, but it seemed that he did expect something. He was nervous at the hour of post, and

was aware himself that he was existing on from day to day with the idea of soon doing some special thing—he knew not what, but something that might put an end to the frightful condition of estrangement between him and his child in which he was now living. It told even upon his duty among his tenants. It told upon his farm. It told upon almost every workman in the parish. He had no heart for doing anything. It did not seem certain to him that he could continue to live in his own house. He could not bring himself to order that this wood should be cut or that those projected cottages should be built. Everything was at a standstill; and it was clear to him that Emily knew that all this had come from her rash love for her cousin George. She never now came and stood at his elbow in his own room or leaned upon his shoulder: she never now asked him questions, or brought him out from his papers to decide questions in the garden, or rather to allow himself to be ruled by her decisions. There were greetings between them morning and evening, and questions were asked and answered formally, but there was no conversation.

"What have I done that I should be punished in this way?" said Sir Harry to himself.

If he was prompt to think himself hardly used, so also was his daughter. In considering the matter in her own mind, she had found it to be her duty to obey her father in her outward conduct, founding her convictions in this matter upon precedent and upon the general convictions of the world. In the matter of bestowing herself upon a suitor a girl is held to be subject to her parents. So much she knew, or believed that she knew, and therefore she would obey. She had read and heard of girls who would correspond with their lovers clandestinely, would run away with their lovers, would marry their lovers as it were behind their fathers' backs. No act of this kind would she do. She had something within her which would make it dreadful to her ever to have to admit that

she had been personally wrong—some mixture of pride and principle which was strong enough to keep her steadfast in her promised obedience. She would do nothing that could be thrown in her teeth, nothing that could be called unfeminine, indelicate or undutiful. But she had high ideas of what was due to herself, and conceived that she would be wronged by her father should her father take advantage of her sense of duty to crush her heart. She had her own rights and her own privileges, with which grievous and cruel interference would be made should her father, because he was her father, rob her of the only thing which was sweet to her taste or desirable in her esteem. Because she was his heiress he had no right to make her his slave. But even should he do so, she had in her own hands a certain security. The bondage of a slave no doubt he might allot to her, but not the task-work. Because she would cling to her duty and keep the promise which she had made to him, it would be in his power to prevent the marriage upon which she had set her heart; but it was not within his power or within his privilege as a father to force upon her any other marriage. She would never help him with her hand in that adjustment of his property of which he thought so much, unless he would help her in her love. And in the mean time sunshine should be banished from the house—such sunshine as had shone round her head. She did not so esteem herself as to suppose that because she was sad therefore her father and mother would be wretched, but she did feel herself bound to contribute to the house in general all the wretchedness which might come from her own want of sunlight. She suffered under a terrible feeling of ill-usage. Why was she, because she was a girl and an heiress, to be debarred from her own happiness? If she were willing to risk herself, why should others interfere? And if the life and conduct of her cousin were in truth so bad as they were represented—which she did

not in the least believe—why had he been allowed to come within her reach? It was not only that he was young, clever, handsome and in every way attractive, but that, in addition to all this, he was a Hotspur and would some day be the head of the Hotspurs. Her father had known well enough that her family pride was equal to his own. Was it not natural that when a man so endowed had come in her way, she should learn to love him? And when she had loved him, was it not right that she should cling to her love?

Her father would fain treat her like a beast of burden kept in the stables for a purpose, or like a dog, whose obedience and affections might be transferred from one master to another for a price. She would obey her father, but her father should be made to understand that hers was not the nature of a beast of burden or of a dog. She was a Hotspur as thoroughly as was he. And then they brought men there to her, selected suitors, whom she despised. What did they think of her when imagining that she would take a husband not of her own choosing? What must be their idea of love, and of marriage duty, and of that close intercourse of man and wife? To her feeling a woman should not marry at all unless she could so love a man as to acknowledge to herself that she was imperatively required to sacrifice all that belonged to her for his welfare and good. Such was her love for George Hotspur, let him be what he might. They told her that he was bad and that he would drag her into the mud. She was willing to be dragged into the mud, or, at any rate, to make her own struggle during the dragging as to whether he should drag her in or she should drag him out.

And then they brought men to her, walking-sticks—Lord Alfred and young Mr. Thoresby—and insulted her by supposing of her that she would marry a man simply because he was brought there as a fitting husband. She would be dutiful and obedient as a daughter, according to her idea of duty and of

principle, but she would let them know that she had an identity of her own, and that she was not to be moulded like a piece of clay.

No doubt she was hard upon her father. No doubt she was in very truth disobedient and disrespectful. It was not that she should have married any Lord Alfred that was brought to her, but that she should have struggled to accommodate her spirit to her father's spirit. But she was a Hotspur, and though she could be generous, she could not yield. And then the hold of a child upon the father is so much stronger than that of the father on the child! Our eyes are set in our face, and are always turned forward. The glances that we cast back are but occasional.

And so the sunshine was banished from the house of Humblethwaite, and the days were as black as the night.

CHAPTER XVII.

"LET US TRY."

THINGS went on thus at Humblethwaite for three weeks, and Sir Harry began to feel that he could endure it no longer. He had expected to have heard again from Mr. Boltby, but no letter had come. Mr. Boltby had suggested to him something of starving out the town, and he had expected to be informed before this whether the town were starved out or not. He had received an indignant and grandiloquent letter from his cousin, of which as yet he had taken no notice. He had taken no notice of the letter, although it had been written to decline a proposal of very great moment made by himself. He felt that in these circumstances Mr. Boltby ought to have written to him. He ought to have been told what was being done. And yet he had left Mr. Boltby with a feeling which made it distasteful to him to ask further questions from the lawyer on the subject. Altogether, his position was one as disagreeable and painful as it well could be.

But at last, in regard to his own private life with his daughter, he could bear it no longer. The tenderness of his heart was too much for his pride, and he broke down in his resolution to be stern and silent with her till all this should have passed by them. She was so much more to him than he was to her. She was his all in all, whereas Cousin George was hers. He was the happier, at any rate, in this, that he would never be forced to despise where he loved.

"Emily," he said to her at last, "why is it that you are so changed to me?"

"Papa!"

"Are you not changed? Do you not know that everything about the house is changed?"

"Yes, papa."

"And why is it so? I do not keep away from you. You used to come to me every day. You never come near me now."

She hesitated for a moment with her eyes turned to the ground, and then as she answered him she looked him full in the face: "It is because I am always thinking of my cousin George."

"But why should that keep us apart, Emily? I wish that it were not so, but why should that keep us apart?"

"Because you are thinking of him too, and think so differently. You hate him, but I love him."

"I do not hate him. It is not that I hate him. I hate his vices."

"So do I."

"I know that he is not a fit man for you to marry. I have not been able to tell you the things that I know of him."

"I do not wish to be told."

"But you might believe me when I assure you that they are of a nature to make you change your feelings toward him. At this very moment he is attached to—to—another person."

Emily Hotspur blushed up to her brows, and her cheeks and forehead were suffused with blood, but her mouth was set as firm as a rock; and then came that curl over her eye which her father had so dearly loved when she

was a child, but which was now held by him to be so dangerous. She was not going to be talked out of her love in that way. Of course there had been things—were things—of which she knew nothing and desired to know nothing. Though she herself was as pure as the driven snow, she did not require to be told that there were impurities in the world. If it was meant to be insinuated that he was untrue to her, she simply disbelieved it. But what if he were? His untruth would not justify hers. And untruth was impossible to her. She loved him, and had told him so. Let him be ever so false, it was for her to bring him back to truth or to spend herself in the endeavor. Her father did not understand her at all when he talked to her after this fashion. But she said nothing. Her father was alluding to a matter on which she could say nothing.

"If I could explain, to you the way in which he has raised money for his daily needs, you would feel that he had degraded himself beneath your notice."

"He cannot degrade himself beneath my notice—not now. It is too late."

"But, Emily, do you mean to say, then, that, let you set your affections where you might—however wrongly, on however base an object—your mamma and I ought to yield to them, merely because they are so set?"

"He is your heir, papa."

"No, you are my heir. But I will not argue upon that. Grant that he were my heir, even though every acre that is mine must go to feed his wickedness the very moment that I die, would that be a reason for giving my child to him also? Do you think that you are no more to me than the acres, or the house, or the empty title? They are all nothing to my love for you."

"Papa!"

"I do not think that you have known it. Nay, darling, I have hardly known it myself. All other anxieties have ceased with me, now that I have come to know what it really is to be anxious for you. Do you think that I would not abandon any consideration as to wealth

or family for your happiness? It has come to that with me, Emily, that they are nothing to me now—nothing. You are everything."

"Dear papa!" And now once again she leant upon his shoulder.

"When I tell you of the young man's life, you will not listen to me. You regard it simply as groundless opposition."

"No, papa, not groundless — only useless."

"But am I not bound to see that my girl be not united to a man who would disgrace her, misuse her, drag her into the dirt"—that idea of dragging George out was strong in Emily's mind as she listened to this—"make her wretched and contemptible, and degrade her? Surely this is a father's duty; and my child should not turn from me, and almost refuse to speak to me because I do it as best I can."

"I do not turn from you, papa."

"Has my darling been to me as she used to be?"

"Look here, papa: you know what it is I have promised you."

"I do, dearest."

"I will keep my promise. I will never marry him till you consent. Even though I were to see him every day for ten years, I would not do so when I had given my word."

"I am sure of it, Emily."

"But let us try, you and I and mamma together. If you will do that, oh I will be so good to you! Let us see if we cannot make him good. I will never ask to marry him till you yourself are satisfied that he has reformed." She looked into his face imploringly, and she saw that he was vacillating. And yet he was a strong man, not given in ordinary things to much doubt. "Papa, let us understand each other and be friends. If we do not trust each other, who can trust any one?"

"I do trust you."

"I shall never care for any one else."

"Do not say that, my child. You are too young to know your own heart. These are wounds which time will cure.

Others have suffered as you are suffering, and yet have become happy wives and mothers."

"Papa, I shall never change. I think I love him more because he is—so weak. Like a poor child that is a cripple, he wants more love than those who are strong. I shall never change. And look here, papa: I know it is my duty to obey you by not marrying without your consent. But it can never be my duty to marry any one because you or mamma ask me. You will agree to that, papa?"

"I should never think of pressing any one on you."

"That is what I mean. And so we do understand each other. Nothing can teach me not to think of him, and to love him, and to pray for him. As long as I live I shall do so. Nothing you can find out about him will alter me in that. Pray, pray do not go on finding out bad things. Find out something good, and then you will begin to love him."

"But if there is nothing good?" Sir Harry, as he said this, remembered the indignant refusal of his offer which was at that moment in his pocket, and confessed to himself that he had no right to say that nothing good could be found in Cousin George.

"Do not say that, papa. How can you say that of any one? Remember, he has our name, and he must some day be the head of our family."

"It will not be long first," said Sir Harry, mournfully.

"Many, many, many years, I hope. For his sake, as well as ours, I pray that it may be so. But still it is natural to suppose that the day will come."

"Of course it will come."

"Must it not be right, then, to make him fit for it when it comes? It can't be your great duty to think of him as it is mine, but still it must be a duty to you too. I will not excuse his life, papa, but have there not been temptations, such great temptations? And then, other men are excused for doing what he has done. Let us try together, papa. Say that you will try."

It was clear to Sir Harry through it all that she knew nothing as yet of the nature of the man's offences. When she spoke of temptation not resisted, she was still thinking of commonplace extravagance, of the ordinary pleasures of fast young men, of race-courses, and betting, perhaps, and of tailors' bills. That lie which he had told about Goodwood she had, as it were, thrown behind her, so that she should not be forced to look at it. But Sir Harry knew him to be steeped in dirty lies up to the lip—one who cheated tradesmen on system, a gambler who looked out for victims, a creature so mean that he could take a woman's money! Mr. Boltby had called him a swindler, a card-sharper and a cur; and Sir Harry, though he was inclined at the present moment to be angry with Mr. Boltby, had never known the lawyer to be wrong. And this was the man for whom his daughter was pleading with all the young enthusiasm of her nature—was pleading, not as for a cousin, but in order that he might at last be welcomed to that house as her lover, her husband, the one human being chosen out from all the world to be the recipient of the good things of which she had the bestowal! The man was so foul in the estimation of Sir Harry that it was a stain to be in his presence; and this was the man whom he as a father was implored to help to save, in order that at some future time his daughter might become the reprobate's wife!

"Papa, say that you will help me," repeated Emily, clinging to him and looking up into his face.

He could not say that he would help her, and yet he longed to say some word that might comfort her: "You have been greatly shaken by all this, dearest."

"Shaken! Yes, in one sense I have been shaken. I don't know quite what you mean. I shall never be shaken in the other way."

"You have been distressed."

"Yes, distressed."

"Yes, indeed, so have we all," he continued. "I think it will be best to leave this for a while."

"For how long, papa?"

"We need not quite fix that. I was thinking of going to Naples for the winter." He was silent, waiting for her approbation, but she expressed none. "It is not long since you said how much you would like to spend a winter in Naples."

She still paused, but it was but for a moment: "At that time, papa, I was not engaged." Did she mean to tell him that because of this fatal promise which she had made she never meant to stir from her home till she should be allowed to go with that wretch as her husband—that because of this promise, which could never be fulfilled, everything should come to an end with her? "Papa," she said, "that would not be the way to try to save him—to go away and leave him among those who prey upon him—unless, indeed, he might go too."

"What! with us?"

"With you and mamma. Why not? You know what I have promised. You can trust me."

"It is a thing absolutely not to be thought of," he said; and then he left her. What was he to do? He could take her abroad, no doubt, but were he to do so in her present humor, she would of course relapse into that cold, silent, unloving, undutiful obedience which had been so distressing to him. She had made a great request to him, and he had not absolutely refused it. But the more he thought of it the more distasteful did it become to him. You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled. And the stain of this pitch was so very black! He could pay money, if that would soothe her. He could pay money, even if the man should not accept the offer made to him, should she demand it of him. And if the man would reform himself, and come out through the fire really purified, might it not be possible that at some long future time Emily should become his wife? Or if some sort of half promise such as this were made to Emily, would not that soften her for the time, and induce her to go abroad with a spirit capable

of satisfaction, if not of pleasure? If this could be brought about, then time might do the rest. It would have been a delight to him to see his daughter married early, even though his own home might have been made desolate; but now he would be content if he thought he could look forward to some future settlement in life that might become her rank and fortune.

Emily, when her father left her, was aware that she had received no reply to her request which she was entitled to regard as encouraging; but she thought that she had broken the ice, and that her father would by degrees become accustomed to her plan. If she could only get him to say that he would watch over the unhappy one, she herself would not be unhappy. It was not to be expected that she should be allowed to give her own aid at first to the work, but she had her scheme. His debts must be paid, and an income provided for him. And duties too must be given to him. Why should he not live at Scarrowby and manage the property there? And then at length he would be welcomed to Humblethwaite, when her own work might begin. Neither for him nor for her must there be any living again in London until this task should have been completed. That any trouble could be too great, any outlay of money too vast, for so divine a purpose, did not occur to her. Was not this man the heir to her father's title? and was he not the owner of her own heart?

Then she knelt down and prayed that the Almighty Father would accomplish this good work for her; and yet not for her, but for him; not that she might be happy in her love, but that he might be as a brand saved from the burning, not only hereafter, but here also in the sight of men. Alas, dearest! no: not so could it be done! Not at thy instance, though thy prayers be as pure as the songs of angels; but certainly at his, if only he could be taught to know that the treasure so desirable in thy sight, so inestimable to thee, were a boon worthy of his acceptance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOOD ADVICE.

Two or three days after the little request made by Cousin George to Mrs. Morton the Allinghams came suddenly to town. George received a note from Lady Allingham addressed to him at his club:

"We are going through to the Draytons in Hampshire. It is a new freak. Four or five horses are to be sold, and Gustavus thinks of buying the lot. If you are in town, come to us. You must not think that we are slack about you because Gustavus would have nothing to do with the money. He will be at home to-morrow till eleven. I shall not go out till two. We leave on Thursday.

"Yours,

A. A."

This letter he received on the Wednesday. Up to that hour he had done nothing since his interview with Mr. Hart, nor during those few days did he hear from that gentleman, or from Captain Stubber, or from Mr. Boltby. He had written to Sir Harry refusing Sir Harry's generous offer, and subsequently to that had made up his mind to accept it, and had asked, as the reader knows, for Mrs. Morton's assistance. But the making up of George Hotspur's mind was nothing. It was unmade again that day after dinner, as he thought of all the glories of Humblethwaite and Scarrowby combined. Any one knowing him would have been sure that he would do nothing till he should be further driven. Now there had come upon the scene in London one who could drive him.

He went to the earl's house just at eleven, not wishing to seem to avoid the earl, but still desirous of seeing as little of his friend on that occasion as possible. He found Lord Allingham standing in his wife's morning-room. "How are you, old fellow? How do things go with the heiress?" He was in excellent humor, and said nothing about the refused request. "I must be off. You do what my lady advises: you may be sure that she knows a deal

more about it than you or I." Then he went, wishing George success in his usual friendly, genial way, which, as George knew, meant very little.

With Lady Allingham the case was different. She was in earnest about it. It was to her a matter of real moment that this great heiress should marry one of her own set, and a man who wanted money so badly as did poor George. And she liked work of that kind. George's matrimonial prospects were more interesting to her than her husband's stables. She was very soon in the thick of it all, asking questions and finding out how the land lay. She knew that George would lie, but that was to be expected from a man in his position. She knew also that she could with fair accuracy extract the truth from his lies.

"Pay all your debts and give you five hundred pounds a year for his life?"

"The lawyer has offered that," said George, sadly.

"Then you may be sure," continued Lady Allingham, "that the young lady is in earnest. You have not accepted it?"

"Oh dear! no. I wrote to Sir Harry quite angrily. I told him I wanted my cousin's hand."

"And what next?"

"I have heard nothing further from anybody."

Lady Allingham sat and thought. "Are these people in London bothering you?" George explained that he had been bothered a good deal, but not for the last four or five days. "Can they put you in prison or anything of that kind?"

George was not quite sure whether they might or might not have some such power. He had a dreadful weight on his mind of which he could say nothing to Lady Allingham. Even she would be repelled from him were she to know of that evening's work between him and Messrs. Walker and Bullbean. He said at last that he did not think they could arrest him, but that he was not quite sure.

"You must do something to let her

know that you are as much in earnest as she is."

"Exactly."

"It is no use writing, because she wouldn't get your letters."

"She wouldn't have a chance."

"And if I understand her she would not do anything secretly."

"I am afraid not," said George.

"You will live, perhaps, to be glad that it is so. When girls come out to meet their lovers clandestinely before marriage, they get so fond of the excitement that they sometimes go on doing it afterward."

"She is as—as—as sure to go the right side of the post as any girl in the world."

"No doubt. So much the better for you. When those girls do catch the disease they always have it very badly. They mean only to have one affair, and naturally want to make the most of it. Well, now, what I would do is this. Run down to Humblethwaite."

"To Humblethwaite?"

"Yes. I don't suppose you are going to be afraid of anybody. Knock at the door and send your card to Sir Harry. Drive into the stable-yard, so that everybody about the place may know that you are there, and then ask to see the baronet."

"He wouldn't see me."

"Then ask to see Lady Elizabeth."

"She wouldn't be allowed to see me."

"Then leave a letter, and say that you'll wait for an answer. Write to Miss Hotspur whatever you like to say in the way of a love-letter, and put it under cover to Sir Harry—open."

"She'll never get it."

"I don't suppose she will. Not but what she may—only that isn't the first object. But this will come of it. She'll know that you've been there. That can't be kept from her. You may be sure that she was very firm in sticking to you when he offered to pay all that money to get rid of you. She'll remain firm if she's made to know that you are the same. Don't let her love die out for want of notice."

"I won't."

"If they take her abroad, go after them. Stick to it, and you'll wear them out if she helps you. And if she knows that you are sticking to it, she'll do the same for honor. When she begins to be a little pale, and to walk out at nights, and to cough in the morning, they'll be tired out and send for Dr. George Hotspur. That's the way it will go if you play your game well."

Cousin George was lost in admiration at the wisdom and generalship of this great counselor, and promised implicit obedience. The countess went on to explain that it might be expedient to postpone this movement for a week or two: "You should leave just a little interval, because you cannot always be doing something. For some days after his return her father won't cease to abuse you, which will keep you well in her mind. When those men begin to attack you again, so as to make London too hot, then run down to Humblethwaite. Don't hide your light under a bushel. Let the people down there know all about it."

George Hotspur swore eternal gratitude and implicit obedience, and went back to his club.

Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber did not give him much rest. From Mr. Boltby he received no further communication. For the present Mr. Boltby thought it well to leave him in the hands of Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber. Mr. Boltby, indeed, did not as yet know all Mr. Bullbean's story, although certain hints had reached him which had, as he thought, justified him in adding the title of card-sharper to those other titles with which he had decorated his client's cousin's name. Had he known the entire Walker story, he would probably have thought that Cousin George might have been bought at a considerably cheaper price than that fixed in the baronet's offer, which was still in force. But then Mr. Hart had his little doubts also and his difficulties. He too could perceive that were he to make this last little work of Captain Hotspur's common property in the market, it might so

far sink Captain Hotspur's condition and value in the world that nobody would think it worth his while to pay Captain Hotspur's debts. At present there was a proposition from an old gentleman possessed of enormous wealth to pay "all Captain Hotspur's debts." Three months ago Mr. Hart would willingly have sold every scrap of the captain's paper in his possession for the half of the sum inscribed on it. The whole sum was now promised, and would undoubtedly be paid if the captain could be worked upon to do as Mr. Boltby desired. But if the gentlemen employed on this delicate business were to blow upon the captain too severely, Mr. Boltby would have no such absolute necessity to purchase the captain. The captain would sink to zero, and not need purchasing. Mr. Walker must have back his money, or so much of it as Mr. Hart might permit him to take. That probably might be managed, and the captain must be thoroughly frightened, and must be made to write the letter which Mr. Boltby desired. Mr. Hart understood his work very well—so, it is hoped, does the reader.

Captain Stubber was in these days a thorn in our hero's side, but Mr. Hart was a scourge of scorpions. Mr. Hart never ceased to talk of Mr. Walker, and of the determination of Walker and Bullbean to go before a magistrate if restitution were not made. Cousin George of course denied the foul play, but admitted that he would repay the money if he had it. There should be no difficulty about the money, Mr. Hart assured him, if he would only write that letter to Mr. Boltby. In fact, if he would write that letter to Mr. Boltby, he should be made "shquare all round." So Mr. Hart was pleased to express himself. But if this were not done, and done at once, Mr. Hart swore by his God that Captain "Oshspur" should be sold up, root and branch, without another day's mercy. The choice was between five hundred pounds a year in any of the capitals of Europe, and that without a debt—or penal servitude. That was the pleasant form in which

Mr. Hart put the matter to his young friend.

Cousin George drank a good deal of curaçoa and doubted between Lady Allingham and Mr. Hart. He knew that he had not told everything to the countess. Excellent as was her scheme, perfect as was her wisdom, her advice was so far more dangerous than the Jew's, that it was given somewhat in the dark. The Jew knew pretty well everything. The Jew was interested, of course, and therefore his advice must also be regarded with suspicion. At last, when Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber between them had made London too hot to hold him, he started for Humblethwaite; not without leaving a note for "dear Mr. Hart," in which he explained that he was going to Westmoreland with a purpose that would, he trusted, very speedily enable him to pay every shilling that he owed.

"Yesh," said Mr. Hart, "and if he ain't quick he shall come back with a 'andcuff on.'"

Captain Hotspur could not very well escape Mr. Hart. He started by the night-train for Penrith, and before doing so prepared a short letter for Miss Hotspur, which, as instructed, he put open under an envelope addressed to the baronet. There should be nothing clandestine, nothing dishonorable. Oh dear! no. He quite taught himself to believe that he would have hated anything dishonorable or clandestine. His letter was as follows:

"DEAREST EMILY: After what has passed between us, I cannot bear not to attempt to see you or to write to you. So I shall go down and take this letter with me. Of course I shall not take any steps of which Sir Harry might disapprove. I wrote to him two or three weeks ago, telling him what I proposed, and I thought that he would have answered me. As I have not heard from him, I shall take this with me to Humblethwaite, and shall hope, though I do not know whether I may dare to expect, to see the girl I love better than all the world. Always your own,

"GEORGE HOTSPUR."

Even this was not composed by himself, for Cousin George, though he could often talk well—or at least sufficiently well for the purposes which he had on hand—was not good with his pen on such an occasion as this. Lady Allingham had sent him by post a rough copy of what he had better say, and he had copied her ladyship's words verbatim. There is no matter of doubt at all but that on all such subjects an average woman can write a better letter than an average man; and Cousin George was therefore right to obtain assistance from his female friends.

He slept at Penrith till nearly noon, then breakfasted and started with post-horses for Humblethwaite. He felt that everybody knew what he was about, and was almost ashamed of being seen. Nevertheless he obeyed his instructions. He had himself driven up through the lodges and across the park into the large stable-yard of the Hall. Lady Allingham had quite understood that more people must see and hear him in this way than if he merely rang at the front door and were from thence dismissed. The grooms and the coachman saw him, as did also three or four of the maids, who were in the habit of watching, to see that the grooms and coachman did their work. He had brought with him a traveling-bag—not expecting to be asked to stay and dine, but thinking it well to be prepared. This, however, he left in the fly as he walked round to the hall door. The footman was already there when he appeared, as word had gone through the house that Mr. George had arrived. Was Sir Harry at home? Yes, Sir Harry was at home; and then George found himself in a small parlor, or book-room, or subsidiary library, which he had very rarely known to be used. But there was a fire in the room, and he stood before it, twiddling his hat.

In a quarter of an hour the door was opened, and the servant came in with a tray and wine and sandwiches. George felt it to be an inappropriate welcome, but still, after a fashion, it was a welcome.

"Is Sir Harry in the house?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Hotspur."

"Does he know that I am here?"

"Yes, Mr. Hotspur, I think he does."

Then it occurred to Cousin George that perhaps he might bribe the servant, and he put his hand into his pocket. But before he had communicated the two half-crowns, it struck him that there was no possible request which he could make to the man in reference to which a bribe would be serviceable.

"Just ask them to look to the horses," he said: "I don't know whether they were taken out."

"The horses is feeding, Mr. Hotspur," said the man.

Every word the man spoke was gravely spoken, and George understood perfectly that he was held to have done a very wicked thing in coming to Humblethwaite. Nevertheless, there was a decanter full of sherry, which, as far as it went, was an emblem of kindness. Nobody should say that he was un-

willing to accept kindness at his cousin's hands, and he helped himself liberally. Before he was interrupted again he had filled his glass four times.

But in truth it needed something to support him. For a whole hour after the servant's disappearance he was left alone. There were books in the room, hundreds of them, but in such circumstances who could read? Certainly not Cousin George, to whom books at no time gave much comfort. Twice and thrice he stepped toward the bell, intending to ring it and ask again for Sir Harry, but twice and thrice he paused. In his position he was bound not to give offence to Sir Harry. At last the door was opened, and, with silent step and grave demeanor and solemn countenance, Lady Elizabeth walked into the room. "We are very sorry that you should have been kept so long waiting, Captain Hotspur," she said.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, THE REALIST.

ONE of Rembrandt's pictures represents an anatomical demonstrator, who has just cut open the trunk of a corpse and exhibits its entrails to a class of young but grave-looking men. The spectator feels himself at once attracted and repelled by the picture. After he has long contemplated it he averts his gaze and draws a breath of relief.

Such is the impression produced on reading and laying down Gustave Flaubert's last novel. We question whether a work like *L'Éducation Sentimentale* has ever been written out of France. Many readers will probably add, "No, Heaven forbid!" But it is exactly because we need not apprehend that American authors will go too far in realistic delineations that it is safe to explain what invests books like Flaubert's with their peculiar value and pain-

ful fascination. It is of no consequence that this value and fascination are those of an anatomical lesson. Anatomy belongs to art: no artist has been the worse for a visit to the dissecting-room. Something may therefore be even learnt from an author who prepares the soul like a corpse, exposes and strips it with ruthless hand, dissects it with the sharp knife, and subjects its most delicate tissues to the microscope. The anatomist cannot teach us to create living beings, but we may learn from him all about the bones, muscles and nerves, without which nothing human can exist. This of itself repays the trouble.

There are among our novelists many men of talents who have studied and read much, and who think too highly of their calling, not to strive conscientiously to produce sterling works. Indeed, novels

are constantly written which command respect, sympathy, and even admiration for the depth of their thoughts, the elevation of their sentiments, and by a style formed after the best models of the world's literature—works which display every advantage that results from talent, cultivation and industry. One thing is, however, always wanting in most novels: they fail to convince. We perceive distinctly that the events related have happened only in the brain of the author: with the described scenes and characters immediately before our face, the author's physiognomy is never entirely lost out of sight. A cultivated, thoughtful writer, though he should never have been outside of his four walls, is certainly a more competent and trustworthy personage than a dozen Parisian society men and women, Bohemians or lorettes—not to mention the difference in moral worth. But the novel is not meant to exhibit the inner being of any *one* individual, be he ever so profound; nor is its object to treat of *one* thesis alone, were it the quintessence of sub-lunary wisdom. The modern novel's mission is to do what the drama is no longer capable of doing on its narrow boards—to hold the mirror up to Nature, to reflect to the century and the time their own images. Our novelists generally hold up the mirror to their own persons, not to Nature. They are lyricists who want to get rid of a tormenting mood by a poem, or professors who desire to proclaim the results of their studies. Hence it comes that such authors, though often the most modest of men, strike us almost invariably as insufferably pretentious. One totally ignores the world around him: another sees in it nothing save the proof of some pet theory. Instead of painting men and things, they give us their conceptions of them. They are Pantheists, and all their heroes, bourgeois and varlets speak the language of Coleridge or Spinoza.

A Frenchman, a Parisian, would never think of disguising his realism. Life bears down too powerfully upon the eye and brain of a Parisian novelist, is too variegated, too closely interwoven,

for him to note one thing and to ignore another. Where existence, a heaving sea, rolls in such mighty waves, the poet cannot isolate himself. His senses would be blunted indeed if they failed to find this fullness of living types more interesting than the pale creatures of his own brain. Who would like to be left on the strand, who could resist being drawn into the tempting current, when he might see, hear and explain all? But as none may walk with impunity under palm trees, so none may swim unharmed in the stream of life. Those who approach too closely lose their sense of relations, their consciousness of distances. There is danger that their attention will be absorbed by the superficial to the neglect of more substantial things. Those whom the world encircles in its continual whirl must beware of turning giddy, and not accept the saying of the witches, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair," or the beautiful and homely, the good and the bad, will appear to them undistinguishably mixed. These are some of the dangers which menace the realist. The nearer he draws, the closer he examines, the more impartially he endeavors to be impressed, the greater are the optical illusions to which he is liable.

Gustave Flaubert, ~~since Balzac the most remarkable novelist in France,~~ is at the same time the most resolute, reckless and pitiless realist. In 1857 he published his first novel, *Madame Bovary*, the history of an adulteress, which at once established his reputation. It is written as a physician would make out a sick report, without any perceptible sympathy with the sufferer, and only for the sake of the scientific interest. The observer, cool, patient and curious, notes every symptom, every change, utterly callous whether for good or ill. All he cares for is that the origin and development of the pathological process should be made perfectly clear, and he never thinks of quarreling with Nature for those manifestations which people call disease. The readers of this pathological treatise could therefore hardly have been

surprised when they heard that its author had formerly practiced medicine. As if anxious, to show that in him, the inquirer into Nature, all things inspire only a purely objective interest, he undertook in his second work, *Salammbô*, to describe ancient Carthage with precisely the same detailed, dispassionate precision which he had displayed in describing Madame Bovary and her life in the small Normandy town.

Flaubert composes very slowly. He has just published his third work, *L'Éducation Sentimentale*, which relates the story of a young man named Frédéric Moreau. The hero is already nineteen years old when we make his acquaintance. Of his infancy and boyhood nothing more is said than that he lost his father early; that he was reared at Nogent, a small provincial town, by his mother; and that he received his schooling at the Lyceum of Sens. The mother is not described as sentimental. Not to prejudice the future career of her son, for whom she entertains ambitious views, she "did not like to hear the government censured in her presence." Nor are any sentimental influences to be traced back to the Lyceum. But Frédéric had early intoxicated himself with the poets of love and the passions, and considered his life already a failure at eighteen. "I could have achieved something with a woman that loved me. . . . Why do you laugh? Love is the food, and, as it were, the atmosphere of genius. Extraordinary emotions of the mind produce great results. But I refrain from seeking her whom I miss. Were I to discover her now, she would spurn me. I belong to the disinherited, and shall descend to the grave with a treasure either of glass or diamonds—I know not which." The story of this unhappy genius hinges chiefly on his love-affairs, and it is they that educate him. Represented at the outset of his life as an inquisitively-sensual and clumsily-bashful youth, we leave him a worn-out, satiated man in the fifties. The closing chapter of the novel relates a conversation between Frédéric and Deslauriers, a former schoolmate. If

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the main object of Frédéric's life was love, that of Deslauriers was power and distinction. Surveying the past with the eyes of altered men, both discover that their lives have been failures. Here are the reasons why:

"Perhaps for not having kept in the straight line?" said Frédéric.

"That may apply in your case," answered his friend. "I, on the contrary, have sinned by an excess of straightness, and paid no attention to thousands of subordinate things which are mightier than all. I had too much logic—you had too much feeling."

Feeling? Let us substitute the word sentiment for it. We can here learn the difference between these two. In one of those rare passages in which the author expresses his own opinions in two words, he calls his hero "the man of all weaknesses." In Frédéric the feeling is decidedly weak. Sensibility is the exact opposite of strength of feeling. Frédéric is a proof that excess of feeling destroys all force of character. His sensibility does not arise from any delicacy of mind, but from a nervous excitability: he is not soft-hearted, but weak-hearted. He succumbs to every impression, yet none retains a hold on him; he entertains an exalted opinion of his own excellence, but is capable of any meanness; he can even be magnanimous when a momentary nervous excitement carries him away. In a troubled period, amidst a disaffected society, which feels the ground tremble under its feet and finds no God in the heavens above; which sentimentalizes with the skeptical poets and looks to optimistic world-regenerators for the reign of Proletarianism and the emancipation of the flesh; which discovers daily new rights, but scouts old duties; which dreams of an unlimited capacity for enjoyment, while it is incapable of any; which, disgusted with reality, flies to romance, and expects from it a solution of the great problems that oppress the Present,—such a period and such a society must give birth not only to many real men bearing a near resemblance to Frédéric Moreau, but to that ideal type—that

compound of naïve egotism and affected martyrdom.

The hero of Flaubert's novel occupies therefore the same relation to the favorite characters of French romanticism as Don Quixote does to the heroes of knightly poetry. With historical gravity and circumstantial accuracy, as though it involved the most vital affairs, Flaubert relates Frédéric's various amours. Frédéric, it is true, calls the love with which he is inspired by Madame Arnoux, the virtuous wife and mother whom he fails to corrupt, his principal love, "his *grande passion*." But this great love does not prevent him from living with Rosanette, the lorette, from promising marriage to the alluring Louise, his neighbor, or from becoming first the lover and then the betrothed of Madame Dambreuse, the heartless fine lady. And all these love-affairs are simultaneous. That we may not suppose the author to feel something like an idealizing weakness for any one among his female characters, he takes special care to inform us that even the most virtuous of them are frail. Louise, the girl betrayed by Frédéric, marries his friend Deslauriers, and subsequently runs away with an actor. Madame Arnoux, with whose modesty and virtue we deeply sympathize, must at last, when a woman with white hairs, pay her former tempter an equivocal visit, from which she comes out pure only because Frédéric, "as much from prudence as from a reluctance to lower his ideal," prefers to turn on his heel and to roll up a cigarette.

The scene of the story is laid in Paris and in Frédéric's native town: the period extends from the year 1840 to 1868. We are not for a moment disconnected with the public events of the time, with the social and political life of France and her capital. Love-adventures in Paris have not exactly the character of idyls, in which two souls entirely forget the outside world. The women whom Frédéric loves are wives, lorettes and daughters. The realist cannot ignore their husbands, fathers, lovers and friends. These men sustain other relations—of love, business, friend-

ship—into which we are also initiated. Thus the number of those whose nearer or remoter acquaintance we make becomes almost endless. All classes of society, which know each other and are thrown into close contact in Paris, are introduced to our notice: the whole nation acts the part of a chorus. All that takes place during the period is grouped together in the frame. When the realist therefore tells us love-stories dating from the year 1840 to 1868, we hear also of the Guizot ministry, the radical opposition, the Protectionists, the Socialists, the February revolution, Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Cavaignac, the July battles, the 2d of December, etc. Whatever comes within the scope of Frédéric Moreau's horizon is mentioned, and, if possible, described. And this is always done with the same unvarying, indifferent impartiality. The author takes the part of the virtuous woman against the dissolute girl as little as he takes that of the Revolution against Order, or that of Order against the Revolution. He observes, he describes both—keenly, but unsympathetically. He belongs to no party: no catchword attracts him, no enthusiasm blinds him. He knows the men of order and law, the supporters of the *status quo*, the expectant flatterers of power; the banker who only lives for his millions; the dandified viscount of the Faubourg St. Germain; the aspiring public prosecutor: there are egotists, hypocrites, cowards, intriguers and roués. On the other side, the description of the men of Liberty is neither better nor worse. Deslauriers, the democrat, who wants to rise at all hazards, becomes a delegate of the Republic, then a prefect of the Empire, and is finally disgraced on the ground of his over-zealous Imperialism. For this reason he laments his "straightness." Senecal, the Socialist, finds himself in 1848 deceived in his hopes of the Proletarians, and hunts down the republicans in the capacity of police agent on the 2d of December. Another, Citizen Regimbart, spends his life in the cafés and waits for the return of 1793: his wife has to work to pay

for his absinthe. Arnoux, the irrepressible publisher of "*L'Art Industriel*," Mécénas of the fine arts, speculator in houses, manufacturer of porcelain, fights on the 24th of February at the barricades, and tries afterward to escape financial ruin by dealing in the pictures of saints and in consecrated tapers. The only honest republican—nay, the only honest man in the novel—is the clerk called Dubardier, a young fellow of genuine enthusiasm, disinterested, brave, honorable, but of limited mental capacities: he alone comes to a tragic end. The accuracy with which all these characters are sketched is truly admirable. A glistening chandelier, an elm swayed in the breeze, a cynical journalist,—all are objects entitled to the same faithful description from the realist, and all possess for him the same small human interest. The realist also devotes the same pains to a description of a masked ball at the house of a lorette, a race at the Champ de Mars, or the funeral of the millionaire Dambreuse, as to the description of the plundering of the Tuileries or a session of the "Club de l'Intelligence."

But this is exactly the rock on which the realist is wrecked. What does it mean when we say that the poet shall hold the mirror up to Nature? What mirror is capable of reproducing Nature? And what Nature is capable of being so reproduced?

Reality is endless in time and space: manifestation follows manifestation, and how can such a picture be framed? The task would be a hopeless one, even if the mirror which is to reflect Nature were an inanimate body, like a surface of glass or metal, on which things leave their impression as they pass. In their unlimitability, in their chaotic confusion, in their unsteady flight, how could they leave behind them a distinct picture? Things paint themselves not on an inanimate surface, but in the living spirit of the poet; and this living spirit, after it has passively received the impressions, forms them actively into a durable picture. It forms and arranges them into a picture, not by trying to

portray all objects, but by retaining among them the essential, the important, the enduring, the necessary: in one word, it gives the law instead of the accident, the truth instead of the reality, but—for it is the poet and not the philosopher—the law in the form of the accident, the truth in the garb of the reality.

In vain, therefore, the poet wants to persuade us that he only feels, not creates—only gives back Nature without any additions from himself. By giving back Nature he creates—he creates with greater or less consciousness: naively or reflectively he lets his own *I* appear or hides it, and is subjective or objective; but it is always he who gives shape to the material furnished by the outer world, and it is he who always does this in drawing an ideal picture of the real world. Hence, it were false to represent the difference between the realistic and the idealistic schools as though the former gave us the real and the latter the ideal. Both elements necessarily enter into poetic composition, and these definitions apply only to the differences of the relations between the one and the other. Every poet is at one and the same time an idealist and a realist, but it is a great poet alone who can be as much the one as the other. Only the poet in whom idealism and realism perfectly balance each other is true: untrue is not merely he who, instead of reflecting Nature, describes his own conceptions of her, but also he who gives the things themselves without their essence.

The realist fancies that to describe Nature truthfully she must be suffered to describe herself. This is a fatal error. Nature does not describe herself. To paint a landscape the artist must select a stand-point and transfer the scene to his canvas, not as it is, but as it appears to him from this stand-point. To give a faithful picture of a tree he cannot walk round the tree and place its front by the side of its rear, nor attempt to number the leaves; nor may he take a telescope to discover whether houses stand on the mountain whose blue ridges are visible between the

tree's spreading branches. The things themselves are not to be copied. The sunny and the weather side of a tree, placed side by side, will not produce a greater truth, but a monstrosity which has no existence. To reproduce Nature she must be reproduced as she appears to the eye. The near is near, large, distinct: the far is distant, small and indistinct. It is of no avail to say that the distant mountain is in reality larger than the tree near by. This is actually the fact, but it only becomes truth to the sight by reference to the laws of perspective. The eye cannot be in two places at once. He who, for the sake of being correct, should represent the distant as distinctly as the near would sin against Nature, for he would represent the distant as he does *not* see it.

What applies to the landscape painter applies equally to all those who undertake "to hold the mirror up to Nature." No artist can produce with the telescope or microscope: he must obey the laws of perspective. But the law by which the physical world alone is seen is an ideal one, a necessity existing only in the human eye or mind. The ideal is the sole means to a knowledge of the real. The ideal introduces order into the confusion of manifestations, renders the great great, the little little, connects the disjointed and limits the unlimited. As the significance of the verse depends by no means alone on the mere outer harmony to the ear, but on the inner, because it compels the poet to utter only the suitable, the important and the really necessary, so the ideal is not what some seem to suppose—a toilette secret, a beautifying lotion, by which the poet hides the wrinkles and blotches of reality—but the miraculous fountain which strengthens his eye and opens to him the spirit and truth of Nature. By the ideal the poet is freed of dim-sightedness and disorder, freed from blind chance and lawless caprice; and thus freedom and law are inseparable.

As the idealism which leaves the foundation of the real world degenerates into an airy phantasm, so the real-

ism which does not spiritualize the reality sinks into gross materialism. The author of *Madame Bovary* and *L'Éducation Sentimentale* appears to us especially interesting as a perfect type of the materialistic poet.

In keen observation of Nature, Flaubert can hardly be surpassed: not the most delicate difference in color, taste, warmth or electric tension escapes him. He is by no means merely a painter of Nature: he is a chemist, an anatomist, a physiologist, and subjects to his analysis, to his microscope, not only physical, but psychical creation. He sees everywhere atoms—no organisms, no interior spontaneousness. He treats the living soul exactly as he treats the dead body. In the storm of the Revolution he traces only the explosion of imprisoned steam: in the first love of a young girl only the sinister impulse of sensual desire. This leveling of the pressure and the impulse, the impulse and the sentiment, the sentiment and the conscious act, is in reality nothing else than a want of moral perspective. Stones, plants, furniture, works of art, human hearts,—all appear to the author the same, and he therefore describes each of them with precisely the same degree of care, fidelity and indifference. There is nothing omitted, nothing neglected, nothing left undescribed. But the mirror which is there held up to Nature has no focus: the picture it reflects has no conclusion. Where will the realist find a limit if the ideal does not fix one for his guidance? And while the whole remains unfinished, the several parts lack connection and proportion. It is the spirit that connects and unites things, that assigns a place to each. Flaubert, with all his accuracy of detail, is therefore incapable of inspiring us with the conviction that the whole is the truth.

It would be strange if the style of the realists did not correspond with their world. And, indeed, just as their world is dissolved into atoms, so their style lacks the "spiritual bonds." Flaubert's style is in details always keen, incisive, clear, rich in coloring, plastic, over-

flowing with sensuality, rich in substantives and adjectives, which constitute the material of the language—but, as a whole, monotonous, cold and inarticulate. And as the poet finds no limit to his realism in what he says, so there is no end to the form in which he says it. As all realism, because it is real, must be named and described, this must of course be done in the most real of expressions. The poet aims to give realities, not abstractions. Could he, instead of the names of things, introduce the things themselves, it would be better still. But since he is obliged to content himself with names, they should at the least be genuine, fitting, real. He has therefore no use for any name that indicates the thing remotely, that beautifies or veils it. Nay, the plainer, the coarser, the nakeder the word, the nearer it brings him to the thing itself. Thus the most naked word will almost let us grasp it with our hands. A word is not the thing itself, but its ideal picture. The picture vainly seeks to equal the reality: the gulf between them is unbridgable. Since each picture runs, as it were, after the reality, without actually coming up with it, we are constantly reminded of the incompleteness of the picture. In its vain attempts to be real it is ineffective, while, if it remained in its ideal sphere, it might be true, and consequently effective.

In refined society it is not customary to speak of things which an unrefined society will mention without hesitation. When the poet, who belongs to a refined society and addresses it, speaks to it such things as he would say to unrefined hearers, he is immoral. The poet vainly assumes that to describe the reality he is obliged to be truthful: nobody believes in such a truthfulness. The poet cannot ignore the mental state of his hearers or his own. The child of a more refined world, he must know that when he describes the unveiled reality, something more than the picture of this reality is awakened in the mind—namely, the reflection that it is not customary to speak this reality. Nudity is not immoral in itself. The first men were not

ashamed so long as they remained unconscious of their nudity. Not until they knew their nudity did clothes become a commandment of morality to them. If nudity is not to be immoral in a dressed age, it must not remind man of the brute condition whence he has emerged. The nudity of the Venus of Milo is not immoral, because it corresponds with man's inner idealization of his outer form, and awakens in him no brutish instincts. But the realist, who represents the real nudity, not its ideal, is immoral, because he addresses a society which has emerged from a brute condition as though it still remained in it. In vain appeals the realist to his right of objectivity. The genuine article does not substitute whims for general truths, fancies for objects. But an objectivity which pretends that the entire spiritual and moral refinement of man is nothing save a fancy is a mere mask. Flaubert, it is true, neither praises vice nor condemns virtue, but, on the other hand, he condemns vice as little as he praises virtue. He does not represent evil as good, does not call the good good, or the bad bad, but acts as if he did not understand what these expressions meant. Such indifference is untrue, for it is inhuman. Flaubert wants to let things speak for themselves, which is impossible. He is a man, and thinks as a man: as a man he must call good good and bad bad, otherwise he places himself beyond the pale of human truth, which no man has a right to do.

In fact, the realist deceives only himself with his objectivity. He fancies himself without party, yet takes the part of sensuality against the spirit, of chance against law, of destiny against freedom. He manifests no sympathy for his creations: he suffers Madame Bovary, Salammbô, and Frédéric Moreau to become the unresisting prey of circumstances and their nerves; but it is not mere chance that makes his characters such suffering, receptive beings, utterly incapable of self-help: it proves his own inability to create different ones. He is himself a poetical Frédéric Moreau of exceedingly delicate sensuality,

but a man who cannot rise above the reproduction of this sensuality. If he were to persuade us successfully that there are no characters but such as he paints in the real world, he would still leave unsolved the riddle why quite different beings haunt our imagination—beings who seem to us all the more interesting on account of their activity, power and independence. He wants to give us the full reality, while we feel it to be only half the truth—that his world

is merely a world of a lower degree, and that only the weakness of his vision keeps him from seeing a higher world. Thus this realism, destitute of the ideal, is subjectively contracted, and therefore as untrue as the idealism which rejects reality. This one caricatures Nature, that one cripples her. The one invents misconceptions which are untenable—the other dissects corpses, thinking thus to learn the secret of life.
W. P. MORRAS.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE general and spontaneous feeling in favor of Prussia evinced by our people from the outset of the war seems to rest, consciously or unconsciously, on the following grounds:

1st. A deep-seated dislike to the French emperor, arising partly from the general character of his rule, but more especially from his conduct toward ourselves during the rebellion.

2d. A recollection of the opposite conduct of the Prussian government at the same crisis, of the friendly sentiment toward us displayed by the North German people during the struggle, and of their readiness at its close to invest a considerable capital in our national securities.

3d. The apparent or presumed fact that the declaration of war was an act of unprovoked aggression on the part of France.

4th. The less questionable fact that the war, on the part of Germany, involved the defence and establishment of national unity—a principle for which, as we have ourselves learned, no sacrifice is too costly.

5th. A conviction that the preponderance to which France has always aspired, and which she has so often exercised, in the affairs of Europe, ought

to terminate, and that, if this preponderance should exist anywhere, Central Europe is its proper seat.

6th. The belief that, as this is a struggle between races as well as nations, civilization will be advanced by the triumph of the Teuton over the Gaul.

Of these reasons, the first and second, while they explain and perhaps justify the common sentiment, do not, it must be admitted, touch the merits of the case; while the third involves questions of fact which history alone will be able to decide. The fourth seems to us both powerful and irrefragable; and the fifth equally so, if it points only to the preservation of a legitimate balance of power.

The last point—that of the natural superiority of the Teutonic over the Celtic race, and the consequent advantages for the world to be anticipated from the triumph of the former—is, we think, a very dubious one. Carried to its extreme, such a notion would lead us to look with favor, or at least with tranquil indifference, on the extermination of one branch of the human family by another. This is a view which may seem to find confirmation in the past or prospective fate of certain races, but it is opposed by the deepest instinct of

humanity, which bids us, if there be any tendency of the kind in nature, not to aid, but to oppose it. History, too—at least modern European history—shows us civilization advancing not through the complete subjugation or destruction of one race by another, but through the mutual opposition and conflict of races, their alternate gains and losses, and their gradual blending or assimilation. It will not be denied that France has often been in the van of progress, and it is certain that, for good or for evil, she has generally in past times been the leader or the model of other nations. Whatever her faults and weaknesses—which we of the Anglo-Saxon race are not apt to judge leniently—she cannot fall from her high estate without leaving a gap which will be felt in after times. On the other hand, a towering Germany, with a prostrate Austria on one side and a prostrate France on another, will be a spectacle of which the world, despite all prophets, has yet to learn the real significance.

One of the most touching anecdotes of the horrible war now desolating France is that of a Sister of Charity at Reischshoffen. She was following in the rear of the retreating French forces. All at once she heard a cry—that of a soldier just shot and writhing on the ground. Running to him, she ministered as well as circumstances allowed, and was about making the sign of the cross on his brow when a cannon-ball struck her and carried off both her legs. She fell dying upon the body of the wounded soldier. Surely there is a sort of heroism about this which so elevates our nature as to make us almost forgive the crime which gave it opportunity of display.

A French writer states that soon after the Crimean war he was traveling in a car which was crowded with these holy women. One of them was so young and pretty that he took her to be a novice, until he spied the cross of the Legion of Honor on her breast, and discovered she had lost an arm. Contriving to engage her in conversation, she told him that after the battle of

the Alma she heard the groans of a wounded man, whom, on approaching, she found to be a Russian officer. She wished to bind his wounds, but he said it was useless. "Then," said she, "I put the crucifix to his lips, but the unhappy man put it away softly, and with a mournful smile, kissed—" "What did he kiss?" asked the other. "My hand," replied the little Sister, blushing as she narrated the heinous fact. The ruling passion is strong in death; though perhaps the poor moribund may have thought that the hand of charity was a still better memento of Him who died for all than His counterfeit presentment in ivory or wood.

Among the wounded at Woerth was captain the Duc de Grammont, brother of the late Minister of Foreign Affairs. About to undergo amputation of the arm, he was directed by the surgeon to inhale chloroform. A priest who was near, of more piety than perspicacity, objected on the ground that God intended pain for man's benefit, and that it was wrong to avoid it. "Why, good father," said the wounded man, "you must be mistaken; for when the Deity himself performed the first operation, that of taking a rib from Adam's side, he threw him into a deep sleep." The wit, if not the logic, of the hero reduced the poor *père* to silence, and the anæsthetic was allowed to do its pleasant, even if improper, work. The argument of the priest might have some plausibility in regard to sufferings in the order of nature, such as child-birth, where, perhaps, the pain is physically useful; but cutting off arms is not in the ordinary or normal course of providence. That same illustration from the history of our first parents was once made use of by Sydney Smith, who said that preachers generally supposed sin could only be extracted in the way the woman was taken from the man, by inducing previous slumber. This was by way of retort for the fault found with his pulpit practice; for, no matter where he was, his fun was as irrepressible as the great conflict which has disenthralled the descendants of Ham.

A Strasbourg story says that whilst some French officers were at table in a café they were joined by a stranger who said he was the friend of a captain in a certain regiment. Conversation went on unrestrained until the colonel of the said regiment "happened in." The stranger was introduced to him in the way he had introduced himself. There was no captain in the regiment of the name mentioned, but the colonel held his peace, and allowed the talk to proceed. At length rising and asking the stranger to follow him for a private chat, he took him into a by-street, drew a pistol and shot him dead. The individual was a Prussian spy.

A father in Paris, who is a chef de bureau and decorated, takes his son to the office of enrollment to have him inscribed. "What age?" asks the employé after writing his name. "Seventeen, less three months." "Oh, then it's impossible—not old enough." "Impossible! impossible!" murmurs the father. "Well, then," he exclaims, "put down forty-three years: I'll take his place." A youth must be full seventeen for service; and as Godfrey Cavaignac, the son of the illustrious general, and the boy who once made so much stir by refusing to receive a prize at school from the Imperial hand, has just attained that age, he went to the front the other day, his mother not restraining him this time, as she did at the school, but accompanying him to the railroad. Spartan parents are not wanting in Paris, in spite of its proclaimed degeneracy. Even the eminent philosopher, M. Vacherot, maugre his sixty years, has dedicated himself and his grandson *à la patrie*, and both are in arms; whilst Professor Duvernoy, of the Conservatoire, sends his three sons. It is to be hoped that Clésinger, the distinguished sculptor, who has donned the cap of a cuirassier, heavy as it is for fifty-seven years, will not soon be brought to the condition in which a statue will be thought of for himself; and that the eminent artists of the Opera, whose voices are now for war in the most practical way, will not be per-

manently silenced by the enemy's balls.

The population of Paris, says Edmond About, which previously had only nerve, is now trying to get muscle by all kinds of gymnastic exercises as well as those of the drill. Paris has also, says the same irrepressible epigrammatist, made an immense step in politics, by not occupying itself with politics at all. Even pleasure, the great business of the Parisian, is no longer in vogue, and showy toilettes are nowhere to be seen. *On vit à Paris, on végète ailleurs*, is not the dictum of the day. Everybody is saving instead of spending. Poverty is so much a fashion that a man is no longer afraid to invite a few friends to share a dish of beef and potatoes instead of pheasants "truffés de rondelles de mérinos." To think of Paris believing in a dinner without truffles, and in female beauty without a dress of a thousand francs! There is clearly a soul of good in all things evil; and lucky will be the war for the Parisians if it enables them to extract the jewel from the front of the ugly and venomous toad. But, alas! past adversities, with all their sweet uses, are so soon forgot amid present pleasure that the visitant next year to the gay capital will find that Paris is all itself again, and probably more so; so that it may be feared there is not much ground for M. About's boast, that "we shall emerge from this crisis better than we were when we entered it, and France will gain in elevation without having lost anything in surface." Isn't it Coleridge who says that experience is like the stern-light of a ship? and doesn't experience itself teach us that it is no match for hope?

One of the most exciting Parisian sights just now must be the incessant arrival of phalanxes of volunteers from the different towns and provinces—Normans, and Bearnese, and Vendéans, and Bretons. Five hundred of the latter arrived at once a short time since, "with grave and resolute aspect—no song or shout or brag, but with the firm, intrepid carriage of wills of iron in bodies of granite." At the head of them marched the Breton firemen, and among

them was the drum-major of Montfort, whose seventy-three years have not weakened his *rappel*. These multifarious and multitudinous volunteers of all occupations from all parts of France must offer picturesque contrasts and glorious confusions of cockades and hats, and wonderful shakos and rustic breeches and brilliant belts. A painter must come to the conclusion that it is an ill wind indeed which blows no one good, as he consigns to his portfolio sketches and studies of costumes and color and look and form such as he never dared hope to have concentrated for his pencil. The combination in its way must almost rival that which artists enjoyed when the Louvre was the receptacle of all the masterpieces of art—the most pardonable to the æsthetic mind of all the flat burglaries of the great robber.

The scene of the present struggle may be called the battlefield *par excellence*, or rather *par infamie*, of the world. Its rivers have always run blood; its hills have perpetually echoed the roar of strife; its plains have been constantly covered by hosts of dying and dead. There Cæsar crushed the Cimbrians and the Suevi; there the legions of Augustus were annihilated by Arminius; there the hordes of Attila suffered no grass to grow where they passed; there Charlemagne did most of the terrible work which built up the empire that crumbled at his death; there Charles V. hurled his warriors to fruitless destruction against the walls of Metz, the virgin town that has never been clasped in the rude embrace of a foe; there Wallenstein, and Tilly, and Gustavus Adolphus, and Condé, and Turenne, and Marlborough, and Villars, and Eugene graved deep their gory names; there young France fleshed its maiden sword, and made immortal the memory of Dumouriez, Hoche and Moreau; there the First Napoleon worked some of his greatest miracles; and there the last one is going down, unwept and unhonored, if not unsung, to the bloodiest grave that ever received a beaten bully—effacing in a few weeks of murderous

ineptitude all grateful recollection of the material benefits his rule had conferred upon France. What a moral may not be pointed by his fate!—what a tale may not be adorned by the vicissitudes of his career! Even that of his uncle was hardly so marvelous, true as it may be that had the nephew not possessed the avuncular shoulder for a spring-board, he would never have been able to vault so high and so potently, until at last his ambition o'erleaped itself. If the Arab proverb be correct, that courage is like steel, which is brightened by attrition and rusts in idleness, then may this terrible locality of strife be called the chief whetstone of valor.

... Thus far had gone our *ana* when the telegraph announced the capture of Napoleon—caught in a Sedan chair near the very confines of his empire. What a lame and impotent conclusion!—so different from the crowning of the edifice so often promised! *Infelix operis summâ, quia ponere totum nesciet*. Nothing so little becomes his political life as the end of it. Never was the Scripture prophecy of the destruction by the sword of those who take it more strikingly exemplified—never the absurdity of preferring the uncertain better to the certain good. He was great, he wanted to be greater, *et le voilà*. His amazement at his fall can only be equalled by that of the Prussian monarch at his rapid triumph. King Wilhelm may well tremble at his own prosperity, which is well known to be more dangerous than its opposite to all but the strongest heads. It seems but yesterday that the writer beheld his Imperial Majesty in all his glory at a ball in the Tuileries, blazing in the splendor of full military uniform—which, by the way, was not more becoming to his body than congenial to his mind, although he seems to have thought that *nom*, as well as *noblesse*, *oblige*, and to have determined in consequence to be a Napoleon in his very buttons. He was a soldier, however, by aspiration, not by inspiration like his illustrious predecessor, and has met the fate which every cobbler must experience who doesn't

stick to his last. As a general rule, he was very calm, but he was certainly not so on the occasion alluded to. A whole crowd of Yankees of both genders was to be introduced by a minister who was as green as any of his compatriots, and whose rush at him when he appeared, and familiar seizure of his arm, might have discomposed the nerves of Diogenes. The presentation was pretty much like that by which Sir William Temple, Lord Palmerston's brother, mortally offended his countrymen at Naples, when he said to old Bomba, "Your Majesty, Lady Elinor Butler and the rest of the English," Lady Elinor's being the only title in the lot. The only American presented by his Excellency John Y. Mason was a tremendously tall judge, to whom the emperor was obliged to look up in a most neck-stretching style. Upham, methinks, was the name of the lofty lawyer, and he certainly was the *uppest* of 'em all. His Majesty, not liking to be looked down upon by law, any more than to be elbowed by diplomacy, made the conversation brief enough for the very soul of wit. He disappeared, and the empress came in. How beautiful she looked! and what a beautiful dress! She was treated worse than the emperor. Somebody had blundered. There she stood for some minutes facing the universal Yankee nation, who made no sign. At length, supposing, in her modesty, she had been gazed at enough, and preferring doubtless the music in the ball-room to the silence of the hall of reception, she made a universal curtsy to the spectators, who unanimously responded, without a word on either side having been said.

One rather odd coincidence was the circumstance of neither of the Imperial pair being believed to be more legitimate domestically than politically. The Dutch paternity of Louis was not more generally believed than was the English paternity of Eugénie, Lord Clarendon being credited, if the word be permissible, with the relationship. The liaison between him, when British minister at Madrid, and the beautiful count-

ess, was a matter of unquestioned notoriety. "In this connection," an anecdote was told the writer by a reliable informant which runs as follows: Soon after the engagement of the couple, Napoleon gave a supper to Mother Montijo and daughter. Whilst at table a note was handed him, which he opened and read, and then quickly gave to the dame. She read it composedly, and returned it with the remark, *Sire, les dates ne correspondent pas*. It was an anonymous communication, informing him that he was about to become the son-in-law of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs of perfidious Albion. The lady's remark was intended to convey the idea that she could prove a satisfactory alibi. *Par nobile*. The poor petted prince is worse off than either of his putative parents, for the Legitimates asserted, and still assert, that he is the child of neither of them, and therefore destitute of any sort of legitimacy. 'Spect he growed. It matters little just now for the tranquil infant, as his chance of ever mounting the throne is too infinitesimal even for calumny. In the interest of morals the fall of Napoleon is cause of congratulation. If a sovereign's great example forms a people, he has assuredly done much to deform the French. His contempt of appearances even was almost as cynical as that of Napoleon I. is represented to have been by his valet, Constant, and Josephine's attendant, Mademoiselle d'Avrillon. And then his relatives, Plon-plon, Mathilde, Murat! *Quelle canaille!* The Tuileries, when they are all out of it, will be like the Augean stable after its cleansing, especially if the respectable Orleanists should occupy it again. Who can dare now to cast the horoscope of France? But to follow the Bigelowian advice: "Don't never prophesy unless ye know." Chaos would seem likely to come again. But we need not despair, for out of chaos came this beautiful world, and the same Being who called it into existence is still as potent to convert darkness into effulgence as when He first said, Let there be light, and there was light.

PARIS, August, 1870.

DEAR GOSSIP: In these days of dread and swift events the office of a letter-writer becomes an obsolete one. The scenes now passing on European soil require to be photographed by the flash of the telegraphic lightning, for they do not remain unchanged long enough to be sketched by the slow pencil of a postal correspondent. As I write I cannot but ask myself, What may not have happened ere these lines reach their destination? what monarch (emperor, king or sovereign mob) will reign in Paris when American hands unfold this sheet which I shall fold in the France of the Second Empire? Paris is to-day a seething witches' caldron, and no one knows what horrible shape may not arise from out the depths thereof.

The war has demoralized most things: it has made the Parisian theatres unusually stupid, as most of them rely on patriotic songs for their attractiveness, and the ordinary allurements of new pieces and good performers are neglected. The revival of Ponsard's stupid play, *Le Lion Amoureux*, at the Théâtre Français, has been quite successful, owing to the lines in the second act:

" Ces héros, muscadins, bravant les carabines,
Battaient des Prussiens et non des jacobines,"

which Bressant declaims superbly amid thunders of applause. The entire speech, in defiance of dramatic effect, is usually encored; so the republican Humbert is forced to return and astound Madame Tallien and her guests a second time with his eloquence, thus turning the whole scene into an absurdity. The Grand Opéra relies for attractions on patriotic songs, and *La Muette de Portici* is played merely to fill out the programme respectably. The Gymnase still delays the production of the promised new play, *L'Honnête Homme*, fearing probably, from the unpopularity of M. Thiers, that honest men are at a discount in France just now. The Vaudeville continues to present *L'Héritage de Mons. Plumet* (a most charming comedy), in conjunction with the veteran tenor, Roger, whose splendid voice and noble method are called upon to give due effect to the music, to which have been set the verses of De Musset's "Le Rhin Allemand." The rage for patriotic songs has thus had one good effect, at least for strangers, who are now enabled to listen once more to this fine artist, one of the greatest living representatives of the past glories of the Grand Opéra. The Opéra

Comique has produced a new opera by Flotow, entitled *L'Ombre*, the music whereof is delicious, though inferior as a whole to the composer's chef-d'œuvre, *Martha*. But nothing so fresh, so original and so vivacious as its melodies has been heard for a long time, and but for two drawbacks its success as a contribution to the operatic stage, not only of Paris but of the world in general, would be assured. These defects are the weakness and want of dramatic force in the libretto and the absence of a chorus. An opera without a chorus is like a picture without a background; and I cannot but think that M. de Flotow has made a great mistake in the present experiment. L'Ambigu has just brought out *Le Gladiateur de Ravenne*, a translation or adaptation of Halm's play of that name, which was produced by Jauschek in America, and in which she played the heroine Thusnelda so superbly. The Variétés, repainted, cleaned and generally freshened up during its annual vacation, has reopened its doors with the opera of *Les Brigands*, one of Offenbach's latest and most amusing productions, and not to be confounded with Verdi's opera of the same name, so lately played at L'Athénée.

And now shall I, a woman, close a letter written from Paris without touching on that topic at once so feminine and so Parisian—dress? Battles may be lost and won, thrones emptied and refilled, nations blotted out of existence, but the serene goddess Fashion goes on her way untroubled, if not rejoicing, and finds in victories or defeats only new titles for a color or a trimming, a new shape for a bonnet, a new outline for a robe. Of her it might have been written—

" Round her thrones totter, dynasties dissolve:
The soil *she* guards alone escapes the earthquake!"

And so, whether MacMahon be victorious or defeated, whether the French march to Berlin or the Prussians enter Paris, here are some facts that will remain unaltered by the fortunes of war. Overskirts are to be worn looped at the sides and very full behind, while short basques and flowing sleeves have taken the place of the round waists and close coat-sleeves we have worn so long. Round hats are very high, and are loaded with trimmings, feathers, flowers and lace, but the ugly peaked Alpine shape is entirely discarded, and indeed never was adopted, by the Parisian fashionables. It is said that very long sashes, formed of four yards of

wide ribbon simply tied in a bow behind, are to be worn instead of the short-looped bows which were in vogue during the past season. I regret to state that the skirts of street costumes are being made much longer, and already one meets with elegantly-dressed ladies sweeping the pavement with the hems of their dainty garments. Bonnets are decidedly larger, and resemble in shape inverted wash-basins flattened down at the ears of the wearer: they are very high in front, and are trimmed with flowers. In jewelry, earrings are rather shorter and are of the oddest patterns it is possible to imagine. The following is a list of some of the articles with which a fashionable lady may, if she pleases, decorate her ears: Enameled crawfish, gold padlocks, cuckoo-clocks, keys, reading-lamps (with the shade in white enamel), jointed dolls, thermometers, astral lamps, gold nutcrackers, enameled oyster-shells, ships under full sail, and gold snails with pearly shells on their backs. Such are some of the novelties in the way of earrings which adorn the windows of the jewelers in the Palais Royal and in the Rue de la Paix.

Doubtless the present conflict will furnish Parisian dyers and modistes with attractive titles for their wares, but sometimes an overhaste in the christening brings misfortune to the baptizer. During the occupation of Mexico by the French army a new and beautiful shade of yellow was discovered, which was named by its inventor "*Jaune de Mexique*." But scarcely had the brilliant novelty, in the shape of plumes, ribbons and silks, made its appearance in the shop windows, when the disastrous termination of the Mexican expedition took place, followed hard by the death of the unfortunate Maximilian, and the beautiful "*Mexican yellow*" disappeared with marvelous suddenness, and was seen no more.

We read in the French theatrical papers that recently at the Théâtre de la Batterie in New York—a theatre which it appears is much frequented by the French residents of that city, though the performances are given in English—the audience, one evening recently, clamored loudly for the Marseillaise, and on being informed that none of the corps dramatique could sing it, consoled themselves by singing it "with indescribable enthusiasm." Now where is the Théâtre de la Batterie? Is there any such theatre in New

York? or does it (as I shrewdly suspect) only owe its existence to that marvelously creative organ, the brain of a French journalist?

L. H. H.

The characteristic scenes of an English election at the present day are depicted in an article in our present number. A reminiscence sent us by a correspondent who has seen many men and cities will show how the same thing, with a difference, was managed before the first Reform Bill:

"On the accession of William IV., Parliament was dissolved, and I was kindly invited by an English friend to accompany him to the town of Taunton, in Somersetshire, where he was a candidate, to see the fun of an election. A day and a half's posting over perfect roads, through a delicious country, in the good old ante-steam times, was a much more enjoyable trip than the locomotive rush of contemporary travel; and it was with real regret that I left the carriage at our journey's end. Who ever felt sorry at abandoning even the best-trained and most especial car? The friends of my friend were on the watch for his advent, and gave him a reception which must have warmed the cockles of his heart. There were three candidates, and two were to be chosen. Mr. L—— was a Whig, an old general named Peachy was the Tory, and a London banker, a youth of more dollars than sense, was Independent—so much so, indeed, that in his opening stammer he told his hoped-for constituents that, if elected, he would always steer between right and wrong. He had got so confused when he seized the rhetorical helm that in his bewilderment he dashed through the first antithetical strait he could descry. The election lasted for nearly two weeks, although there were but five hundred votes to be polled. This was owing, of course, to the way in which the incorruptibles held back for a rise in plumpers and splits. The right of suffrage was then a more valuable right than it is at present, when the voting must be done in two days, for no less than twenty-one thousand

pounds sterling were the results thereof to the worthy 'pot-wallopers' of Taunton. Mr. L—— spent five thousand, the banker ten, and the general six. The two former were elected, whilst the old warrior got nothing for his money and his pains except an amount of chaff which might have tried the patience of a saint, if not of a candidate. Oratory not being his forte, he was always saluted as General Speechy, and the philosophical turn of his mind may be estimated from the fact of his telling his supporters, when bidding them a mournful adieu, that as his defeat could not be helped, he supposed it couldn't have been prevented. As Mr. L—— was the favorite of the more entertaining classes in and around the borough, he was diurnally dined and fêted—a good deal more to my delight than his. Pleasanter and more genial hospitality it would be difficult to imagine, especially that of the rich farmers of the neighborhood, among whom my Americanism seemed to be an extra spur to kindness."

From Taunton our friend proceeded to the parsonage of Combes Fleury, which he justly characterizes as "the pleasantest place, at that time, in England, for the parson was Sydney Smith. The reverend wit had been in Taunton during the election, and invited us to pay him a visit. We remained a few days—*giorni d'orrore e di contento*, like the famous day of the operatic Semiramis, for soon after arriving I contrived to perpetrate a piece of verdantism for which I got a series of comic castigations that nearly drove me wild with laughter and terror. Our host, unluckily, said something funny, very much like a joke I had heard in my native land, and all unconsciously I exclaimed, under the influence of patriotism or the devil, 'Dear me, Mr. Smith! that's just what Mr. D—— said.' I need not attempt a description of the look which repaid this delirious sally; but it produced some of those sensations which no one wants to experience more than once. Among the rest of the party it caused an explosion in which I didn't

feel the least inclination to join. 'And pray, my young friend, who is Mr. D——?' was the bland inquiry, in a tone that added fearful vigor to the mirthful chorus. Summoning all my courage, I informed him that Mr. D—— was a man of great celebrity and humor, and I am afraid I even intimated some surprise that his reputation hadn't reached Combes Fleury. The information produced its effect, for the monster, after his very next jest, turned suddenly round upon me and added, with a profound salute, 'As Mr. D——, the celebrated American humorist, would say'—and, as the phrase goes, I never heard the last of it. It was 'nuts' for him—he, the world-renowned wag—to be told by an imberbis Yankee that he had been anticipated in his waggery by a Transatlantic joker. But he liked me all the better for it; and if he did torment me almost out of my senses, it was with such overflowing kindness that had I stayed a little longer I should fully have appreciated the fun myself. Nothing could exceed his benevolent geniality and the enjoyment he seemed to feel in the enjoyment of others. He laughed exuberantly, not so much from delight in his own wit as from sympathy with the delight of his audience, feeling, as it were, all the consciousness of a good action when he had set the table in a roar."

The Emperor Napoleon III. seems not to have searched the Scriptures in his youth; otherwise he might have been expected to remember the passage in Luke which puts the question, "What king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?"

. . . Till further notice, good Americans, when they die, will go to Berlin, where also exiled French poets will hang up their harps Under den Linden.

. . . King William speaks much of the aid he has received from Heaven, but says not a word about Von Moltke. This is piety and etiquette.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The New Timothy. By Wm. M. Baker, author of "Inside," "Oak-Mot," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Baker may be described as an American George MacDonald. Not that he is an imitator of that writer. *The New Timothy* is of genuine home growth, as distinctly American as *Robert Falconer* is distinctly Scotch. But this is a difference which implies a resemblance, and there are other and closer points of similarity between the two works. They are alike in spirit and purpose, in their merits and their defects. Each is a sermon in the guise—we can hardly call it the disguise—of a novel. Each relies for its interest to the general reader on its humor and delineation of oddities. Each exhibits a lack of invention and of constructive faculty, an intentness of moral aim, and a disregard or ignorance of artistic canons. Fun and religion, in about equal proportions, constitute the elements of each. Even in matters of detail the stories are somewhat alike. The hero in each is a converter of souls—a regularly ordained one in Mr. Baker's book, a self-ordained one in Mr. MacDonald's. Each hero has a skeptical friend, who would fain believe, but cannot. In each book the hero and his friend love the same woman. The parallel might be extended, but it has been carried sufficiently far to show that the two authors look at the world from nearly the same point of view, gather their materials from like sources, and work them up in much the same manner.

The scene of *The New Timothy* is laid in a Western slave State before abolition had been talked of, or even dreamed of—at least in that locality. When General Likens, the patriarchal slaveholder, dies, his widow remembers a curious indication of a waning intellect exhibited shortly before his departure. She thus relates it: "I shudder to tell even you. It never happened to the general, in full at least, till after that awful night Uncle Simeon raved—you remember it—about blood and burnin'. It wouldn't then, only the general's understanding had grown weak-like in that matter before. I know you won't breathe it to a soul. It would kill me dead if I thought

people dreamed of a syllable of it. It would blacken the general's name for ever, because people couldn't understand he was out o' his head when he thought it, as I could. It was part of the disease that killed him—he was so perfectly sensible 'cept in that. An' it act'ly reconciled me to his death some, I'd all the time such a deathly terror he might let it out; you see it was *growin'* on him. He thought slavery—the ownin' our own black ones—was a wrong thing, almost a sin!" added Mrs. General Likens, her lips to John's ear, and in accents of horror. "It's weighed on my mind dreadful! He was *crazy*, an' couldn't help it, you know." Slavery is portrayed by Mr. Baker under its most favorable aspect, but evidently not with the view of reopening an obsolete discussion. Pastoral labors and struggles furnish the staple of the work, and life on the plantation supplies only one of the incidental pictures. Another is drawn from the wild life of a set of reckless, lawless, blasphemous hunters, who fear neither God, man nor panther, till the accidental dexterity of the young minister in heading off and despatching a bear suggests, by some process rather vaguely indicated, a notion of the existence of the Deity and of the propriety of going to meeting on Sundays. To this group Brown Bob Long, the best-drawn character in the book, had originally belonged; but he is already converted at the opening of the story, and by way of keeping off temptation in idle hours has devoted himself to the solitary study of the Greek New Testament and the Hebrew Bible. His introduction to the reader and to the very commonplace hero—Rev. Charles Wall—on General Likens' front piazza will serve as a specimen of the author's manner:

"According to the invariable custom of the country, Mr. Long rides up to the front fence and halts, without the least intimation that he intends to get off. General Likens rises and calls to him to 'Light!' standing on the front step of the piazza. Mr. Long retains his seat, and the general walks out to the fence, pipe in mouth, and repeats the request: all according to the ritual of that

region. 'Ah, thank you,' says Mr. Long, and drawing one foot out of the stirrup, seats himself more comfortably sideways in the saddle for a talk. General Likens is familiar with established usage, and, leaning against the fence, the topics of health on both sides; then the state of the weather, past, present and to come; then the crops past, the prospect of crops to come. Then, in due order, the general again says, 'Light, won't you?' Mr. Long replies, with some hesitation, 'Ah, thank you: I'll come in an' get a gourd of water.' A long rifle in his hand, some eighty feet of rope hanging in a coil upon the horn of his saddle, a tangle of powder-horn and shot-pouches about his breast, and a spur on each heel considerably larger than a dollar, make the getting off rather a labor than otherwise, especially as the temperament of Bobasheela, the pony, renders his standing still for an instant an impossibility.

"The young minister is undecided a moment as they approach the piazza; but he remembers Cranmer at the stake, and cheerfully holds out his right hand to martyrdom. The squeeze wherewith it is grasped and held produces in the face of the sufferer a singular conflict of serious pain therefrom, with that real pleasure wherewith one instinctively greets a thorough, healthy, wholesome human being. Mr. Long is manifestly glad to see him, and shows it. Mr. Long prefers keeping upon his head his exceedingly slouched wool hat, but seats himself on a hide-bottomed chair, tilts it back against a pillar of the piazza, and then goes through the established topics in their established order with Mr. Wall. That gentleman and all his uncle's family are well. Mr. Long has brought all his family with him in his saddle, as he informs the young minister, and, yes, *he* is well. The weather has been, is now, promises to continue, pleasant: both are agreed upon that point. Mr. Wall pleads ignorance of the crops about Hoppleton—is, in fact, profoundly indifferent upon the subject, and listens to Mr. Long's opinions in the matter without being at all able to restate those opinions when he has finished. The existence of, or necessity for, crops has never as yet fairly entered his mind. Crops were not at all a subject of thought in the Seminary.

"The established topics being exhausted in their due order, Mr. Long produces a knife eight inches in length from his right

breeches pocket, a bar of tobacco from the left, and supplies himself with an immensely large quid, previously offering the same to his friend. He then works the hind legs of his chair forward, that it may tilt in a larger angle with the pillar, settles himself in it, and considers himself at home. Mr. Wall is anxious to be cordial and sociable, and is dragging his mind for something to say. General Likens has long ago surrendered the business of entertaining and drawing out his guests to his wife, but she is performing that duty just now upon a fairer visitor in the back premises.

"Well, an' what's the good word with you?" their host therefore asks at last, this being the next question in order according to the rubric of society in that section.

"Nothin', well, nothin'," is the reply. 'I'm told Bill Meggar's ribs I bruk 'er gettin' well. He *would* hev it, you know!' added Mr. Long, appealingly. 'Devil helping them, they might have coaxed me into takin' that whisky; that is, if the good Lord had forsaken me—prehaps. But as to *makin'* me drink, pourin' it down, you see, it ain't to be did!' and Mr. Long is again silent.

"Started early?" tries the general again.

"Not very; almost daybreak—had only the fifteen miles to ride," is the reply.

"Don't see that fat buck," says the general.

"Not shot yet," replies Mr. Long, carelessly. 'Fraid it might spile before he got home; not do it till the last moment.'

"Indians would say you'd rubbed end of your rifle with med'cine; deer seem to swarm so about it," says the general.

"Don't find much honey there to speak of," says Mr. Long, taking up his rifle instinctively from the baluster against which he has leaned it, and laying it across his knees with a caressing motion.

"Remember what Jacob said to his father the day he brought the old man that kid-meat he had fixed up for ven'son?" asks the general, with his pipe-stem between his teeth.

"The Lord thy God brought it me," says Mr. Long, promptly, as if he had just laid the Bible aside from reading that passage. 'But then, you know, he lied,' adds Mr. Long. The general nods, reflectively.

"I wouldn't dare to say anything of that sort about *my* hunting," says the hunter, in a lower voice and with downcast eyes. 'Only

I do know one thing—my shootin' 'll do better to tie to than it did before, you know, and by a long sight.'

"The general considers this statement as he smokes.

"'Never a single drop, say, since then?' he asks at last, regarding his swarthy guest with new interest—with an anxious curiosity even.

"The hunter shakes his head with a smile.

"'Nor a piece of pasteboard, say? Not once?'

"Another shake of the head in negation.

"'Nor a quarter race?'

"Another shake still more decided.

"'How about that swearing? nary oath?'

"Mr. Long's smile vanishes, leaving a troubled look.

"'No, general, but mighty nigh onst, I tell you,' he says. 'It was Bobasheela yonder: he laid down with me in Boggy Creek, one cold mornin' I was after a deer—it fairly started a cuss before I knew it, but it didn't reach my mouth. No, sir!'

"The general takes his pipe from his mouth, and looks at his visitor yet more anxiously as he asks, 'Nor—nothin' else?'

"Mr. Long understands the delicate question perfectly. With a frank smile over the whole of his face he shakes his head in the negative decidedly, and the general resumes his pipe with profound satisfaction. 'You will excuse my askin'?' he says after further consideration.

"'Certainly, an' more than welcome,' replies the hunter promptly, and with a glad face.

"Mr. Wall is desirous to break the silence that ensues. His field of thought for the last few years yields him not, however, a single grain for the occasion.

"'Religion is a most an excellent thing,' the general announces, therefore, after further reflection along the same line. 'To guide a man, say,' he explains.

"'Yes, general,' is the reply: 'but specially to hold in a man. It's its *holdin'-in* power strikes me most. It's wonderful!' says the hunter, with emphasis. 'There's no gettin' round the fact; it must be—God!'

Mr. Baker's humor is not so broad as to awaken hearty laughter. He can sketch a humorous character, but he cannot paint a humorous scene. Herein he differs from MacDonald, whose forte lies in the ludicrous juxtaposition and interaction of peculiar cha-

racters. But *The New Timothy*, as we have already intimated, has a flavor of the soil, and may be recommended to those who regard a genuinely American book as a rarity.

Books Received.

The Rob Roy on the Jordan, Nile, Red Sea, Gennesareth, etc.: A Canoe Cruise in Palestine and Egypt and the Waters of Damascus. By J. Macgregor, M. A. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. Crown 8vo., pp. 464.

Grammar of the Choctaw Language. By the Rev. Cyrus Byington. Edited from the Original MSS. in the Library of the American Philosophical Society by D. G. Brinton, M. D. Philadelphia: McCalla & Stavelly. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 56.

As Regards Protoplasm, in Relation to Professor Huxley's Essay on the Physical Basis of Life. By James H. Sterling, F. R. C. S. and LL.D., Edin. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co. Pamphlet, 16mo. pp. 71.

The Nation: The Foundations of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States. By E. Mulford. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Crown 8vo. pp. xiv., 418.

Contributions to a Grammar of the Muskokee Language. By D. G. Brinton, M. D. Philadelphia: McCalla & Stavelly. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 9.

The National Legend of the Chahta-Muskokee Tribes. By D. G. Brinton, M. D. Morrisiana, N. Y. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 13.

The Feminine Soul: Its Nature and Attributes. By Elizabeth Strutt. Boston: H. H. & T. W. Carter. 16mo. pp. 199.

The Ancient Phonetic Alphabet of Yucatan. By D. G. Brinton, M. D. New York: J. Sabin & Sons. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 8.

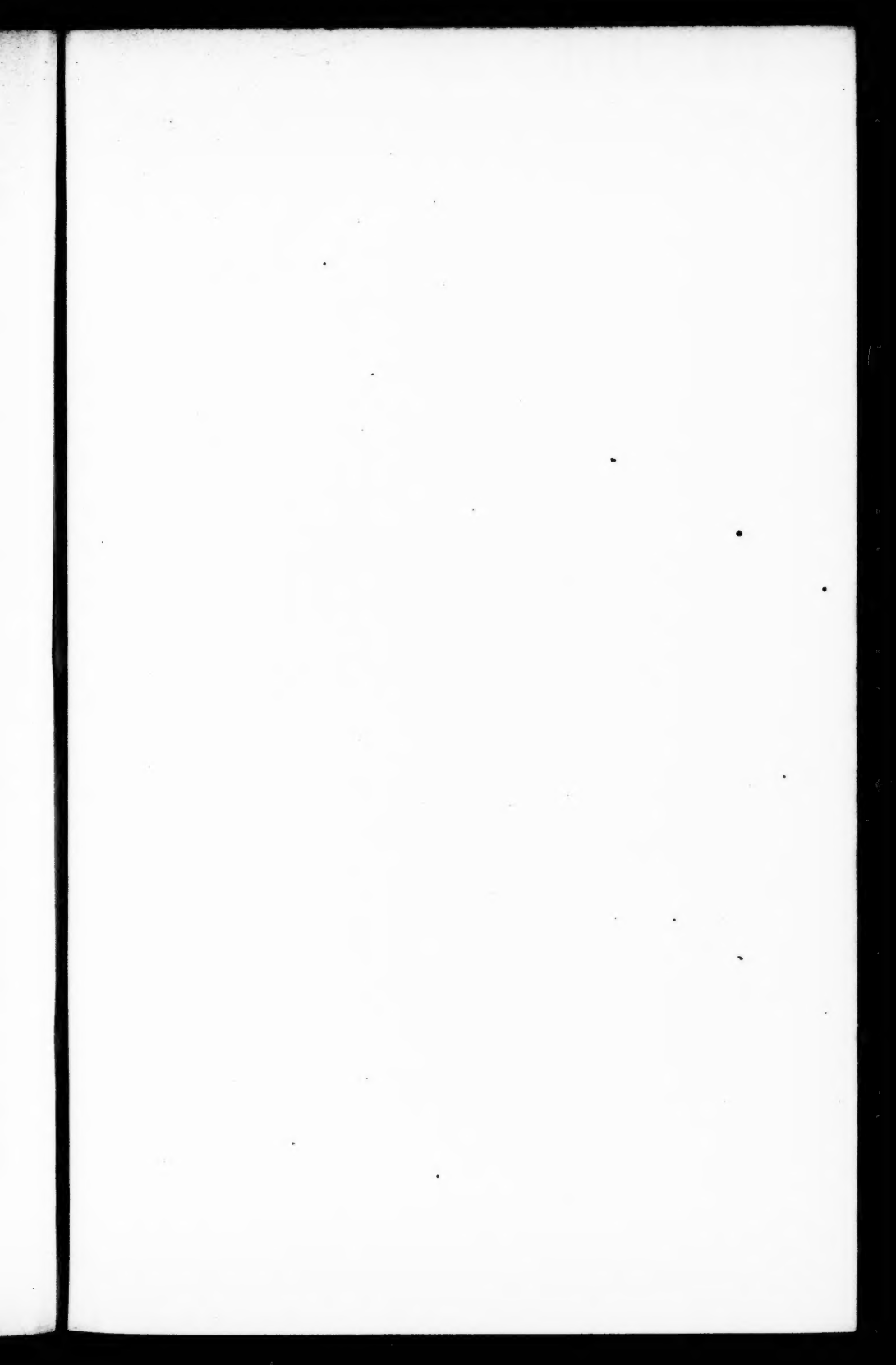
The Writings of Anne Isabella Thackeray. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 425.

Man and Wife. By Wilkie Collins. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 239.

Free Russia. By William Hepworth Dixon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 359.

Kilmeny. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 136.

Robert Falconer. By George MacDonald, LL.D. Boston: Loring. 12mo. pp. 524.





“My uncle followed his words with a brightening face, and when they grew particularly mixed, he would exclaim, softly, ‘It is a great gift! a great gift!’”